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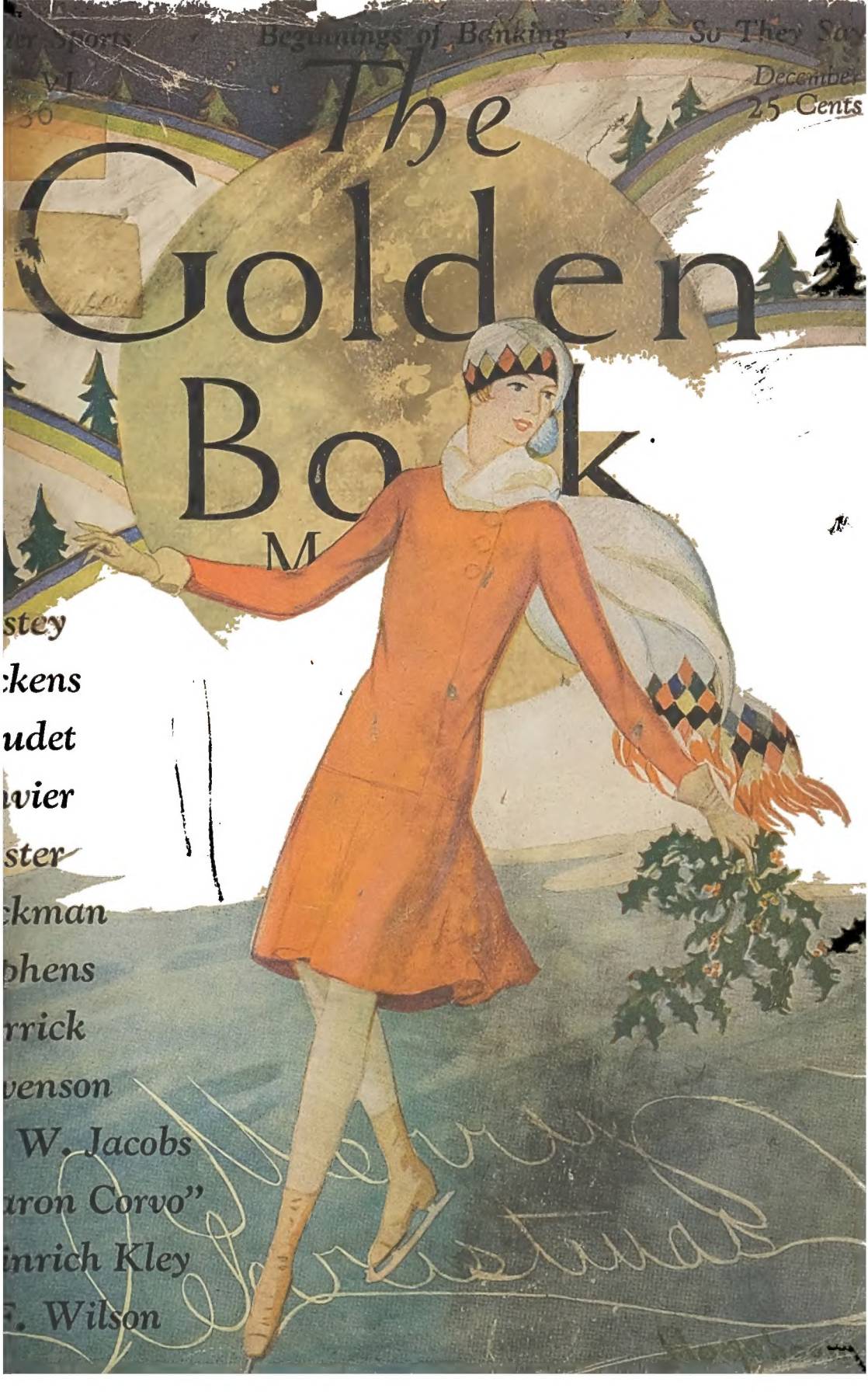

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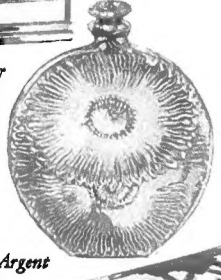

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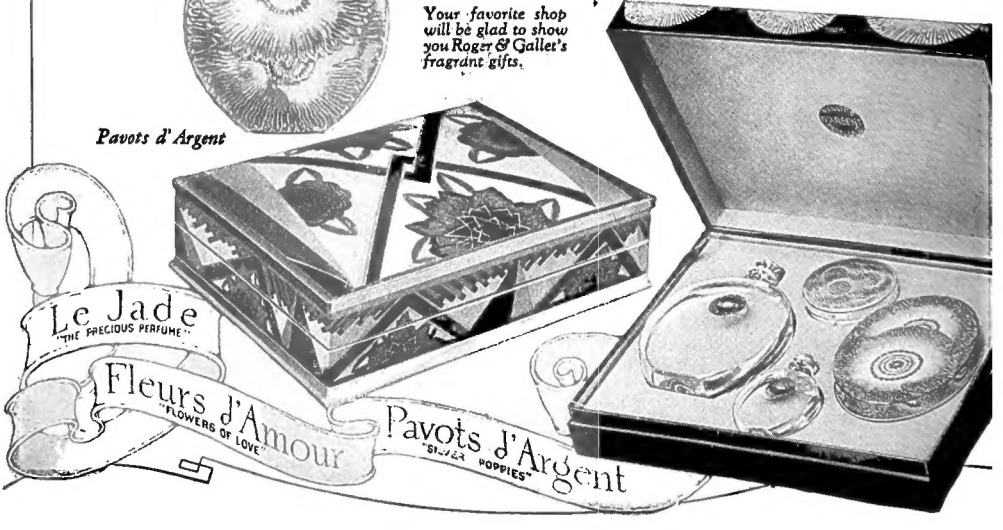

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VOLUME VI
Number 36

DECEMBER
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine")

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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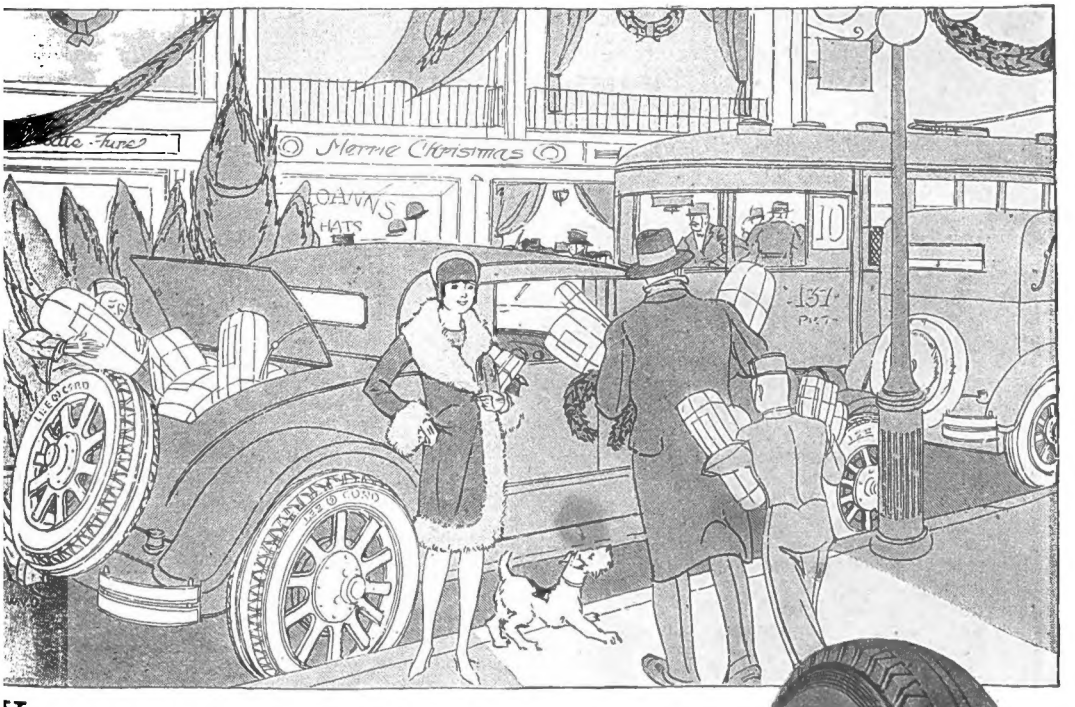
MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

LEE of Conshohocken



You find, as you grow up, that after all, the best thing about Christmas is *giving*, rather than getting. The pleasure you get largely depends on the pleasure and benefit you give.

We here of Lee of Conshohocken try to put so much honest care, and careful workmanship into our product, that it gives us a sort of Christmas feeling toward the people who use our tires. We've given something more than rubber and fabric; we've put a little of ourselves and our spirit into them.

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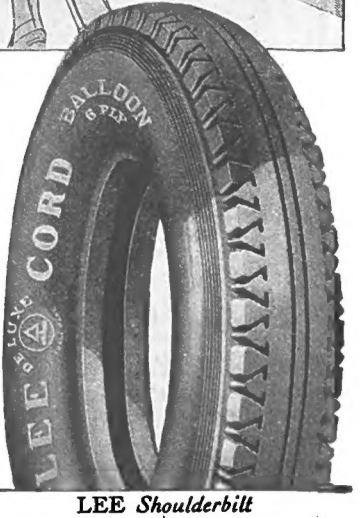
But we choose not to bid for equipment business. Lee Tires are "owners' choice". Some day, maybe, the manufacturers will see the wisdom of—

Oh well, let's forget that—Merry Christmas to you.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, *Conshohocken, Pa.*



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Some Persons of Importance

WINTER SPORTS FOR THE 17th CENTURY FARMER

We will suppose it to be after Christmas, or about Plow Day (which is the first setting out of the plow), and at what time men either begin to follow, or to break up pease-earth, which is to lie to bait, according to the custom of the country.

At this time the Plowman shall rise before four o'clock in the morning, and after thanks given to God for his rest, and the success of his labours, he shall go into his stable or beast-house, and first he shall fodder his cattle, then clean the house, and make the booths clean; rub down the cattle, and cleanse their skins from all filth. Then he shall curry his horses, rub them with cloths and wisps, and make both them and the stable as clean as may be. Then he shall water both his oxen and horses, and housing them again, give them more fodder and to his horses by all means provender, as chaff and dry pease or beans, or oat-hulls, or clean garbage (which is the hinder ends of any grain but rye), with the straw chopped small among it, according as the ability of the husbandman is.

And while they are eating their meat, he shall make ready his collars, hames, treats, halters, mullers, and plow-gears, seeing everything fit and in its due place, and to these labours I will also allow two hours; that is, from four of the clock until six. Then he shall come in to breakfast, and to that I allow him half an hour, and then another half hour to the yoking and gearing of his cattle, so that at seven he may set forth to his labours; and then he shall plow from seven in the morning till betwixt two and three in the afternoon. Then he shall unyoke and bring home his cattle, and having rubbed them, dressed them, and cleansed them from all dirt and filth, he shall fodder them and give them meat. Then shall the servants go in to their dinner, which allowed half an hour, it will then be toward four of the clock; at what time he shall go to his cattle again, and rubbing them down and cleansing their stalls, give them more fodder; which done, he shall go into the barns, and provide and make ready fodder of all kinds for the next day. . . .

This being done, and carried into the stable, ox-house, or other convenient place, he shall then go water his cattle, and give them more meat, and to his horse provender; and by this time it will draw past six o'clock; at what time he shall come in to supper, and after supper he shall either sit by the fireside, mend shoes both for himself and their family, or beat and knock hemp or flax, or pick and stamp apples or crabs for cider or vinegar, or else grind malt on the querns, pick candle rushes, or do some husbandly office till it be fully eight o'clock.

Then shall he take his lanthorn and candle, and go see his cattle, and having cleansed his stalls and planks, litter them down, look that they are safely tied, and then fodder and give them meat for all night.

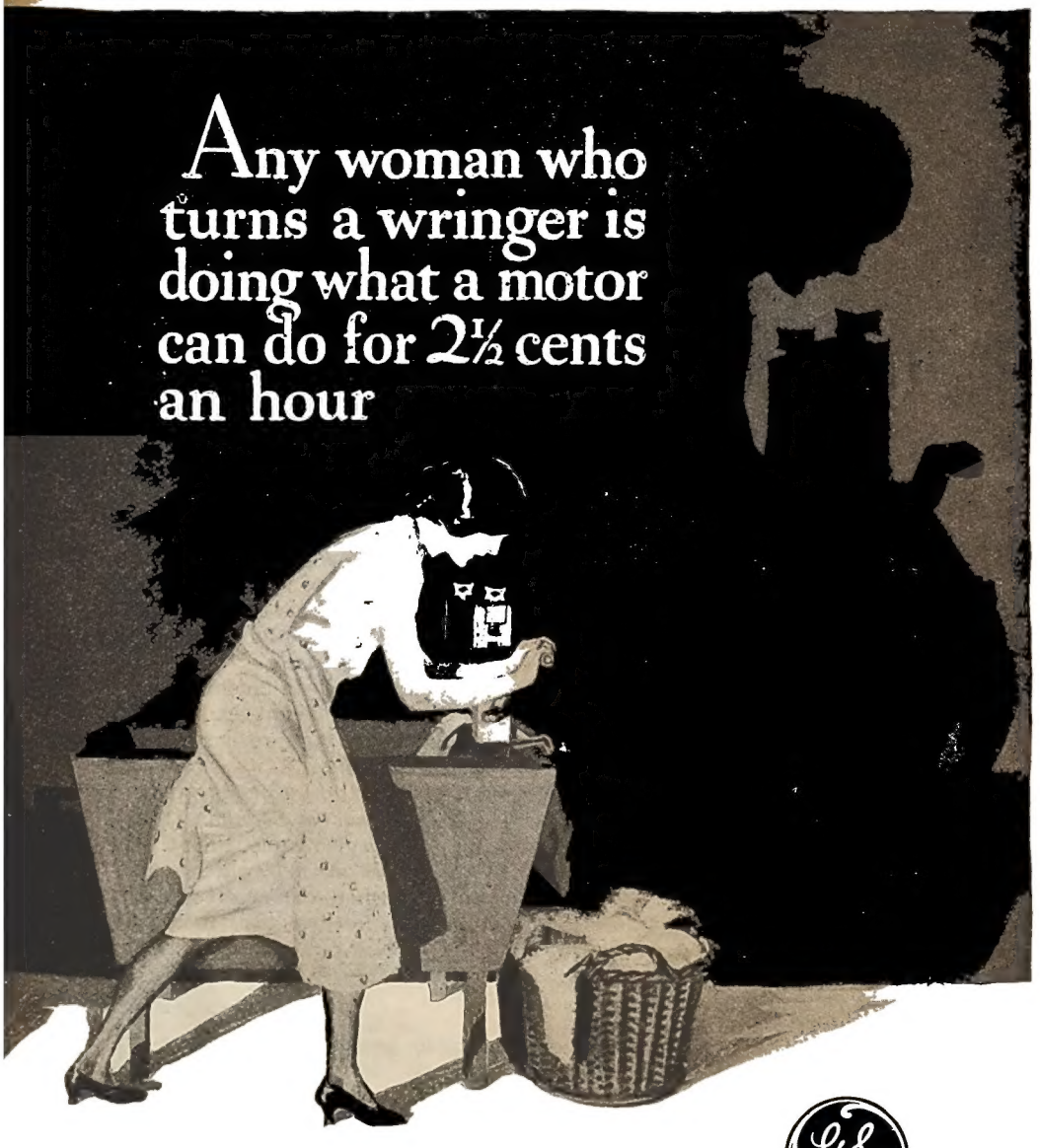
Then, giving God thanks for benefits received that day, let him and the whole household go to their rest till the next morning. *Farewell to Husbandry.* GERVASE MARKHAM.

GERVASE MARKHAM seems to have been the father of all the efficiency experts and "How to" writers. Born in Nottingham County when Shakespeare was a child of four, he spent about forty years of his long life in telling the world in the minutest detail, just how to do all sorts of things—horse-raising, horsemanship and farriery; farming of every variety; military matters, in *The Souldier's Accidence;* forestry; encyclopædic facts about housekeeping, including the making of "haggus," in *The English Housewife; The Gentleman's Academie*—a version, edited by him, of that rare old sporting nun, Juliana Berners' *Boke of St. Albans;* and heaven knows what besides.

In fact, he produced books so lavishly (occasionally bringing out an old one under a new title) that his booksellers in 1617 procured from him a written promise that he would

(*Continued on page 6*)

Any woman who turns a wringer is doing what a motor can do for 2½ cents an hour



Your electrical company or dealer will show you a hundred other ways in which a few cents' worth of electricity can lessen your work and increase the comfort of your home.

Let this monogram guide you in the selection of electric household appliances. You can find it, if you look, on nearly every type of labor-saver that electrical dealers sell. It is a guarantee of quality and a symbol of service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 4*)

not publish any more on certain topics which he had already covered to the saturation point.

The odd part of it all is that, unlike some modern book instructors, Markham really did know quite a lot, being acquainted with Latin and several modern languages; he had won a captaincy by good service in the Low Countries and in Ireland; and was a real expert in horse-breeding: he is renowned for having imported the first Arab horse into England. He was also a poet—of more endurance than most modern readers, though his long *Most Honourable Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinvile* may have started Tennyson's mind to formulating his ballad, *The Revenge;* and he wrote at least one tragedy, *Herod and Antipater* (with William Sampson), and a comedy, *The Dumb Knight* (with Henry Machin).

And one gets from him many illuminating details of those times, when the "eight-hour day" idea would doubtless have furnished lasting mirth for a whole community.

The more often I read the few stories Albert Hickman has published, the more certain do I become that he is a writer who really counts. His work has the delightful quality (in which Mr. Kipling is so masterly) of giving a reader a great deal more than it actually puts into words; and that is strong language, for *The A-flat Major Polonaise* and *Compensated* are quite extraordinary examples of sheer virtuosity in the use of words.

In fact, Mr. Hickman admits that, in the former tale especially, he made a deliberate effort to produce directly in the reader, through the mediums of verbal colour and pattern and significance, some of the emotions aroused by the music he was describing. That, of course, is quite a different matter from "describing music," and represents an artistic attempt which I have never happened to hear of in any other case.

Still, interesting as such an idea is technically, the final statement about a piece of fiction is not what the author designed, but its effect on intelligent readers; and it is safe to say that nothing else which has appeared in this magazine for three years has aroused so much ardent and vocal approval as have Mr. Hickman's tales.

An Unofficial Love Story is the only one of his productions which has the love interest as a dominant motive; for his one novel, *The Sacrifice of the Shannon* (1904), is really more concerned with a man's (and two ice-breakers') struggle against the St. Lawrence ice than anything else. And I fear that his *Guide to New Brunswick*, which seems to be his only other book, did not include any instructions as to where one might find a real "Miss Marjorie Dyer." For if it had, the immigration into the Provinces to the north of us would have been far higher than statistics indicate.

I cannot recall in literature a more memorable presentation of trance-fancies than *The Key and Purgatory*, by that same "Baron Corvo" for whose work so much enthusiasm was expressed here in August. Toto's account of the journey on which he despatches his other self, through the wisdom won from Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires, is surely a masterpiece of imagination, as well as a thrilling piece of mystic realism. Scientifically, of course, one says "Oh, yes: auto-hypnosis"—and feels a reassuring confidence of having domesticated a rather frightening, unknown, wild idea, by giving a name to it.

But the human "mind" (which the Behaviourists say doesn't exist!) is still the most mysterious and fascinating thing in this world of mysteries; and to accompany it on such a flight as this is to awaken many strange thoughts.

"F. Anstey" is the pseudonym under which Thomas Anstey Guthrie set all the reading folk laughing in the early '80's. Born in Kensington in 1856, Mr. Guthrie went to King's College School, graduated at Cambridge, and was admitted as a barrister in 1880. But two years later he published *Vice Versa*, that farcical story of a pompous English father whose inner self changes bodies with his schoolboy son; and the instant appreciation

(*Continued on page 8*)

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"The Home of the Service that Satisfies"

(*Continued from page 6*)

of this turned him with magical suddenness from a struggling young lawyer into a successful author.

For many years a regular contributor to *Punch* (where such features as his "Voces populi" became standard attractions), he has published nearly thirty volumes, including his famous *Tinted Venus*, and has had several plays produced: *The Man from Blankleys*, *The Brass Bottle*, and *Vice Versa*.

Mr. Guthrie still lives in Kensington, and issued only this year an adaptation of Molière's *The Would-be Gentleman*.

Macaire is one of the group of plays written by Stevenson and Henley in 1884, when Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were staying at Bournemouth, on the south coast of England.

Lloyd Osbourne has written charmingly of the gaiety of the months there, which he says marked an epoch in Stevenson's life: "He was never afterwards so boyish or so lighthearted; it was the final flare-up of his departing youth."

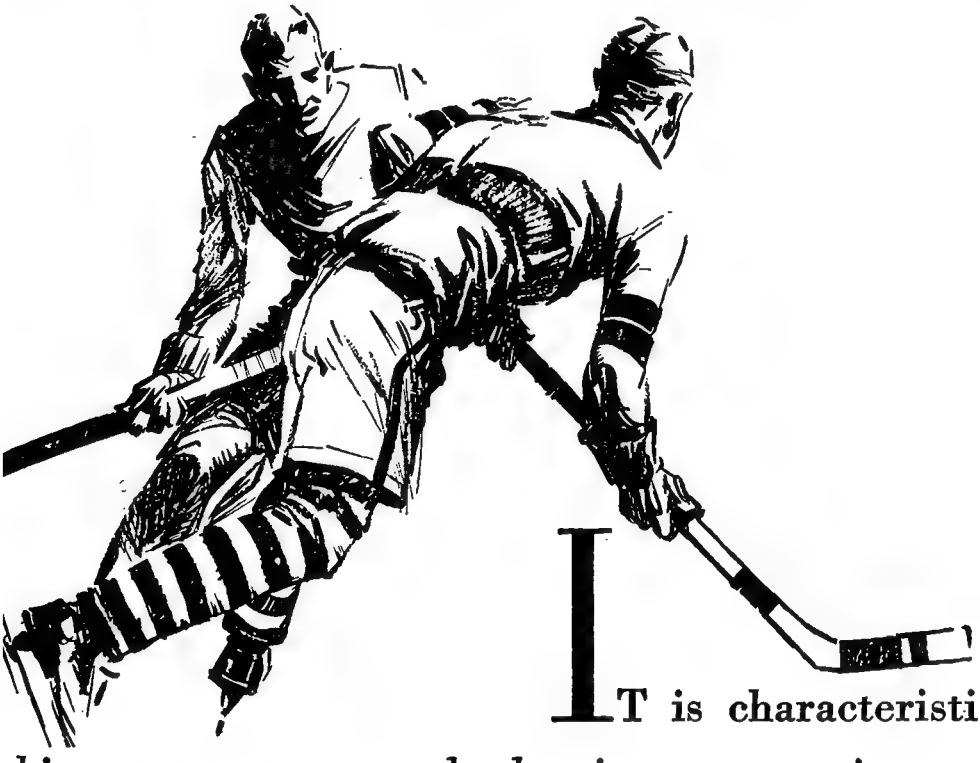
To them came big, red-bearded Henley, whose fire and vitality and great laugh wiped out all realization of his physical infirmity. And he was at his most jovial and optimistic best:

> Even after all these years there is a surge in my heart as I recollect Henley; he shines through the mist like an effulgence; that magic voice rises out of the grave with its unforgotten cadences. He was the first man I had ever called by his surname; the first friend I have ever sought and won, he said the most flattering things of me behind my back, and intoxicated me by his regard. How I idolized him! He would not have been Henley had he not responded to this hero-worshipping boy. If we had been gay before his coming, our gaiety was now intensified a hundredfold.
>
> And he had come to make us all rich! Yes, the secret of Crœsus was in that shabby little black writing-case. We were enveloped in a gorgeous dream; the dingy walls of "Wensleydale" receded, and we found ourselves in a palace of the Arabian Nights; we gazed out over the sparkling sea, and it was our own yacht we saw in the offing, with the water foaming under her bows, and her bright flags streaming in the breeze. Dreams, dreams, and always the cadence of that unforgotten voice!
>
> R. L. S. was no longer to plod along as he had been doing; Henley was to abandon his grinding and ill-paid editorship; together they would combine to write plays—marvelous plays that would run for hundreds of nights and bring in thousands of pounds; plays that would revive the perishing drama, now hopelessly given over to imbeciles, who kept yachts and mistresses on money virtually filched from the public; plays that would be billed on all the hoardings with the electrifying words: "By Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley."
>
> R. L. S. entered enthusiastically into this collaboration, though, with his underlying Scotch caution, I doubt if he allowed himself to be wholly transported into Henley's fairyland. But he was stirred nevertheless; shared to some degree, though reservedly, those ardent day-dreams of wealth; worked at the plays with extraordinary gusto and industry. *Beau Austin* was written in four days, and I shall never forget Henley reading it aloud—so movingly, so tenderly, that my eyes were wet with tears. But deep down within me was a disappointment I tried hard to stifle. *Beau Austin* was beautiful, of course, it was a masterpiece—there could be no question of that; but was it likely to lessen the yachts and mistresses of the imbeciles? A doubting voice answered "No"; for as a constant patron of the imbeciles I found great pleasure in their plays, and was ashamed to admit I preferred them to *Beau Austin*.
>
> But disillusionment was slow in coming, even though the succeeding plays pleased me as little as the first. The gorgeous dream was not so easily wafted away. It persisted—for me, at least—long after we had left that fairy palace on the West Cliff. But Stevenson, I think, came soonest out of the spell; was the first to rub his eyes and recover his common sense. His ardour certainly declined; in the interval of Henley's absences he very gladly returned to his own work, and had, as a playwright, to be resuscitated by his unshaken collaborator, who was as confident and eager as ever.
>
> R. L. S. lost not only the last flicker of his youth in "Wensleydale," but I believe also any conviction that he might become a popular dramatist.

For nearly a thousand years, the name Macaire has stood as a symbol of villainy. There is a French *chanson de geste* of the 12th century, relating the false accusation brought by one so named again Blanchefleur, Charlemange's queen; and the culminating detection of the murderer-slanderer through a duel between him and his victim's faithful hound, is famous as the tale of *The Dog of Montargis*—because the whole story was painted on a chimney-piece in the château of Montargis in the 15th century.

(*Concluded on page 10*)

LEAVE IT TO THE YOUNGER CROWD TO KNOW THE BEST!



IT is characteristic of this younger set to settle the cigarette question exactly as they settle their hard-fought games—on the sporting principle of "may the best win!"

FATIMA

A few cents more—for the best that money can buy!

(*Concluded from page 8*)

In 1823 Frédéric Lemaître brought this medieval scoundrel down to date in *Auberge des Adrets*, a melodrama which made his reputation. He modified the type again, eleven years later, when, in collaboration with Antier, he wrote a sequel which was very popular on the English stage.

Always, however, Macaire has meant infamy; and Stevenson and Henley merely imagined an episode in the career of the later French "crook."

Henry Vaughan (1621–1695) shows in his poetry both that magnificent vigour which filled the 17th century with such diverse achievements, and the rainbow imagination we associate with Celtic genius.

Are there any three lines in English literature which produce a more cosmic and breathless revelation than the opening ones of "The World"?

> I saw Eternity the other night,
> Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
> All calm, as it was bright

He came of an ancient Welsh family, and is generally tagged with the somewhat geological title of "the Silurist"—the Silurian strata having been most completely studied in the rocks of South Wales, in a region where once lived a tribe, the Silures, who resisted the Roman invaders with fierceness.

Vaughan was born at the farm of Newton St. Briget, "near Scethrog by Usti, in Brecknockshire", and, after some years of private education, went to London, became a physician, and returned to Scethrog to practice. He seems to have fought on the King's side in the campaign of 1645, was in the battle of Rowton Heath, and was imprisoned for a time during the changing fortunes of the Civil War.

His first book of *Poems* appeared in 1646. Another volume, *Olor Iscanus*, came out five years later—without his consent, apparently, for in a preface to his "Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations" (*Silex Scintillians*) in 1650, he remarks: "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream (of profane poetry) was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least."

If you wish to place him, here's an admirable professorial statement:

> As a poet Vaughan comes latest in the so-called "metaphysical" school of the 17th century. He is a disciple of Donne, but follows him mainly as he saw him reflected in George Herbert. He analyzes his experiences, amatory and sacred, with excessive ingenuity, striking out every now and then, through his extreme intensity of feeling and his close observation of nature, lines and phrases of marvelous felicity. He is of imagination all compact, and is happiest when he abandons himself completely to his vision.

But I think those three lines quoted place him more completely than any possible analytical or comparative comment. H. W. L.

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The typical subscriber to this unique service had been an inveterate reader. He had kept abreast of the significant books of the day. But as his business affairs became more pressing, he lost touch with current literature. Again and again he found that, through pure neglect, he was missing important books that were being widely discussed and widely recommended. He was disappointed frequently with his own negligence, but realized that it was almost inevitable, because of the driving circumstances of his life. "If," he thought, "there were only some way in which the books I wanted could be sent to my home, I would be sure not to miss them!"

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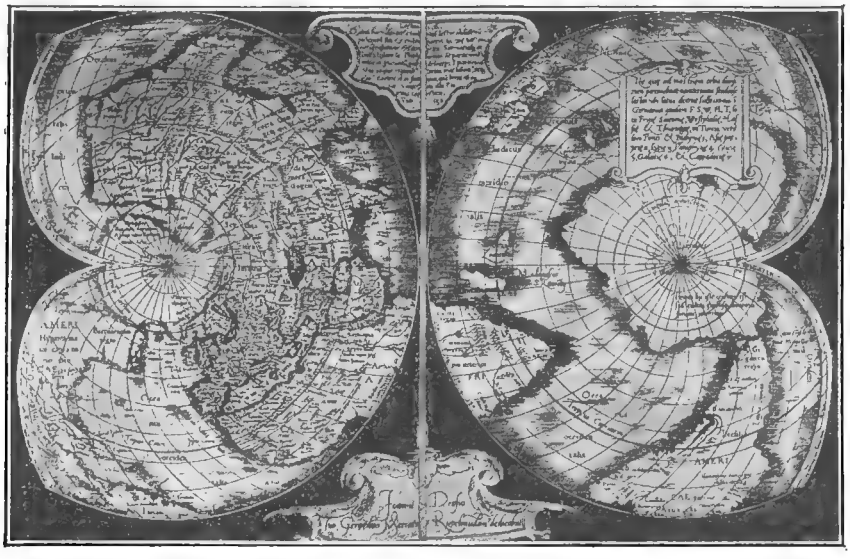

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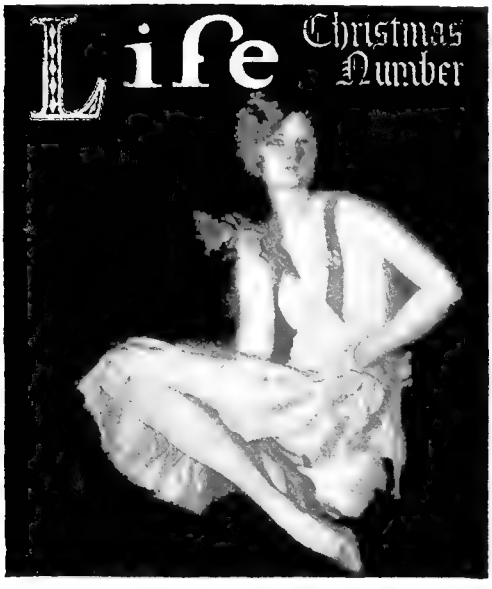

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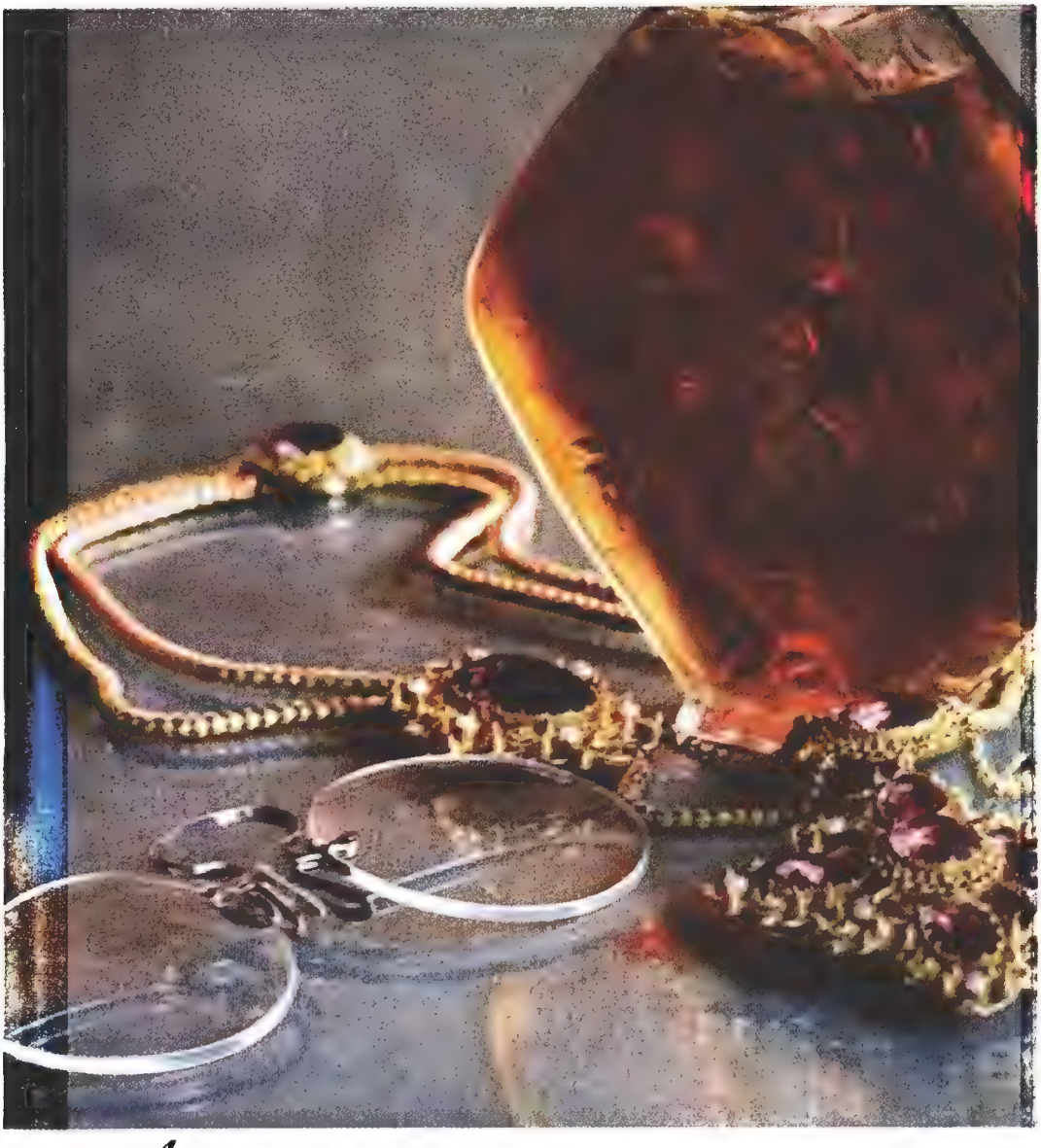

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Two miles? They would not outride such a sea for a hundred yards! And then a whiff from the sardines upset his universe. He leaned weakly against the nearer barrel, clasping it with convulsive tenderness.

Unexpectedly and without preliminary, the sea turned lead colour instead of black-green. Between plunges, he could see Mr. Tutt clutching at his sou'wester in the bow. The sight gave him comfort. They were literally both in the same boat, anyhow! But with the coming daylight the waves seemed even more mountainous. It was incredible that the launch could climb—climb—climb to their awful summits or survive the never-ending coast down into eternity. And then, with an abandonment of all hope, he realized that they were beyond sight of land. They were in a wilderness of waters. On every side, within arm's length, death yawned for him with gigantic, hissing, foam-flecked jaws.

"Isn't this—far—enough?" he gasped.

Suppose this was really to be the end! What a useless and utterly absurd way to die! Just to put out to sea for no purpose whatsoever—on a sort of bet—and be drowned! A ridiculous performance! Not even in his own boat! His life simply thrown away before he'd had half a chance to enjoy his money and the position that he'd made for himself! What good his fine house over at Bar Harbor, his apartment in New York, his fine car, his chef—Griffin? He could not die and lose everything like that! And yet he felt sure that drown he would. He realized that he was miserably afraid.

In that black moment in which he clung face to face with death, he was forced to acknowledge that, so far as he was concerned, he was no more a Nordic than he was a Latin or a Celt. The ghost of his Creole grandmother arose from the waves and shook an admonitory finger at the little man paralyzed with terror. Why had he always tried to gloss her over? His own grandmother! What was the use of pretending that one was anything in particular, when, as that girl had proved last evening, one had had four thousand ancestors only three hundred years back?—and millions before that? As he prepared to meet his God,

(*Continued on page 24*)

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Of the forest bees. *Ballads for Sale.* AMY LOWELL.

LORD GEORGE HAD MORE IMPORTANT AFFAIRS

Burgoyne, as stated above, assumed that the chief object of this expedition was to "effect a junction" with Howe. And Germain, in his letter of March twenty-sixth to Carleton, said that he was going to write to Howe to this effect "by the first Packet." Howe, who saw a copy of this letter, said in a Committee of the House of Commons, "the letter intended to have been written to me by the first packet and which was probably to have contained some instructions, was never sent." The anonymous author of *Letters to a Nobleman*, obviously one of Germain's creatures, if not Germain himself, definitely charges Howe with neglecting Lord George's instructions to support the Northern Army and adds that "by that neglect he sacrificed a British army and involved his country in a degree of disgrace it never before had experienced." Howe, in answering this charge in his *Observations* upon the *Letters to a Nobleman*, repeats his denial that he ever received any such instructions. He certainly did not receive any. It is true that a despatch giving detailed instructions to Howe was duly written, but it was not sent by the first packet, or any other packet. Why?

Well, this remained a mystery until it was elucidated by Lord E. Fitzmaurice in his *Life of Lord Shelburne*. He quotes a memorandum by Lord Shelburne who wrote that, though it "might appear incredible," the explanation was as follows: "Lord George having among other peculiarities a particular aversion to be put out of his way on any occasion, had arranged to call at his office on his way to the country, in order to sign the despatches; but as those addressed to Howe had not been 'fair copied,' and he was not disposed to be balked of his projected visit into Kent, they were not signed then and were forgotten on his return to town."

Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne. F. J. HUDLESTON.

EUGENIC ARGUMENTS FOR EASY DIVORCE

It is probably true that marriage tends to prolong life; physically, mentally and morally the strain is far less when one is happily married than when one is single, even though one be happily single. If this is so, easy divorce really does tend to weed out the people whose temperaments make them unfit for married life. But doubtless the kind of people who are divorced would tend to die younger than the rest even if they remained married, for many of the defects which make them unhappy in marriage are due to ill-health, self-indulgence and other causes which would shorten life under any situation. Thus free divorce cuts both ways. Not only does it cause the divorce-seeking type to have few children, but it actually may raise their own death-rate. The final result, then, is that free divorce tends rapidly to eliminate a type which may contain many desirable people, but which also contains so large a percentage with undesirable qualities that the world is much better off because of the elimination. If divorce were free enough, we might almost hope that in due time it would become very infrequent, simply because the types of people who cannot remain happily married would become so rare as to be negligible. The same process

(*Continued on page 28*)

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(*Continued from page 24*)

would strengthen the home most wonderfully, it would intrench strict monogamy and high standards of sexual purity to an extraordinary degree. Just how rapidly this process of cleansing through free divorce is taking place no one can tell, but that it is actually occurring at a slow rate, if not rapidly, can scarcely be doubted.

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Rhythm in Music. GEORGE A. WEDGE.

LIFE IN FRONTIER INDIA

In spite of the solidity of the blast-furnace and the very modern bungalows which had been built for the official staff, we were not without reminders of how close lay the jungle's edge. An experience of the wife of one of the American Engineers brought this proximity vividly home to us. Her husband was away for the night and she had gone early to bed, when she heard her dog howling outside the front door. The animal seemed to be in abject terror, so she hurried out to him. Upon opening the door she found him cowering against it, and she picked him up in her arms and carried him into the lighted hall. She had barely crossed the threshold when a leopard bounded in after her, seized the terrier from her arms, and carried him off into the night.

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"THE COMPLETE EGOIST"

A Mollusc who dwelt in primordial slime
Was always himself to the innermost core;
As being himself took up all of his time,
He never did anything more.

Still just as he was, though long ages have flown,
He stands on the specimen-cabinet shelf
A fossil, immortal in durable stone,
A monument raised to himself.

"MOTTO FOR A DOG HOUSE"

I love this little house because
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.

Wildwood Fables. ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

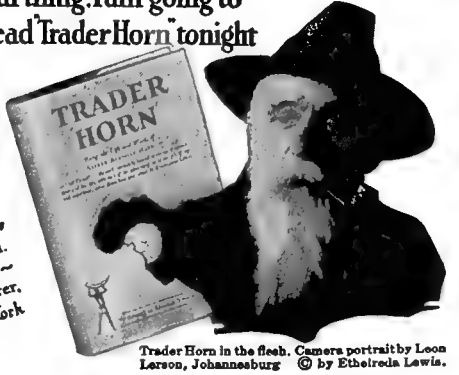
THE JEW'S CONTRIBUTION

. . . Suppose the text of the Bible, like that of Cicero's *De Republica*, had been restorable only in fragments, or its commentaries hidden away so safely as not to be recoverable. But for the Jewish contribution to the Reformation, Europe would surely have missed one-half of the harvest of Humanism. But the Book was there, and the commentaries were there, and the spirit invoked by Erasmus and inspired into Bunyan was already present in the soul of the children of the medieval ghettoes.

The Legacy of Israel. Planned by ISRAEL ABRAHAMS and Edited by Edwyn Bevan and Charles Singer.

(*Continued on page 30*)

I am going to buy Trader Horn today! I shall sail beyond the sun··· Wildest Africa will be my home, swift rivers my daily course, ivory, apes and peacocks my stock in trade, and cannibals my blood brothers··· Romance will run amuck. A President of the United States, sight-seeing his way through Africa, will order his prize gorilla from me. (What matter if I ship him instead the pickled body of an old trader who wanted to be buried at home?···) I shall see the mighty Cecil Rhodes get drunk on prickly pear brandy and, as part of the day's work, I shall snatch him from the hungry crocodiles. I shall watch my native friends toss their useless grandmothers into the jungle torrents, laughing riotously during the sacred rites··· With my gallant school-mate "Little Peru" I shall rescue the fair haired octoroon Nina T-- daughter of a British peer from the josh house where she is imprisoned and worshipped as a goddess. I shall level off the sand crying "Your shout" upon the swishing waters of the forest and toss a gold piece for her hand··· In places marked "unexplored" on the latest maps of the Ivory Coast, I shall see voodoo mysteries unveiled··· With spear-heads and crouching tribesmen, with lions and lady missionaries, I shall have my fill of beauty and terror I shall live adventure, the real thing. I am going to read "Trader Horn" tonight



"Trader Horn" being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn: set down by himself at the age of seventy-three and edited by Ethelreda Lewis, with a foreword by John Galsworthy. Now in its seventy-fifth thousand. $4.00 at all book-stores. Published by Simon and Schuster, 37 West 57th Street, New York

Trader Horn in the flesh. Camera portrait by Leon Larson, Johannesburg © by Ethelreda Lewis.

(*Continued from page 28*)

Navigating by the Chart Divine

When Nathaniel later in the day was bent over a section of a great circle sailing, Bullock came up and thumped his back.

"So let us take the precious Book of God, that Chart Divine—our faith a compass, our hearts a scale, and with these find the way to perfect bliss. Come, thou celestial winds, fill my sails, and I shall speed my way to yonder happy shore, and see my God, my Father, and my friend."

Nat turned quickly. "Indeed, sir, the chances would be good."

Bullock was a bit taken aback at this literal interpretation.

"I am confident that the Lord provides for seamen and guides them with His hand, sir. You question the divine promptings that have guided man across the seas? And you would substitute your mathematics for faith everlasting?"

"Sir," replied Bowditch, "the faith, the confidence, of which you speak is likened often by you to a cup of wine?"

"A sacred wine," answered Bullock.

"Ashore many glasses may be taken without trouble. But at sea the heel of a vessel may tilt the wine and disappoint the sailor's lips."

Navigator. The Story of Nathaniel Bowditch of Salem. Alfred Stanford.

Washington's Humour

One lacking in a sense of humour would scarcely have handled another situation as Washington did, in the instance cited by General Mercer. It was during a sitting of the convention called to form a Constitution. The question up was the power to be given Congress in regard to a standing army. One of the members moved "that the standing army be restricted to five thousand men at any one time." Washington was chairman of the convention, and so could not offer a motion, but he whispered to another member at his elbow to amend the motion so as to provide that "no foreign enemy should invade the United States at any time with more than three thousand troops."

Patriots off Their Pedestals. Paul Wilstach.

"Undisturbed Possession"

The devil of the thing in life, and married life, is the fact that undisturbed possession destroys one's appreciation of the worth of things, of their value to us, almost of their qualities, whilst, at the same time, allowing the things to take quiet hold on us by a thousand little hands and arms and tentacles, everyday strands woven of everyday stuff.

Goblin Market. H. deVere Stacpoole.

At the Greek Court

While we are on the subject of the royal ball, we may as well mention Madame Slatano. She was a fat, energetic, black-eyed Greek, wife of a very wealthy Manchester merchant. She came to Athens, bought a big house on Khephyssia Street and commenced a social campaign. Her mind was so much on this subject that she often interjected into her conversation the sentence, apropos of nothing: "And I said, I will get into society!" She succeeded, due largely, I believe, to the fact that she was amusing to royalty.

She went in for Greek silk culture, a practical and worthy movement. During the Greek revolution of 1821, the silk trees in the Peloponnesus were all cut down by the Turks, thus destroying an ancient and profitable industry. Mrs. Slatano's object was to foster the replanting of the mulberry forests, the cultivation of the worms and the local manufacture of the fabric.

One night at the royal ball the King entered into conversation with her and commended her efforts in this connection.

"Your Majesty," she said, "the society ladies of Athens should set the fashion of wearing local silk. Every stitch that I have on, from outside in, is Greek silk."

(*Continued on page 32*)

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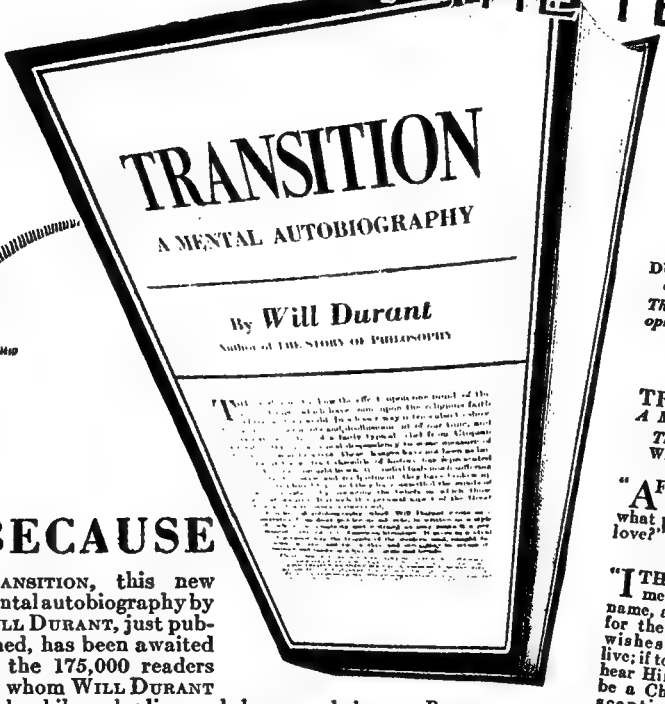

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* * *

"I THRILL yet at the mention of His name, and hunger yet for the ideal life He wishes mankind to live; if to love Him and hear Him gladly is to be a Christian, then, sceptic and pagan though I be, I am a Christian, too, and Christ is still my God."

* * *

"IN the inexhaustible activity of the atom, in the endless resourcefulness of plants, in the teeming fertility of animals, in the hunger and movement of infants, in the laughter and play of children, in the love and devotion of youth, in the restless ambition of fathers and the life-long sacrifice of mothers in the undiscourageable researches of scientists and the sufferings of genius, in the crucifixion of prophets and the martyrdom of saints—in all things I saw the passion of life for growth and greatness, the drama of everlasting creation."

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(*Continued from page 30*)

She patted her skirt and murmured, "Greek silk!"
She lifted it, disclosing a petticoat, "Greek silk!"
She lifted this, and revealed another, "Greek silk!"

How far the demonstration would have gone, I do not know, for the King, evidently convinced, fled. *Recollections Grave and Gay.* GEORGE HORTON.

INVESTIGATING THE WAYS OF MODERN YOUTH

A forlorn breeze despairingly died. Harold put his hand over Laura's. Looking down, she saw its cloudy whiteness over hers, as she felt its murny touch and drew her own away. She felt discouraged and humourless; the moment was as dreary as ditch-water. "I suppose I'm too old for this sort of thing," she thought.

A cloud of rosy liquid emptied itself with lamentation onto the black peninsula of the steel-mills as the slag was poured there, groaning and bellowing. The cries faded to a moan as red melted to orange and the hemisphere of flame became a golden, dying mist. "It's pretty, isn't it?" said Laura, who always liked seeing it.

There was no answer. The sullen silence weighed more heavily than the blackness as the light from the mill went out. "What's the matter?" Laura found herself dejectedly asking. And then Harold took her in his arms.

She felt the warmth of his slack, comfortless figure and pulled herself from him, while a too suitable phrase came to her lips. "How dare you?" she exclaimed, and thought desolately: "How ridiculous I am!"

"A girl without any vices at all," muttered Harold with unexpected spirit, "is pretty damn uninteresting!" *The Unpaid Piper.* WOODWARD BOYD.

"IF ALL THE SKIES"

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling plash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

Chosen Poems. HENRY VAN DYKE.

BHISHMA AND THE TIGRESS

Yes, she was sliding out toward him from behind the tree. Another black band now became visible. She was almost out. The two eyes he stared into became as one—one slightly enlarged hole into emptiness. He took a step back, but she moved with him—like a glide. Her movement withered him—making him helpless about the hips. There was nothing like reason or sanity back of her eyes, but she had Force. He was in wrong, having stumbled into her own private ground. She had right of way here.

All this time, through a stillness that belonged to the other side of death, he was vaguely conscious of the sound of Bhishma's approach from below. Now from his right hand a distraction also, like the stir of a leaf. It was slight as that. He could not turn his head. An instant's swerve of his look from the tigress, and she would spring. It was only a matter of seconds and she would spring, anyway, yet he felt the need to hold off the inevitable.

Now from the right again—the sound of escaping steam—a hissing valve.

He could not turn, yet knew he was being stalked from that side as well. In this cracking strain, the salient moments of life began to reel off again in his brain as in the

(*Continued on page 34*)

"Give me not millions," cried Mitya, in The Brothers Karamazov, "but answers to my questions."

IN the last eighteen months more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand *Americans have voiced this ageless seeking, and turned to *The Story of Philosophy* by WILL DURANT for guidance ... "Most of us," they confess with WILL DURANT, "have known some golden days in the June of life when philosophy was in fact what PLATO calls it, 'that dear delight,' when the love of a modestly elusive truth seemed more glorious, incomparably, than the lust for the ways of the flesh and the dross of the world; and there is always some wistful remnant in us of that early wooing of wisdom."

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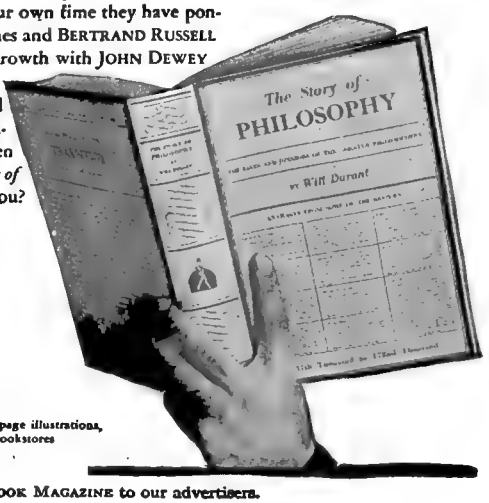

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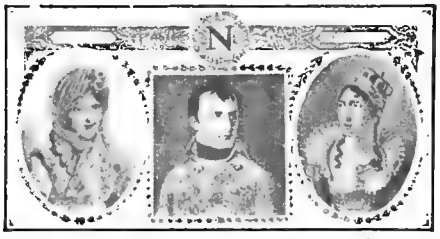

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PHILADELPHIA - - - - - - - LONDON

(*Continued from page 32*)

Rest House room that last night—pages of a book flying so fast he could only see some of the chapter heads.

His left arm lifted from his side, the palm turned back toward Bhishma, his other arm slowly rose to ward off the assault which he could only feel the imminence of from the right. Thus he stood, the tigress nearer, in full view. Now a great crashing sounded behind, as of Bhishma coming more swiftly; at the same instant a mighty snarl in his ears from the right.

Then he was torn from the ground, lifted high in the spiral of Bhishma's trunk and flung back, as if into Gobind's arms on the mammoth neck. Dangling high before his eyes, between the lifted tusks of Bhishma, in fact, was a stabbing, hissing monster caught on one of the tines. It slithered off to the ground like a fish from a spear. Then he felt Bhishma kneeling and the crush of bones beneath. Now Tod became aware that he had stood in the very shadow of the male tiger's charging stroke from the right; that the trunk of Bhishma had lifted him clear; that the tusks of Bhishma had parried the unseen stroke, and that the knees of Bhishma had done the rest. At the present moment he was quite safe on the sire's neck, Gobind searching his eyes and holding him to his breast like a lost love.

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It was my good fortune to grow into quite intimate terms with Zebulon Vance, during his distinguished service as senator from North Carolina. After a man's dinner in Washington there chanced to be war talk between the veterans of both sides. I happened to mention Malvern Hill as a striking illustration of the astonishing courage of the Confederates in charging repeatedly over open fields against a force so admirably placed to repel them.

"Yes," said Vance, "it was a sad mistake I was against the attack in that form." Some one said: "How about the rabbit, Vance? Is that story true?" The senator admitted that it was.

As told by him then it appears that while Vance's brigade of North Carolinians was lying down in line before the final advance, a rabbit sprang from the bushes and, running along the ground in their front, caused yells of laughter so light was the spirit of these men facing death

(*Continued on page 36*)

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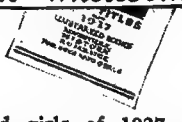

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(*Continued from page 34*)

They called out: "Run, run, run!" A staff officer asked if he should shoot it. Vance said: "I shook my head, and called out myself: 'Run, little cotton-tail! I'd run too if I wasn't Governor of North Carolina!'"

Reminiscences of Adventure and Service.
MAJ.-GEN. A.W. GREELY, U. S. A., Retired.

THE DEVASTATING WHITE ANT

Expanding and multiplying in the heart of the tropical landscape, the termitary, with its iron and amazingly ingenious laws, its vitality and terrifying fecundity, would constitute a menace to the human race and very soon cover our planet, had not chance or some strange caprice of nature—which rarely shows so much consideration for us—ordained that the insect should be extremely vulnerable and highly sensitive to the cold. It cannot live in a merely temperate climate, but only, as I have already said, in the hottest regions of the globe. The temperature must be from 20 degrees to 36 degrees C. Below 20 degrees its life ceases; above 36 degrees its protozoa perish, and it dies of starvation. But wherever it can secure a foothold, it makes fearful havoc; as far back as Linnæus: "*Termes Indæ calamitas summa,*" he said. And Froggatt, who knows them better than anyone, adds: "In the hot and tropical parts of the surface of the earth there is no family of insects whose members wage such an unceasing war against the work of man." Houses are gnawed inside from top to bottom, and crumble to the ground. Furniture, linen, paper, clothes, shoes, provisions, wood, grass—all disappear. Nothing is proof against their ravages, which have something uncanny or supernatural about them, as they are always wrought in secret, and become manifest only at the sudden moment of disaster. Great trees that look most flourishing—for the bark is scrupulously respected—topple down at a touch. At Saint Helena, two policemen were talking under a huge Melia, that was covered with leaves; one of them leaned against the trunk, and the enormous febrifuge, whose inside was reduced to powder, collapsed and buried them in the debris. Sometimes the work of destruction is carried out with lightning rapidity. A farmer in Queensland will leave a cart in a meadow at evening; next morning, all he finds is the iron.

The Life of the White Ant.
MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

(*Continued on page 38*)

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(*Continued from page 35*)

THE IRONY OF THE KEATS MEMORIAL

Have you heard about the Keats Memorial placed in Hampstead church by Americans? We went to the ceremonies. There was first a lunch at Walter Besant's, with so many interesting people—Gosse, Du Maurier, Theodore Watts, beautiful young Lord Houghton, who is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the most charming, modest, lovable young giant with a sweet face and large, lovely eyes, Sydney Colvin, Dykes Campbell, and several others. At the church there was every literary and artistic lion in London, from Sara Grand and Aubrey Beardsley to—to Fluffy. A Mr. Day made an address for the Americans, presenting the bust, and Edmund Gosse one accepting it. Lord Houghton won my heart for aye by the lovely and clever young modesty with which he spoke—as his father's son—then there were other addresses and then the bust was uncovered, and the Gosse children went and hung laurels round it. Remembering what one does of that poor boy's bitter sadness and pain, it was rather heartbreaking. Think how they disdained him once in Hampstead. Zangwill and I went up together to look at it afterwards. "And the irony of it!" he said, "the irony of it. Just as they did to him then they would do to another today, who had his genius."

The Romantick Lady. VIVIAN BURNETT.

EDEN, THE DISTURBER

Alayne felt her hand being taken into Renny's. Wakefield's exuberance was not transmittable, but he ran hither and thither, exhorting the guests to dance, till at last he did get a circle together on the lawn for a Sir Roger de Coverley. But it was the elders who were moved to disport themselves, after a glass or two of punch from the silver bowl on the porch. The younger ones hung back in the shelter of the blazing pile, entangled in the web of emotions which they had woven about themselves.

Eden was not among them, but the vision of his fair face, with its smiling lips, mocked each in turn. To Renny it said: "I have shown you a girl at last whom you can continue to love without possessing, with no hope of possessing, who will haunt you all your days." To Alayne: "I have made you experience, in a

(*Continued on page 40*)

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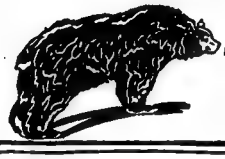

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(*Continued from page 38*)

few months, love, passion, despair, shame, enough for a lifetime. Now go back to your sterile work and see if you can forget." To Piers: "You sneered at me for a poet. Do you acknowledge that I am a better lover than you?" To Pheasant: "I have poisoned your life." To Finch, hiding in the darkness: "I have flung you, head-first, into horrors of awakening." *Jalna.* MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

THE THIRD TRUTH

And Gerald said also: "Therefore it furthermore appears to me, O peculiarly unimaginative painting, a sheer waste of opportunity to assume that anything is ever going to end even for a mere Musgrave all conscious experience. I had far rather play with a beautiful idea than with one utterly lacking in seductiveness. I very much prefer to believe that I at least am, in one way or another, reserved to take part in some enduring and rather superb performance,—somewhere, by and by,—in a performance concerned with some third truth, more august and æsthetically more pleasing than are the only ever-enduring truths apparent to us here. We copulate and die, and that is all?—Well, perhaps! But, then again, perhaps not! One must, you see, be broad-minded about the matter."

He for a moment kept silence. That regrettably candid painting and all the other adjuncts of this place were certainly very depressing, now that the learned diableries of the Fox-Spirit no longer enlivened this tomb. Nevertheless, Gerald kept his long chin well up.

"Yes, every man ought to be broad-minded about this matter, and ought to cherish always, if only as a diverting and inexpensive plaything, this pungent notion of being immortal. It is really inexpensive, because, should your notion prove ungrounded, you run no risk, no tiniest risk, of being twitted, by and by, for credulity, or even of ever discovering your error. Meanwhile this faith in your own durability and potential importance is in some sense a cordial; and is in sundry ways a fine toy. It renders life, and dying too, endurable: and it offers against all vacant half-hours a variety of diverting speculations . . . as to that possible third truth."

Something About Eve.
JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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(Continued from page 40)

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If it and as if it, if it or as if it, if it is as if it and it is as if it and as if it. Or as if it. More as if it. As more. As more as if it. And if it And for and as if it.

If it was to be a prize a surprise if it was to be a surprise to realize, if it was to be if it were to be, was it to be. What was it to be. It was to be what it was. And it was. So it was. As it was. As it is. Is it as it as. It is and as it is and as it is. And so and so as it was.

Keep it in sight alright.

Not to the future but to the fuschia.

Tied and untied and that is all there is about it. And as tied and as beside, and as beside and tied. Tied and untied and beside and as beside and as untied and as tied and as untied and as beside. As beside as by and as beside. As by as by the day. By their day and as it may, may be they will may be they may. Has it been reestablished be they will may be they may. Has it been reestablished as not to weigh. Weigh how. How to weigh. Or weigh. Weight, state await, state, late state rate state, state await weight state, in state rate at any rate state weight state as stated. In this way as stated. Only as if when the six sat at the table they all looked for those places together. And each one in that direction so as to speak look down and see the same as weight. As weight for weight as state to state as wait to wait as not so. Beside.

For arm absolutely for arm.

They reinstate the act of birth.

GERTRUDE STEIN. *Morrow's Almanack for the Year of our Lord, 1928.*

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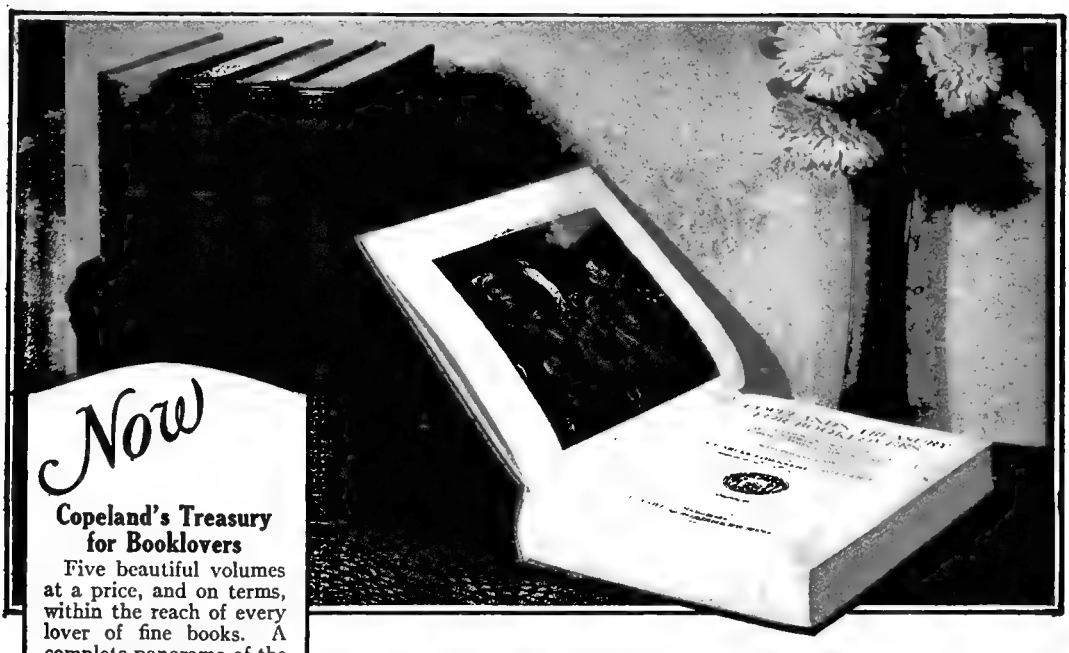

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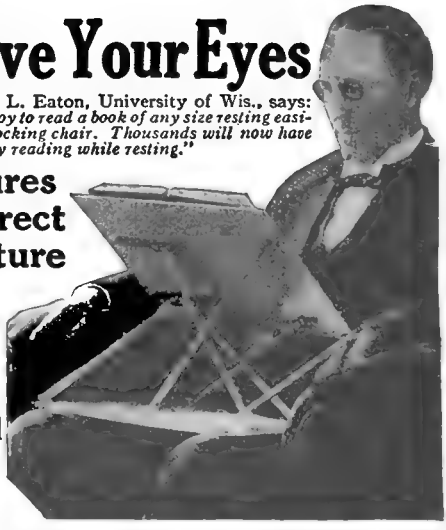
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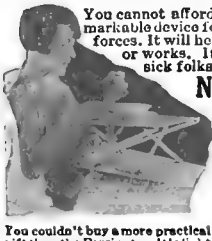

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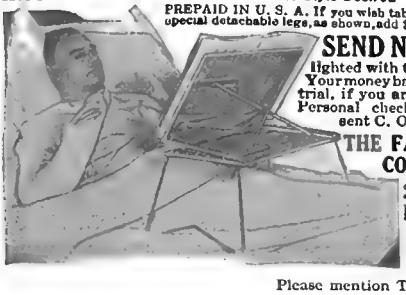

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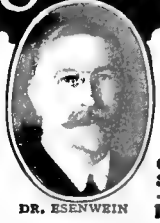

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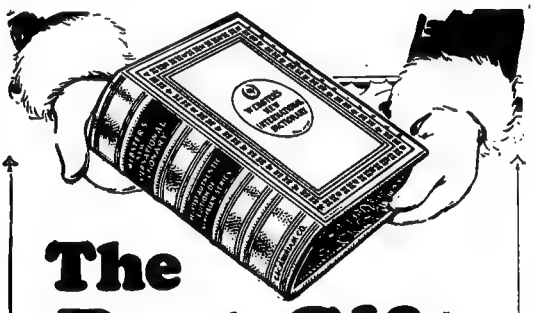

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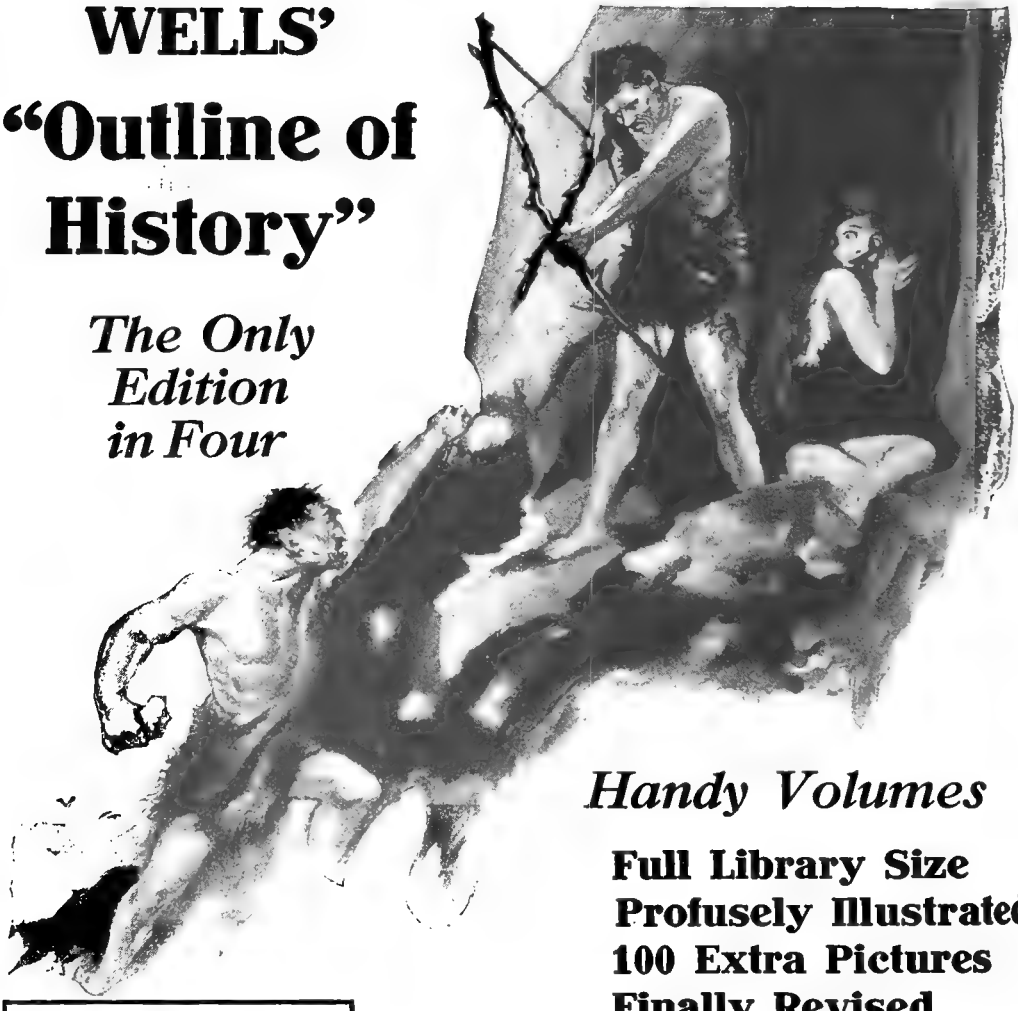

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The Ambitious Hippopotamus

By
HENRY
WALLACE
PHILLIPS

Drawing by
T. S. Sullivant

A HIPPOPOTAMUS who had dwelt contentedly for years on the banks of a reedy stream, looked up one day and saw an eagle.

She became immediately fired with a desire to fly. Having lived a staid and respectable life that could not but find favour in the eyes of the gods, she raised her voice in prayer.

Jove smiled a little, but granted her request.

On the instant a pair of broad, powerful wings were affixed to her shoulders.

She was naturally a trifle nervous about trying them at first, but finally mustered up her courage.

Away she swooped, and with a pardonable vanity took her course over a piece of jungle where some old friends lived.

Precisely thirty-eight seconds later a convention of animals, all swearing and trembling with fright, were trying to conceal themselves in the same three-by-four hole in the ground.

The effect on the other animals disconcerted the good-natured hippopotamus to such an extent that she lost control of herself and sailed through the forest like an avalanche on a bender. Down went the trees and crack went the branches, while horror-stricken beasts with bristling hair split the welkin with their shrieks.

The hippopotamus made for home at her best speed. Arriving over the familiar spot, she let go all holds and came down ker-splash in the mud, knocking the astonished little hippopotamuses out into mid-stream.

"Oh, Jupiter! take 'em off!" she gasped. "I now see that the hippopotamus was not intended to fly."

IMMORAL:

It takes more than nine bloomers to make a man.

DECEMBER

ALTHOUGH God out of his infinite providence, is the onely director and ruler of all things, governing the yeeres, dayes, minutes and seasons of the yeere according to the power of his Will: yet for as much as hee hath given us his Creatures, and placed the Celestiall bodies to holde their influences in us, and all things else which have increasement, revealing unto us from their motions, the alteration and qualities of every season, it shall be very behovefull for every Husbandman to know the signes and tokens of every particular season. . . . .

Againe, if Christmas day shall fall upon the Sunday, the yeere shall be good, reasonable and abounding with all store and plenty: if it fall upon Munday the yeere shall be reasonable temperate and fruitfull, onely something subject to inundation of waters, losse by shipwracke, and some mortality of people, especially women in child-bearing: if it fall upon Tuesday, the yeere will prove very barraine and unfruitfull, much dearth will raigne, and amongst people great plague and mortallitie: if it fall upon Wednesday, the yeere shall be reasonably reasonable, though a little inconstant: there shall be plenty of all things, onely much sicknesse, and great likelyhood of warres: if it fall upon the Thursday, the yeere shall be generally very temperate and wholesome, only the Sommer subject to moistnesse, much devision is like to fall amongst the Clergie: if it fall upon the Friday, the yeere shall be barraine and unwholesome, for sickenesse shall rage with great violence, much mortalitie shall fall amongst yong Children, and both Corne and Cattell shall be scarce, and of a deere reckoning: if it fall on the Saturday, the yeere shall be reasonably good and plentifull, onely the people of the world shall be exceeding perverse, and much given to mutinie and dissention one against another. . . . .

And thus much touching the experience of the English Husbandman in these foreknowledges, and ayming after the times to come, being drawne from the observations and rules left us by succession of times of those learned Fathers, and other best knowne and approved in these knowledges: yet I doe not binde every Husbandman to make as it were new Creeds of these Principles, but onely to give them to his memory, as things that will neither oppresse nor hurt it, and if in any seldome-seene particularitie, any shall vary from the purpose of the relation, to remember that there is above us a God of all Truth and Knowledge, who will dispose and governe all things, according to his good Will and Pleasure: to which let every Creature submit, in as much as hee onely knoweth what is for mankinde most best and most convenient.

The English Husbandman. GERVASE MARKHAM (1614).

1 Now mirk December's dowie face
Glowrs owr the rigs wi' sour grimace.
FERGUSSON.

2 Ladies are in haste to dress as if it were cold or as if it were warm, though it may not yet be so, merely to display a new dress. THOREAU.

3 Old Winter sad, in snow yclad,
Is making a doleful din;
But let him howl till he crack his jowl,
We will not let him in. THOMAS NOEL.

4 Socrates thought that if all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would take their own and depart. PLUTARCH.

5 At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
SHAKESPEARE.

6 I have seen respectability and amiability grouped over the airtight stove; I have seen virtue and intelligence hovering over the register; but I have never seen true happiness in a family circle where the faces were not illuminated by the blaze of an open fireplace. HOLMES.

7 A white mist drifts across the shrouds,
A wild moon in the wintry sky
Gleams like an angry lion's eye
Out of a mane of tangled clouds. WILDE.

8 Thou mayest swell with anger to bursting, yet men will do as they did before! MARCUS AURELIUS.

9 Once more come to me,
For my life is ebbing fast!
On the further shore
I would keep your memory
Come to me once more.
LADY IZUMI, *15th Century* (TIETJENS).

10 To most men, experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.
COLERIDGE.

11 The piercing cold of that Country (America) produceth not so many noysome effects as the raw winters of England. . . . True it is that some venturing too nakedly in extremity of cold, being more foole hardy than wise, have for a time lost the use of their feete. . . . Some have had their overgroune beards so frozen together, that they could not get their strong water-bottells into their mouths.
WILLIAM WOOD (1634).

12 A gentleman never turns his back to a lady, except his wife.
Manners Book (1855).

13 And now the warlike race
Of swans gather their hosts upon the breast
Of some far gulf, and bidding their farewell
To the white cliffs and slender junipers,
And sea-weed bridal beds, intone the song
Of parting, and a sad metallic clang
Send through the mists. ALEARDI.

14 It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all. THACKERAY.

15 Yea, I have died for love as others do,
But praised be God, it was in such a sort
That I revived within an hour or two.
SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

16 From thence with Tom Doling and Boston and D. Vines (whom we met by the way) to Price's, and there we drank, and in discourse I learnt a pretty trick to try whether a woman be a maid or no, by a string going round her head to meet at the end of her nose, which if she be not will come a great way beyond. PEPYS.

17 Spring-fruits are sour to eat;
Autumn's the mellow time.
Nay, very late in the year,
Short day and frosty rime,
Thought, like a winter pear,
Stone-cold in summer's prime
May turn from harsh to sweet.
ALLINGHAM.

18 Consider the Temperaments of Different Nations: what makes the English phlegmatic and melancholy, but Beef? What renders the Welsh so hot and cholerick, but Cheese and Leeks? The French derive their levity from their Soups, Frogs and Mushrooms. POPE.

19 The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.

20 I will cast out Wisdom and reject Learning.
My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void (*twice*)
Always repenting of wrongs done
Will never bring my heart to rest.
I cast my hook in a single stream;
But my joy is as though I possessed a Kingdom.
I loose my hair and go singing;
To the four frontiers men join in my refrain.
This is the purport of my song:
"My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void."
CHI K'ANG (*3d Century*). (WALEY.)

21 When a Piedmontese has both his arms and legs broken, and has received two sword-thrusts in the body, he may be allowed to say, but not till then, "Really, I almost think I am not quite well." MAXIMO D'AZEGLIO.

22 Adoration of a woman takes the breath out of philosophy.
MEREDITH.

23 When a man has attained the deep conception that there is such a thing as nonsense, you may be sure of him forever.
WALTER BAGEHOT.

24 Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry. WITHERS.

25 Tis our rosy-cheeked, homestalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of unto us a child is born; faces fragrant with the mince pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. LAMB.

26 "I wonder how some clever writer has never noticed how queer women are. It's my belief you could write a whole book about them." BARRIE.

27 We must dare to be happy and dare to confess it, regarding ourselves always as the depositories, not as the authors of our own joys. AMIEL.

28 To be out of fashion is more criminal than to be seen in a state of nature, to which the Parisians are not averse.
ABIGAIL ADAMS.

29 To see is to have. Come hurry anew!
Life on the wing
Is a rapturous thing.
To see is to have. Come hurry anew!
For to see the world is to conquer it too.
BÉRANGER.

30 Not houses finely roofed or the stones of walls well-builded, nay, nor canals and dockyards, make the city, but men able to use their opportunity. ALCÆUS.

31 He grasped the theory that Mohammedanism, arising six hundred years after Christ, justified the Wisdom of God in Judaism, proving that the Oriental mind could bear nothing more perfect; and he conceived a sort of sympathy with Islam.
"BARON CORVO."

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An Unofficial Love-Story

By ALBERT HICKMAN

Albert Hickman.

I

THERE are many kinds of love-stories, but I think this is a new kind. Besides, it is true. Truth is so much stranger than fiction that you do not like to write it, because some people are reasonably sure to doubt its being truth, and then they are equally sure to say that your sort of invention shows that you lack common sense and good taste. But in this story there are certain little things that will convince your inner judgment that it is plain truth, after all, and I shall be freed from blame.

Once not very long ago, in a small city in Canada, there rose up a young woman. These are only the gravest essentials, for it is very unwise to localize true stories too fully. But it had to be a small city, it had to be in Canada, and "rose up" is strictly the most proper way of expressing it, as will be duly made evident.

The young woman's name was Miss Marjorie Dyer, and her father lived a good deal of his life in a rather small shop on one of the back streets of the city, where he sold coal and smoked. He worried very little, and he kept out of this story wonderfully.

Now, to make all things clear, it will be necessary to explain a little. This particular city had quietly gone to seed, just as some men do, and nobody knew it, though a certain few had strong suspicions. And, like all other cities that have gone to seed, this city was filled with old families. Perhaps they are the mainspring of the silence. In any case, they not only did not recognize Miss Dyer, but they did not recognize Miss Dyer's existence—at first. The essential difference between their standing in the social fabric and Miss Dyer's was that their fathers had retired from business or were dead, and Miss Dyer's father was still in business and was alive. If it happened to be their grandfathers, so much the greater gulf. For instance, the particular family that had once had a grandfather who did a most profitable grocery business in the same shop from which Miss Dyer's father now sold coal, could not see Miss Dyer at all. This is a subvariant of what the doctors call acquired immunity.

Then, further, in a number of the old families the stock had somewhat run out, and some of the young ladies in even the

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third generation had uncertain teeth and a good deal of some one else's hair, and things called forms sewed into obscure places for safety's sake.

Miss Dyer was built on a different principle altogether. She was rather short and she did not mind a bit. She was capable of filling all her clothes adequately everywhere. In fact, about the alluring contours of her suits there was a strength of line that carried strong conviction and led you to suspect that the suits were not responsible in the least, but that their function was rather to restrain than to exaggerate details. She had the nice, even, brilliant colouring that goes with supreme health, and in all the essentials, hair and teeth and eyes, she was technically perfect, so that when she was present, you always forgot to notice whether she was beautiful, and when she was absent, you always planned to look the next time, and then always forgot when the next time came. I think this was because she had what is called a magnetic personality. So I doubt whether any one knows to-day whether she was beautiful or not. I doubt also whether it makes any difference. She said that her hair was not black, so we shall have to call it dark brown, and her eyes were a quite even dark blue,—that wonderful country, the north of Ireland, being responsible again,—and like the late Count von Moltke, were silent in at least seven languages, which is more than could be said of Miss Dyer. But they had one trick. Within one flick of their lids they could take on an expression of the most convincing, childlike innocence, which so wanted to understand, and was sure it could, if you would only explain a little further. It would have been unmanly to question. There was no arguing round it, because the more you argued, the more bewildered the eyes became. It was one of the young woman's finest assets, and with it in full working order she arrived at the age of nineteen years.

Having arrived, she seems to have looked about her and become instantly inspired. This may appear precocious, considering that it was a Canadian climate, but the fact remains. And the inspiration could not have come from her surroundings, because these, as has been explained, could breed no inspiration; and it did not come from reading, because it was too original and all-embracing, and because she did little reading of an inspiring kind: so it must have come largely from within—pure genius.

Now, when genius elects to bloom in a city that has otherwise gone to seed, and undertakes to expend itself within that city, there is bound to be an instant disturbance, an accretional cataclysm, until sometimes it fairly rocks the stars; for the people in general can afford to devote their time to it, and they do, when in a living, breathing city they might be otherwise troubled.

Miss Dyer had some of the finest characteristics of Madame de Maintenon and Cleopatra, and a number of still finer characteristics of her own, and she looked about her and foresaw the possibilities of even that situation. The first desideratum was the establishment of an entirely continuous performance, such as can be worked up without great difficulty in London. That is, she wished to live every moment of what she planned was to be a long and joyful life. She did not ask for London; she did not ask to go on the stage; she disapproved of the stage as a profession. This was to be part of her ultimate attitude, and she had adopted it thus early. Consider the magnitude of this strategy. She wanted and asked for nothing but full liberty and health to do the best she could, in all innocency, with what the gods had provided. And I think this was notable, for if you take your dweller in a wayside city, who has been brought up to draw a line between labour and rest, and explain to him ever so fully how the smallish coterie who truly live the life of the world have not one single altogether-slack waking moment in it, and how even in their stillest thoughts they are working toward one great end,—not always minutely particularized,—he may believe, but he certainly will not understand. At a dinner of the Liverpool Shipbrokers' Benevolent Association once Ian Maclaren said that "If Sir Alfred Jones could be tempted aside from his task of absorbing the rest of the world's merchant marine—" This is the precise attitude. It is best expressed with the ancient word "Excelsior," and Miss Dyer had it, only she would not be content with the world's merchant marine, any more than would Sir Alfred Jones. Or Napoleon Bonaparte.

If you started in to make it clear to yourself just how Miss Dyer's earlier activities were calculated to affect her progress, you might have some little trouble in tracing the connection unless you considered two more things. The first of these is the heart and soul of true

genius, the amazing regard paid to essential detail and the still more amazing disregard of non-essential detail. The second is one of the most curious and obscure rules that geniuses use. It seems to be beyond all reason. I think it would be very difficult to state it correctly, but it is something like this: "If you concentrate your full energies on the things that are at hand, you will, through the mercy of Heaven, be able to attain to your heart's desire among the things that are not at hand." This is all bound up with the theory of equivalent sacrifice and the law of compensation and such things; but if you think it over carefully, you will see that there is a deep truth somewhere. Also, if you come back from the finish of this story and read this text over again you will see how it applied. I do not pretend to believe for a moment that Miss Dyer knew this law existed, but when you combine genius with a woman's compound intuition, the combination is authorized to use laws without inquiring whether they exist or not. This she doubtless did; and see where she ended.

So, when at the age of nineteen years she became inspired and stepped softly into the arena, she noted that one of the essential details was dress, and she dressed. I imagine she exhausted the subject, as a genius does any subject he finds it necessary to touch. She dressed on the nether verge of the fashion. To have been quite within the fashion would have been too severe a shock for even Miss Dyer to administer to that city, and she knew it. But she was strictly within the period, and to be within the period in surroundings that might almost yet turn out a basque or a polonaise is to breed thunder and lightning.

II

THE period of Miss Dyer's arrival at nineteen corresponded with the period of the arrival of long gloves, and it is her long gloves I remember above all other weapons she used, and I was but an onlooker on the far outside. She had a forearm that should have sent a susceptible man clean out of his mind, and the gloves were a dream. When she had them on, you wished her to take them off, and when she took them off, you wished her to put them on, for the sake of seeing her take them off again. They were in certain subdued shades, and they had a nerve-wearing way of slipping down, and continuing to slip down, till they slid over a shell-pink and dimpled elbow that had two movable shadows, where they had to be rescued; and she was constantly having to get her hands out of them through an inadequate aperture at the wrist, all of which seemed to call for outside assistance, which was not permitted. As to the rest of the dress, it was as subdued as the gloves, and its taste was beyond all question; but the money Mr. Dyer must have laid out on patent-leather shoes and open-work silk stockings and those gloves and such like would have stocked several farms. However, the coal business, properly conducted, is a profitable business, and I think Mr. Dyer believed in his daughter.

But you must not be deceived by the apparent thoroughness of this dress effect. It has been attempted before.

Miss Dyer saw also that another essential detail was a fluent command of the English language. This was more wonderful. The dress instinct might be normal enough, but this involved genius again. Safely past the last new adverb in the exhausted hysteria of the North American press, picking scraps from things as far apart as "Kim" and "Lorna Doone," she simplified her English down to the simplicity of the English of Dean Swift, of whom she had never heard, and used it largely for suggesting what she did not mean and concealing what she did. In the first of these two attainments she had the wisdom of the serpent. The high gods had given her a subversive drawl that would have lured the same gods out of heaven. She could spell the word T-H-E, and the tyro would be confident that he had been let into a family secret, and when he proceeded to presume upon it through the medium of fervent words, he would pause to find those troubled eyes searching his and an unruffled voice explaining that it did not understand. The expert, if necessary, collided with briefer and more pointed phrases, which could not possibly be mistaken. That is, the foundation of Miss Dyer's formidable and simplified method was neither more nor less than the great secret method that has moved triumphant down the centuries: thoughtless and most casual remarks, slipped at certain calculated intervals, as inconspicuous as drops of attar of roses, each containing two pregnant meanings that would involve vast knowledge and one other meaning that would involve nothing whatever, coupled with a barrier that could not conceivably be

broken at all. There is no danger in giving away the secret, because there are so few who can keep the barrier quite intact. It is not intended that they should. But once in a while there is a woman born, and she goes ever so far.

III

So, having inspected her earthworks, Miss Dyer let things take their course without so much as raising one pink finger to aid or restrain; and in that moment her own particular public fixed its wandering regard on the light of her presence.

The first apparent candidate was a lawyer, the second was a member of the Provincial Parliament, and both were from outside cities. She absorbed them without a sign. What on earth she did with them I am sure I do not know, but they came back and continued to come back. I think each had his time rigidly prescribed, and followed it on pain of excommunication. She never appeared in public with either of them, except at chance moments, as she might have appeared with any one else she met on the street. But there were times when each of them appeared on the street alone, walking hurriedly and with a puzzled expression, as if something might have gone wrong or missed connection or been misunderstood. At such times Miss Dyer was invisible to the naked eye, as was also the other man, though which man it was appeared to make no difference; and, when next seen, the other man, who had been invisible, would be whistling like a bull-finch, and Miss Dyer would be the same as before, and as ever. If the two men happened to meet, they were very friendly and seemed to regard each other with a sort of pity.

Now these obscure symptoms troubled certain of the ladies of that city, and they rose up and took Miss Dyer's name in vain, as she not only had foreseen, but planned that they should, and it was utterly in vain, because there was really nothing to say, except that she dressed better than they, and this was not worth saying. But the things they said about why she dressed, and how she dressed—the raw, vulgar, unproved, usual things, were very bitter indeed. Most of them Miss Dyer heard immediately, because her intelligence system was as efficient as a transformer, and they did not even affect her as a tonic, for she showed no signs of needing a tonic, but went her way and was as sweet as clover in bloom.

Then, as synchronously as triplets, came three brand-new additions to this happy family. They were a doctor of medicine, very young for a doctor; a violinist, who was younger than he looked; and a literary man, this last middle-aged and obscurely but certainly married. He admitted it himself. Miss Dyer absorbed the lot. When openly questioned about the literary man who was married she said he was "the very least friend in the world, and she thought he was awfully nice; and besides, what could she do?" This finishing question is unanswerable, as has been fully proved through some thousands of years; so the literary man stayed.

The orders of the day—and night—had nicely been given out, and matters had more or less settled into their proper routine again, when, without warning, appeared two more, both lawyers and both young and insistent. These were apparently admitted without discussion, but shortly afterward things showed signs of becoming somewhat heated, and the air was full of scintillations. It became rapidly noticeable, until it was evident that the only thing that was not heated was Miss Dyer. She appeared with a poised and unforced smile, as a life-trained juggler, who with only two bare human hands persuades many knives and balls and flaming torches to move at one time, in the same firmament, without interfering with one another at all. And gradually the trouble subsided.

IV

At this stage of the performance any of the spectators who had a sense of humour rocked in their seats, but the others failed to see anything especially funny in it, and stood up in their rigour and said that it was shocking. All this was in midwinter, and opera-house and rink and moving-picture shows, with the other classical entertainments of a small Canadian city, presented thin cross-sections of Miss Dyer's existence, and almost always with a totally different man. Between these high lights there were vast spaces of shadow wherein she would entirely disappear, and leave the dazzled onlookers in wonder, without one inkling of a suspicion as to what might be happening.

Very shortly after this I think she must have found the work too wearing, for she began to discard from her weak suits. She dropped the doctor, who belonged to that city, and he retired with some grace and

became the abbot of a new order that was to be styled her "bosom friends." The member of the Provincial Parliament vanished utterly,—you could pass your hand through the space where he had been,—and was replaced by a member of the Dominion Parliament. She retained the violinist and the literary man who was married, on account of their enthusiasm, and a little afterward came an engineer and replaced one of the younger lawyers, who stepped in among the bosom friends.

The lot of these latter, if they had only known it, was the more enviable of the two; but they did not know it, and further, they did not want it explained to them. It would have been worth your life to try it. They formed a sort of Band of Hope, and kept cheerful in public, and bided their time, trusting, I suppose, that all the rest might die.

But nobody died. Instead, matters went on with gradually increasing intensity through two years, and Miss Dyer passed from the age of nineteen to twenty-one and became expert to the point of public suffocation. How she did it all was a clean mystery. The men continued to be very friendly in public and patently pitied one another. In the ordinary course of affairs, when a new man came to town, with due introductions to the first families, his track through their afternoon teas and on to Miss Dyer was like the track of a falling star. She would favour him with a public annexation without so much as a quiver of her lips, and after that his position depended purely upon his own capability. At first, if he fell, his name was Anathema, and the first families would not take him back; but later they took him back freely, and were thankful. They had to, because, with a rare and fossilized exception, the only men available were made up of the chaff that had gone through Miss Dyer's winnower, and, being light in weight, had come forth, freed from all dignity. on the wings of the wind.

Throughout this whole time Miss Dyer's inner, private life, which I have later reason to know was still entirely her own, must have been a rich and feverish study. With my own respectful eyes I have seen the boy leave the telegraph office with four messages to her address, and have seen the prompt answers come back, written in a neat and decided hand. The cables also were her servants, and I even came across the results of two pregnant messages that must have gone wireless, for they stopped a twelve-thousand-ton steamer long enough for a man within to be debarked into a tow-boat without. She went to every notable dance within reasonable railway connection —the invitations were the least part of it, and she could manufacture a chaperon out of less material than any one I ever saw,—and she slept and dressed in a sleeper as in her own bedroom. Roses and violets were her companions, and through the whole glittering program she passed in full poise and with such evident self-respect that common sense was dumb. But there is too little common sense in this world.

So, in the autumn of her twenty-first year she bathed and walked and thought and lived, and swung many things to her determined ends, as do the people of another world that has no more in common with the life of a Canadian town than if it were on the inner edge of the outer ring of Saturn. And she had accomplished this all out of her own soul. And nobody had the smallest idea where it might all end, and, least of all, Miss Dyer. Wherein again she resembled Sir Alfred Jones and Napoleon Bonaparte.

V

THEN, when the first snow lay in the upper hills and the fine ice was making in the smallest lakes, came one more man to live in that city; and he was a stranger and a diplomat. He was a diplomat by instinct and training and profession, and even by birth, if diplomats are born, for his grandfather, who was an earl, had been a diplomat before him. But, unless something like the great earthquake at Messina occurred when he was not present, there was no more chance for his being an earl than there is for you or me. He was what is called, I believe, an agent of the Foreign Office, and it was considered expedient that he should be stationed in that city for that winter. Why an agent of the Foreign Office should be stationed in a Canadian town might seem to need some explanation, but remember again that this is truth, and truth always needs so many explanations that it is better not to attempt them. His name was Trevor,—Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor in full,—and his face was as fresh as a baby's, or an Englishman's, can be. He had been brought up to live in the way Miss Dyer had had to invent for herself. His age could not have been over thirty, which is very young to be cast loose by the Foreign Office, and with his little shadow

of a mustache he looked twenty-five. In actual, secret fact the Foreign Office did not consider him brilliant, but steady, extremely steady. In sweet innocence of expression his countenance was like the countenance of an unshorn lamb. Taken all in all, he was a most deceptive appearance. He brought one or two excellent letters and seemed anxious to please, so he was swept into the first families without reserve. Of course they knew nothing about the earl, or the Foreign Office, or anything of the sort, but they said they thought his people must have been very nice people, and judged that, as he did not seem to have much force, he was some sort of a remittance-man. So they decided that they would be nice to him, and perhaps, when he grew up, he would have some money and marry one of them.

Now, a man might reside for a long time in that city without so much as seeing Miss Dyer's face, but assuredly no man with his freedom and hearing might be present forty-eight hours without having heard Miss Dyer's name.

Within the first day Mr. Trevor heard it twice rather obscurely, as a traveler from a far land might hear the name of a sacred elephant or an enchanted princess; and in the second day he heard it several times in a way that should have been gratifying to Miss Dyer. Even his Foreign-Office-discouraged curiosity was affected for the time. Then he forgot all about it until two days later, when he was seated in the round-bayed end of a long drawing-room with many young ladies and a few young gentlemen, drinking tea. Here something called it up, and, chatting facetiously with two young ladies, and with his mind freed from all evil, he chirped in a half-lull:

"By the way, who is Miss Marjorie Dyer?"

He did not say this very loudly, but all other sounds died down and the tea seemed to freeze in the cups. In two seconds his life-training stepped in, and he was gravely chasing a piece of frosted fruit-cake across a Wilton carpet, and in twenty seconds, by a circuitous method, he had convinced them that he laid so little stress on the question that he had forgotten about it. But this made no difference. The young gentlemen were as silent as lost tombs, and the young ladies wished to explain, and they did, through forty minutes; and when they had finished, Mr. Trevor said to himself: "Either these people are most ingenious and consistent liars, which I doubt, or here at last is one of the wonders of the world. How she can do it in so small a town I cannot quite see; but this is a great world full of mystery—and she does not seem to be what you could call popular. Anyway, I should like to see her very much." But he did not for two weeks.

VI

His official duties occupied about ten minutes in each day, and in the rest of the time he fraternized largely with two Marconi men, so as to be a normal Englishman, and walked in the hills as only an Englishman will. At the end of the two weeks, at a band night at the rink, Miss Dyer, in a maroon cloth suit and mink tuque and stole, backward, and on the left outside edge, skated into his arms and had to be picked up. She was so sorry. He solemnly asked for an introduction and solemnly got it, but there seemed to be a substratum of levity in the atmosphere. The next band was theirs beyond question. Miss Dyer's eyes were sparkling.

"Would it hurt your sense of fitness to drop that distinguished expression this early?" she inquired in the middle of the first round. Mr. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor laughed outright.

"In what?"

"Life," she flashed. "I skated into you on purpose."

"I know," he said.

"That is why I told you. I heard of you, and I thought it just as well to be direct." Following which she meditated aloud: "An Englishman in Canada, with no Cockney accent and no provincialisms, and not just being on the verge of making a plan to do something very special. So he came here as a winter resort, with the London labels outside all the other labels on his baggage, and he had been staying at Claridge's, as the prospective exile always does. Isn't 'prospective exile' good for me? No, don't be frightened; I didn't ask anybody. I never ask anybody anything I don't know. I saw it all with my own innocent eyes, by the merest accident. It's my abused star that looks after those things. I was standing quite close to you at the station when you came, and heard you say 'Railleh!'—you do it much better than I do,—so I went at once and looked at your baggage—the only baggage that looked like you, all leather and brass and labels. I always do things so directly that nobody ever suspects me. I'll whisper: *I* think

you're a sort of mystery." Mr. Trevor's face showed no sign of being frightened, and his smile glowed with interest and a desire to follow; but his inmost soul was troubled, for this was an uncanny performance, most especially for one who should not have known the difference between Claridge's and the Star and Garter. However, he scored his first point, for Miss Dyer minutely studied that bland countenance, and, finding nothing to interpret, gave him full credit for being clever to the point of great excitement, and deftly changed the subject. That was Miss Dyer's mistake; but steadiness sometimes passes for cleverness and nobody ever knows.

Could he waltz?

He had not lavished ten guineas a season on Prince's for nothing, and he could, extravagantly so. And they waltzed, and Mr. Trevor remembers that waltz to this day. It was the beginning of the trouble. It was calculated to be.

Waltzing on a floor is a tentative business beside waltzing on skates. A man may throw his strength into it, and the more strength, the more superb the swing. You are heaved precariously backward along an unseen curve in the universe that is created for your support, and when this comes to its extreme and delicately balanced end, you are drawn into another curve forward that brings you back mysteriously to the place whence you were launched. The theory is wonderful and improbable, and that it should work out in practice is much more wonderful and improbable than the theory. But it does, and you are convinced that you did it. Hence the enthusiasm. And besides, there is a helpless girl traveling that same critical pathway for you to guide and protect,—this is also part of the theory,—so you may even become inspired, and add the energy that inspiration gives, until the energy and the inspiration and the reaction and the music become thoroughly blended, and you hold the entire world loosely within your grasp, assured that it is yours. The attainment of this height depends on whether you are an expert and whether it is the proper girl.

In this case Mr. Trevor found that this girl had the poise of a planet and that her muscles were as nearly living steel as he conceived that a woman's might be. She was a little more self-reliant and unwavering and stronger on her skates than he, and there was a clear precision about her changes of edge that was impressive to the point of exhilaration. So he waltzed clear out of his trained restraint and into an ineffable odour: he was outrageously crushing a large bunch of violets. Her breath on his right cheek sunk half the silly world, and the next breath, being taken deeply, sunk the rest. One little wisp of hair persistently blew back until its silky trail across his lips made the wheeling lights overhead tremble in their orbits. So the music slowed and stopped, and that waltz was finished.

"Oh!" breathed Miss Dyer, letting herself down in one deep sigh, "I wonder why so many people are born into this world!" The accent wavered along somewhere between "wonder" and "why" and "this," and the inference was highly adjustable. The diplomat came painfully back and was silently and appropriately puzzled through a suspiring half minute. But Miss Dyer was speaking in an unimpeachable voice.

"Have you ever heard of the cynosure of three hundred eyes?"

"I have," he said, "something of that sort. Why, particularly?"

"You're it," she informed. "You've waltzed yourself into peerless repute. If you never knew your own importance, turn round,"—she stopped him with a falling hand,—"when you think it would be properly advisable, and gaze at the giggling gargoyles that decorate the upper millstone in this —— mill. I can't stay very long in the air without overheating my engine and stopping; but you know what I mean. Their eyes are turned this way, and their leaping hearts are still. Socially, you are dead, and your memory is dying—or it will be unless from this moment you are very good. They may overlook this once, owing to your youth, and call it an error in judgment. I think they will this time, because they will get a singular fit of charity,—I won't tell you why,—and say you may not have been altogether to blame. Now, having been properly warned, go away and prepare to live happily ever after." Miss Dyer was smiling an alluring and all-concealing smile. "And—thank you for the waltz. It was one of the very best I ever had; perhaps the best—in—my—life. Good-by. This is Kismet, and common sense."

Mr. Trevor regarded her with great gravity as he spoke.

"I'm moderately stupid, but don't be crude—I mean crude enough to make me—have to pretend—to think for one second that you believe—that I could be tempted

to depart—into outer darkness for any reasonable reason whatever—not alone for the sacred sake of my glittering status in this metropolis."

"Please," she said—"please, you forgive me this once, and I never will again. I only wanted to do my duty and properly warn——"

"Which, now, having done, your spirit is at rest. I am warned, and my life is in my own hands. Now be practical. Do you think I shall be permitted to have the chance of risking it—or whatever it is y' do risk?" Miss Dyer stood solemnly erect, and made a grave and ponderous quotation:

"What power may stop the man who has set his mind upon a worthy end! I am a profound believer in the efficacy of individual prayer—and effort. What that means in English is, You never can tell till you try."

"Madam," said Mr. Trevor, "that is not good enough. If that is your best, I shall have to try to hold myself in check." There was a sad sub-tone here that was convincing to deep intuition. "I never try to go into real competition in anything. I have made it my life's labour to be so efficient in action that there will be no call for substitutes; *but* imitation competition of any sort in the world I don't mind a bit, so long as I really know——" Here there was a considerable pause— "Now," he said slowly, "please be frank. Please trust one human being for one time on earth, and I solemnly promise I'll try to deserve the trust. What is absolutely the best you have to offer?" Miss Dyer gasped.

"Well—of all the brazen impertinence that was ever—oh, I think that it is the most sublime nerve—and inside of twenty minutes! Now, if I had a small enough mind, my proper answer would be the majestic and traditional thing, and I'd stand up regally and tell you to go and hold yourself in check, then. But I haven't, thank God! I think I know impudence fresh from heaven when I see it. It's your courage that saves you——"

"It's our courage that always does," Mr. Trevor interrupted with the voice of a sermon. "But tell me, now, and I promise I'll try to deserve it."

"Don't you worry about deserving it. People with as much courage as that deserve ever so many things. It's the rarest gift, I think. Here's your concession—you don't know what a big one it is. The best I have to offer is curiosity."

"How much?" This in the mecnanical singsong of the huckster.

"Oceans of it; more than I should like to tell you." Her gloved hands spread suggestively apart.

"More than—let's say ever before within the same time? Remember, I promise to try and deserve even this." She studied a maroon-strapped watch with one eyebrow finely arched, and pondered.

"Twenty-two minutes. Yes, but in earnest—very much more than ever within the same time. There, I won't say one more word, because I might be making myself ridiculous."

"That is quite good enough. I wonder if it happens to be true." This last was intoned to the roof.

"Do you never tell anything but the truth?"

"Never," he said. "It might be worth noting that as you pass. You see, it isn't necessary."

"Nothing but the truth," she commented, "and very little of that. What a tremendous lot you must leave untold!"

"Quite so. It's much the better way, isn't it! But, to be practical once more, when am I to see you again?"

"The actual change from the quiet preparation of convent life to the intricate problems of the practical world always comes to the young girl with more or less shock," quoted Miss Dyer. Mr. Trevor stared.

"What on earth have you been reading?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know. All I ever remember are nice apposite quotations. Isn't 'apposite' a bully word! Oh, what was the question?" with a puckered forehead and a rising inflection. "Oh, yes: when were you to see me again?" This seemed to call once more for deep thought. Then she laughed. "You're quite sure you want to?" Mr. Trevor was offendedly silent. "Well, then, you're quite sure you're willing to take the responsibility without consulting your godfather and godmother?" Mr. Trevor took the responsibility freely. "All right," she said; "you've done it all yourself. Can you drive a horse?" Mr. Trevor swallowed this insult with a boyish grin and a nod. "Then, see!" She swept the nearest members of the nearest groups with casual, radiant eyes, and the subversive drawl was at its best: "You realize, because the surroundings are so little and so complicated, that the principle of official secrecy must be strictly maintained,"—Here Mr. Trevor nearly jumped, for "the

principle of official secrecy" was the pet phrase of his chief; but Miss Dyer was proceeding,—"so, I think the best thing for you to do would be to take a horse and a sleigh and go to the north side of Pember Square—that is the dark side—to-morrow evening at eight o'clock to the second."

"Snow, sleet, hail, or——"

"Fire," she finished. "And bring quantities of rugs—extra rugs. I'm sure we'll find use for them all." Mr. Trevor paused long enough to be sure that his voice was freed from all emotion.

"And what sort of horse does Your Excellency prefer?"

Miss Dyer turned her unwavering eyes on his, and pure glory shone round about.

"I always think there are different sorts of horses for different times of day," she began.

"And for night?"

"For night—you see, it is dark, and I think a horse that is to travel in the dark should be an intelligent horse, don't you? The sort of horse that could find his way home from miles and miles away, if he had to, through any accident. From the north side of Pember Square this town is disgracefully lighted all the way out into the blessed country." She fled, and he saw her disappear through an outer door, where two men stood darkly on guard, like the Angels of the Gate, and closed in, shoulder to shoulder, behind her as she went.

VII

THIS was the full initiation and introduction of Mr. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor. In the light of his life-training it may seem a bit hurried, but for it to seem quite within reason you would have to see and talk to Miss Dyer. He skated and waltzed most normally through the rest of that evening, making a thoughtful point of being unaware that he was regarded in a new and important light by the élite, until he quite convinced them that nothing had happened, and he was restored to favour softly, so that he might not notice he had been out, though they seemed a little worried. At the same time, in his slack moments, he was saying to himself "twenty-one," "the principle of official secrecy," and some other things. He went to his room, which was in a hotel called the Trent, and he duly prepared to go to bed.

"This," he said, "is the blazing exception that proves the truth of all natural laws—one of the wonders of the world, without doubt." He searched his London methodically, but could think of no such example of armoured sophistication. "But that," he said, "is not the point. It is the other thing—the largely unattainable. The best test of it is this: I can think of no situation I ever knew where I wouldn't trust her to look after herself—and me, if she owned me—and be a woman. Such a pyramidal balance I never saw; which goes to show that underneath all this other stuff her heart is clean." (When you come to think of it, that test is a good test.) He looked out across the lighted snow. "It's a burning shame," he said. "I wonder——" But here he stayed. You cannot learn everything at one time. And he was not nearly so cold-blooded as this sounds, which is easily proved. Thus: he went to bed and, curiously, he went to sleep; but at three o'clock in the morning he woke up, stark awake, and seeing no prospect of going to sleep again, got up and bathed and dressed, not casually, but most carefully, and went to work, writing unimportant letters, because they were the only sort he could write. (That was Miss Dyer in full reaction.) A little after gray dawn, passing a full-length mirror, he looked in, said, "Silly ass!" and went on, and after a very early breakfast he went out into the snow-clad back country and walked eighteen unsuspected miles. Altogether it was a pretty notable disturbance for the time it took.

Then, in mid-afternoon, he went to a livery stable and selected, with minute care, a sleigh and one horse, roan, with a peaceful eye and a lovely testimonial, and even a harness, and also four luxurious robes, which he ordered to be installed in a prescribed way. He searched the liveryman's eye, but that person was advanced in years and knew his business. And within one minute of eight o'clock in the evening Mr. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor, blending the steam of his breath with the steam of the roan's, sprayed open one unbroken drift in the mouth of a side street and wheeled, largely on one runner, into the north side of Pember Square. For he was human and he was young, and his imagination was keen, and his heart was big within him, and the bells sang songs.

VIII

AND Miss Dyer was not there; nor did she come there. The spaces under the stars where she might have been lay as empty as the Barren Grounds. In the

following twenty minutes several people passed that way, but none of them resembled Miss Dyer in the least, and at the end of half an hour Mr. Trevor went away, and drove by himself for the sake of driving. But beyond a street light he met one sleigh carrying two people and moving at high speed. As they passed, the lady held a muff to her face, as though she was shielding it from the cold, so that he could only see her eyes, and he imagined —but that was doubtless imagination.

So, being human and being young, Mr. Trevor was very much disappointed, but his training came to his rescue sooner than most men's would, because it was a habit, and his heart was not hardened, and he laughed to himself, and at himself, and waited. Herein resideth a mighty power. If you are able to laugh with yourself and at yourself at certain times, you have a better piece of armour than any cuirass ever forged; but if you are able to wait without bitterness, you can dissolve away the diamond teeth of oppressive gods. Mr. Trevor knew that a woman always has a reason for doing everything, though no one would suspect it, and he was sure that if he waited long enough he would find out. He always trusted that he might have mental capacity enough to master the complications when he did. He had a simple theory that in this and in certain other respects women and governments were exactly alike, and unlike anything else on earth. It worked something like this: if you wanted anything very special from either of them, and were impolitely rebuked, and stood on your dignity, you might continue to stand on your dignity, as they hoped you would, until you had nothing else to stand on; but if you trampled on your dignity, and accepted the rebuke with cheerfulness, and were generally irritating, and said, "Quite so; but——" and reverted to the original subject once more, and so forth, forever, that in the end you might attain to the place where you desired to be, and the dignity you gained would be greater than the dignity you lost —only you must never show it, for the sake of peace. So, applying this theory, and without attempting to understand anything, thereby showing essential wisdom, Mr. Trevor went to his rooms that night and said, "Now we begin." Perhaps this is what Miss Dyer intended him to say. But this time, curiously again, he went to sleep at once, and he did not wake up until the proper time next morning; which would seem to show that he had some sort of a feeling of security in his heart.

Then, with the morning mail, came a letter, dated the day before and of course postmarked to match. Its form and formalism were beyond reproach on earth; it was brief and straightworded, as sincere and as kindly as the southwest wind. It was a clever letter. She was so sorry that something had come up that would prevent her going. She was keenly disappointed, as she had so much enjoyed their talk of the night before. If, however, he were able to come to-morrow night instead, she would try not to fail. That is, it was clever in its artless inanity and mature restraint, and in the fact that, while it told nothing but the truth, it neglected entirely to tell the truth about the thing for which it was supposed to be written. But Mr. Trevor put it away in a pocket, and that evening, with the same horse and the same sleigh, and within one minute of eight o'clock, turned into the north side of Pember Square. And Miss Dyer was not there: nor did she come this time. So he went driving by himself again, and after feeling properly downcast for a few minutes, laughed uproariously in the midst of a belt of spruce, and hoped that nobody would hear. Mr. Trevor had been brought up to consider and love intricate games.

"Here is something worth living for," he said. "Think of those child-like eyes planning this out for me!" On the way home he said, "I wonder where she is to-night," and he felt a wave of some sort sweep across his heart. It might be loneliness. Perhaps Miss Dyer intended it.

In the morning came another letter, dated and postmarked as before, and so sincere that he knew she had the priceless gift of meaning what she wrote while she was writing it. If he would come once more, she would try not to fail this time. Now strategy is confounded by faith.

So that evening also, with faith unabated, with horse and sleigh and robes all proper, and within one minute of eight o'clock, Mr. Trevor turned into the north side of Pember Square. And Miss Dyer was there.

IX

She was there in an over-long, self-frieze coat and a blue-striped tuque that was not intended to be pretty and almost made a disguise, and she slipped in, dug a thoughtful hole in the robes, and buried herself.

"Now drive!" she ordered, fur to the eyes. "Seymour Street and the Upper Road, and drive hard!"

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because I say so." They cowered under a storm of hoof-flung snowballs, and this was her last word till they were beyond the outer lights. Then she sat up and annexed the reins.

"I'll drive now," she said. There followed a momentous pause that slowed the roan to a walk and opened a glade hung in pure crystal.

"Do you know what live there in summer?" she asked suddenly, leaning forward to search the shadows.

"No," said Mr. Trevor. "What?"

She counted them as a child.

"Raspberries, and snakes, and morning-glories." She stared in wide-eyed amazement when he laughed and said, "Magnificent!" It was a most beautiful combination, but her tone was so nicely recollective that it left the honoured listener in wonder as to just when and how she might have found out, as was certainly intended. Here followed a momentous and misinterpreted pause.

Then, "You're a funny man," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because you came."

"Came! Oh, I should have continued to come for ever and ever so long; every night for as long as I had orders——"

"*You* would!"

"Of course. You produced your terms the other night. I signed 'em. You were in earnest, weren't you?"

Miss Dyer studied the shadow of the boy's face.

"Surely," she said, with a check in her voice; "but—I was very sorry I couldn't come before——"

"'Sh! stop it!" he raised a hand. "That's unworthy, as were the letters. I don't mean you mailed them too late. That wouldn't have been refined enough for you; but mailing them just so late that you could work on the 75 per cent. chance of my not getting them till the morning. That is unimpeachable—but unworthy."

Miss Dyer openly giggled.

"You're lovely," she said. "I was just going to lie——"

"Don't!" interrupted Mr. Trevor; "and some day, if I'm fortunate enough to deserve it, you tell me truly why you didn't come."

Suddenly the lady seemed troubled in her mind.

"Maybe," she said at the end. "Now tell me what you live for."

Mr. Trevor considered the three thousand visible stars.

"Any — other — little — thing?" he inquired.

"No; that will do. Proceed."

"Let me see. Shouldn't like to seem immodest, but I think I live to do what seems to be my own work as well as I can, with the ever-present hope of falling in love with some nice girl some day and marrying her."

"That's simple and original," she said,—"the nice creed that is so much older than Christianity. I think I see where the immodesty would come in—telling out loud what you think is your own work. Never mind, I like ambitious people; I mean I don't like any other kind. If you haven't ambition, you haven't much of anything in this world, have you? Now, wouldn't you like to hear what I live for?"

Mr. Trevor would. Also, he could catch the glint of her eyes, and her voice was like carded silk.

"You'll never believe," she said, "but here it is: to fall in love with some man who needs my help in his life-work, and to make myself so perfect that he'll fall in love with me—for ever and ever. Amen."

"My!" he breathed, "but you are a nice girl, if that's true! But—it seems less complicated than I thought. The other point of view——"

"Is my method, and this is myself. Careful, or I'll never tell you the truth again as long as I live."

"You forgive this time. You see, you're deceptive at first sight."

"And perhaps at third," she murmured. "This is only second. You never can tell." Herein she spake prophecy.

"But what I was most specially going to ask about was that for ever and ever business—the exclusiveness of it."

Miss Dyer afforded time to measure Mr. Mott-Trevor with her eyes and full judgment, and gave him the benefit of the doubt.

"Don't be silly!" she said, speaking slowly. "That's unworthy, too: but maybe I've brought it on myself, so I'll answer.

"You and I have studied the laws?" She marked the end of the sentence with an upraised hand that would have brought back ambition to the eldest sultan.

"We have," said Mr. Trevor.

"And we've seen the poor devils that have refused to obey?"

"Yes."

"And we've seen our nice, pink-cheeked

grandmothers going down in happiness under the old régime; so there doesn't seem to be any other point of view, does there? I'm no fool, you know."

"Glory!" said Mr. Trevor. "And you a girl and twenty-one! We love many things, and nothing more steadily than common sense——"

"Thank you," she said. "That is a little the best thing you've said yet. I'd rather be me and be sure I had common sense than a goddess and a fool,—that is, if goddesses ever are fools,—and I s'pose some of them must be, as every other sort of person seems to be able——"

They drove many starlit miles, and talked gravely of many grave matters that have been discussed in part before, until Mr. Mott-Trevor was amazed at the sweep of her vision; for that was Miss Dyer in that mood. Toward the end that mood collapsed, and the devil of irresponsibility, or whatever devil she called upon for these scenes, instructed her to turn into an unbroken wood road, which she said she knew.

"Turn up your collar and pray!" she ordered when they sidled over the edge of a precipice into hemlock and cavernous darkness. From this they fared out into what seemed to be a swamp, through which the surprised roan strode like a moose, with the alders slapping his belly, and from the swamp they emerged at an extreme angle, boring through snow-laden brushwood, with the horse coughing somewhere overhead, until the sleigh lay level full of snow up to their chins. Beyond the barrier they stood up to shake this overboard, but were spared the trouble, for one runner climbed smoothly on something unseen, and they and the rugs and the snow rolled into two feet of snow outside, where Miss Dyer lay half-smothered, and laughed until the roan, with a shaft over his rump, turned his head and stared in extreme wonder. Then she arose and brushed and shook and folded things in such a matter-of-fact, motherly way, and found the main road—thereby showing that she did know that wood road—that Mr. Trevor was more impressed. It is these least things that tell.

They drove home open friends, and Miss Dyer insisted on being put out at a dark and deserted corner, though Mr. Trevor failed to see the necessity; and that night, in his own room, in the coldest blood he could command, weighing at its fullest value each advantage of eminence in the ancient and established order of the families of the Empire, he made up his detached mind for himself, quite as though his family were doing it for him—as certain Englishmen can—that, of all the girls he had seen, or was likely to see, on this earth, Miss Dyer was the girl for him. Having instituted this religion, he advanced one more theory, to be added to the women-and-governments theory. It was something to the effect that to be certain you are to be happy you must be sure that the girl loves you very much, which will be exhibited to the discerning eye by certain signs.

X

Now there are two ways of telling the rest of this story, as a three-hundred page novel, or the bald story as I have started it. There are plenty of words for the novel, and plenty of emotions, and sufficiently mixed; but many of the emotions you can imagine for yourself, and the words we can save for other things.

For three heart-breaking days after this drive Miss Dyer's engagements were as the engagements of a prime minister, and Mr. Trevor's world saw her once as a radiant vision leaving a train. She appeared to be very busy, but she bowed uncertainly, as if she had some difficulty about remembering. Then for two evenings, totally belying this pose, she promised freely, by letter, to drive with him, and freely broke both promises with two beautiful letters of explanation, both of which, with acquired wisdom, he extracted late from His Majesty's post-office. For a man newly in love this sort of treatment is very trying. The essence of Foreign Office training is that you are to think assiduously without ever registering the result either by word or on paper. Mr. Trevor had no difficulty in following.

Then came one curious evening worth recording. Being human, and being far from home, he was feeling a little solemn, when an angel entered. This was a small boy who left a note and went away whistling "Old Hundred." Mr. Trevor said, "That is apposite." The note said, "Please come to-night with the same horse, and bring a rug for—it. M. D." Mr. Trevor came. She bore a suit-case, as one fresh from a journey, and this was stowed under the seat.

"Why the rug?" he inquired when he was sure he had her.

"Because I said so. Now we shall talk some more as we talked the other night."

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, everywhere: it's of no importance." She brushed it away into the night air. Beneath there were certain signs of strain, but overlying these was the mood that had concerned itself with grave matters on the night of that first drive.

Behind that city stands an amphitheater of intricate, water-worn, granite hills, whose spurs drop away in spruce-flecked buttresses and rounded shoulders, until these fall in four-hundred-foot cliffs that guard small, linked fjords in the Atlantic Ocean. Into the heart of those hills, talking things that essayed to lay bare the foundations of the world, she led him by complicated turns until they were so far uplifted that he saw the level and gray Atlantic, and undertook to note that the road was polished by the four-inch shoes of sleds that brought pulp-wood to a driving dam, and by nothing else. Then she dropped into a seaward valley, skirted a towering hill-wall that embraced the soft thunder of a calm and unseen ocean, and turned the roan, steaming, into a suddenly rising pathway that showed overlain snow-shoe tracks and no other mark.

"You've a genius for wood roads," Mr. Trevor commented.

"I've a genius for selection," she said solemnly. That path gave on a clearing the size and shape of a London drawing-room, walled on three sides with spruce and opened on the fourth to the south wind and the winter sea. But the little breath under the stars that night was north and west and moved so far overhead that it left them in supreme shelter.

"Get out and blanket your horse; I don t think he'll run away." Mr. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor plowed overboard in silent wonder, and in wonder obeyed. Miss Dyer wrapped the rugs closer and sat serene.

"Now dig over there," she commanded. She was pointing at a snow hummock that might have hidden a grave.

"Wha-at?" breathed Mr. Trevor.

"Dig"—she beat her hand on the musk-ox hide—"over there."

Mr. Trevor dug with one foot and one hand, and brought up a nicely split stick of wood.

"More," she said.

So he brought up more, a large armful. They were not such sticks as one finds in a woodland clearing, but such as live in the wood-basket by the parlor grate—dry beech, cut to length, and *split*.

Mr. Trevor lifted up his face to marvel.

"Now," she said, speaking swiftly, "clear away the snow *there* and build a fire. You're English, so here are two newspapers." She produced them. Thinking the second time, Mr. Trevor came to the decision that to marvel would be unwise, or even to think too accurately, so he held his peace and his peace of mind, doing strictly as he was told, with a twinkling eye, which the starlight was not strong enough to show. The fire burned beautifully, and Miss Dyer watched it with a rug tucked under her chin.

"Now these rugs," she said. She pointed where they were to go, backed by three spruce bushes.

"Now me. I'm not going to walk through that snow." Foreign Office training involves the swift and impassive seizing of opportunity, and Miss Dyer floated from the sleigh to the rugs as on the wings of the dawn.

"Now," she said, "you've been a man and have asked no questions. It's only that I never get a chance to talk to you in peace and comfort where I can see your face——"

"But why not?"

"The principle of official secrecy must be maintained, as I've said before. Never mind why. So I wanted to be cozy and have you all to myself, so I made this picnic. Don't you think it's nice?"

For many minutes Mr. Trevor devoted himself to explaining precisely how nice he thought it was. "But be generous and tell me about that wood. How did you know it was there?"

"Wood," she said—"why, there's wood everywhere here." She stretched an inclusive arm toward the spruce wall that towered two hundred feet. "Don't you think you would find wood if you dug almost anywhere in this part of the country?" The subversive drawl, coupled with the firelight in her eyes, was extremely potent, and here the wood question rested. "But I did bring something—You know that suit-case! You get it. Picnics always have suppers, don't they?" and she laughed. This picnic had a supper beyond doubt, with coffee, and they ate it like children. At the same time Mr. Trevor was a little overcome.

"I've heard of originality," he said, trying to be casual.

"What d' y' call it—initiative is more than originality. Oceans of people think of things, and very few do them. I thought of that long, long ago. It's nothing to think of anything, is it? *This* is nothing

to think of, but by doing it, we've made a little dark hole in the woods into—this." Snow-clad spruce lies nearer to fairyland than anything else this grave world holds, but snow-clad spruce under firelight, drifted diamond dust and uneasy shadows, is fairyland in earnest. And always, under the sympathetic voices of the fire, came up the least possible breath of unmuffled thunder from the Western ocean. Side by side, with hands to the flame, they talked of half the things they knew in common, and told of half the things they knew apart, till the beech burned down to a bed of breath-flushed coals, and Mr. Trevor, looking aside at the eyes that were lost in some outer country beyond the ashes, appreciated the great honour and considered himself blessed above all men. And the eyes continued to dream as they rose up and came into the half-shadows. Then she turned suddenly and said:

"You *are* a man, aren't you!"

"I hope——" said Mr. Trevor, who had been silent for a long time, and stopped, not knowing how to go on.

"Take those things back—and me." This was accomplished, to the last rug.

"Now," she said, standing in the sleigh, "come here! Closer! There! Lock your arms behind you! Will you keep them there? That's very much in earnest. Be careful now, and don't make the mistake of your life!" Mr. Trevor nodded slowly. She put a bare hand on each of his shoulders, and kissed him on the lips, and his soul went out to the hill that overlooks paradise. But he stood his ground.

"You *are* a man," she said in the stillness. "Get the rug off the horse." Mr. Trevor drew breath.

"I don't know, Miss," he said, "what I may have done in the sight of Heaven to have deserved this, but I tell you that if I live a hundred thousand years I shall never forget a—detail. I understand fully that it is to mean nothing whatever."

"That it is to mean nothing whatever," she repeated, with definitive emphasis. They drove home strictly as they had driven home before, except that, to Mr. Trevor, Sirius persisted in being a blazing sapphire.

XI

This was Miss Dyer's most audacious work until she composed another on the same theme, with variations. On one dark and inspiring night she drove him by a road that climbed five miles beyond the uttermost farm-house, and dropped by three hard-holding and precarious chutes to the edge of a frozen woodland lake and a ghostly bungalow that turned out to be a fishing-club. Here she produced a key most naturally, and let herself in, and they built a mighty fire out of cord-wood in a five-foot fireplace. After a notable supper, they faced this in two leather-clad armchairs, and talked till the fire was coals, and the wind rose up and made unholy noises in the chimney, and scuffled the white ashes across the hearth, and roared in the spruces outside. And when Miss Dyer arose she looked at Mr. Trevor and smiled. Mr. Trevor drew a steadying breath and said, "You pink-and-white devil!" aloud; and Miss Dyer laughed. But he knew the advantages of his position, and he stood his ground for the second time. He had also a theory that restraint in a man is a mighty power, though he had never seen it tried. And he was thinking.

"Have you never been here before with any of the—others?" he inquired.

"You ask too many questions," she said; "but since you've asked—the others I distrust; you I—mistrust. That is the difference."

This is not recommended as a text-book for chaperons.

They drove home that night through a full blizzard, were many times lost, and arrived very late, but Miss Dyer had to be debarked at an obscure corner, as ever.

Then for two weeks the drives multiplied, and the town, unseeing, failed also to see Miss Dyer and Mr. Trevor at the same time, and began to take unnecessary notice. The truth was very difficult to come at, but in a city that has gone to seed, when a certain sort of people can not come at the obscure truth about anything that is not their business, and therefore interests them very much, they do the other thing: they manufacture lies about it; not little, paltry, humorous lies, but big, heartbreaking, savage lies that are calculated to blight the lives of the subjects, and that vary with the special deformity of the inventor's nature. Mr. Trevor was a new-comer, and his work did not seem to be very visible or normal or wearing, and therefore was not understood, and therefore was a suspicious circumstance; and by the law of probability he had to be seen in a sleigh with Miss Dyer once or twice, and Miss Dyer largely disappeared, and for this, and for no greater reason, there had to be the devil to pay. And there was. And the tar was extremely

short. Everybody, of that sort, disapproved, and undertook to say what they thought. It is the most blighting spectacle human nature furnishes. The old families saw Mr. Trevor had vanished, and said that they did not think he was a nice Englishman. Miss Dyer's bosom friends—the discards—said that they would like to break Mr. Trevor's neck, and made disrespectful remarks about him when he had passed far enough to be out of hearing. Miss Dyer's special entourage said things that could not be classified, because they were very much heated, and each invented special phrases of his own; and the things the general public, of that sort, said were the ordinary, vulgar things, and would not even bear suggesting. And all the time they did not know one little fact, but they inferred, and the sublimed postulate is that the publication of inferences is not justified in equity.

The only soul that did not hear the things was Mr. Trevor, as sometimes happens. Some of his new acquaintances that said they were his friends were willing to tell other people strictly on the q. t., but none of them was quite man enough to tell Mr. Trevor. Perhaps this is the very littlest phase of the very smallest side of all human nature, for there is no hate or lust or greed involved, just cold curiosity and cursedness.

So Mr. Trevor had to hear first from Miss Dyer, and he was amazed, because in London it takes a pretty good foundation to start a story properly, and it has to be a pretty good story to keep going by itself after it is started; and these stories were not good, nor did they have any real foundation.

XII

It was on still another drive, two nights before full moon. The whole country lay out silver-white to the farthest, broken horizon. Miss Dyer arrived with a large handful of crumpled papers, and her voice laboured with a threatening hilarity.

"Go on," she said. "Let's get out of this—quick. Thank Heaven there's light enough to read by. I've got a set of love-letters for you."

"Love-letters!" Mr. Trevor breathed. "I don't want to read your love-letters."

"Oh, I know; but these are unsigned. You wouldn't know who they're from. I don't even know myself, though I suppose I'm supposed to guess."

"Don't they sign them?" he inquired politely.

"Oh, my, no! They hardly ever sign love-letters to me." Mr. Trevor was silent. The subject was beyond him.

"You needn't read them," she said. "I'll read them to you. You see, they're about you, too, though I don't know whether you were intended to be told. They're lovely. They're truly literature. They mostly always are. Oh, don't you worry about the ethical side of the business. They deserve it—oh, they deserve it ever so much, or I wouldn't do it. Listen now—listen to this. Stop the beastly horse; I can't see." She beat her hand on the rug in the way that had distracted many men from solemn duties. The horse stopped on the sparkling crest of a bare upland ridge over which not one mouse might crawl unseen, and which was high tactics against being overheard, Mr. Trevor crouched in the rugs, and Miss Marjorie Dyer hoisted herself on the arm of the seat and sat erect and free.

"Listen, now!" she crooned, and she selected one with care from the careless sheaf. And from that aery, overlooking a vast and well-watered country, she heaved out in cold blood to the Great Bear one of the most startling collections of human emotions and passions that was ever flung into a Canadian winter night. It is an awe-inspiring thing to see the human heart laid open when you are not specially interested, and as she read, Mr. Trevor's cheeks flushed in the frost. There were times when they offered up their trembling, naked souls, and she laid them out, side by side, under a snow-reflected moon and an unstable Aurora.

"Don't think it's too awful," she said. "I know them so much better than you do, and I know what they've done, which you never will." But there were places where even she was touched.

As she said, sometimes they were truly literature, freed from all effort and beyond all criticism, common words made commanding by their absorbed detachment and by their clean devotion to the subject in hand. They were mercifully released from all perspective; all sordidness was wiped from their lips. Sometimes they were alike: sometimes they were a little different; but the marvel was how much alike they could be. One began with the man's least daily tasks and his greatest ambitions, and ended by centering God's universe round Miss Dyer's shoes. One was a pure and perfect love-letter. The man appeared explaining his own joys and miseries, all of

which were directly traceable to her. This gave him his subject. Then he proceeded earnestly to wipe out the whole of the rest of the living, breathing world: and it was so, for his faith was perfect. He glorified the ground she trod, the air she breathed, and the clothes she wore; and the high hills and the interminable sea were blessed through all ages because she had regarded them as she passed. Time and place and the truths of many thousand years were abolished in a breath. The blaze that overhung the town on a foggy night was the white light of her pure soul shining through her heart-lifting eyes. The causeless ocean of his life was breaking at last in deep, steady surges on the rock of her sanctity, and it knew no other thrill. She was Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, to him, and she held the keys of hell and of death. And the beauty of it all was that it would have convinced the Sphinx.

"Listen to this!" she said: "'*Some nights I am perfectly happy, for in my dreams I truly own you, and know that I own you for all eternity. Even when I wake in the sunlight and shut my eyes again I can feel your cool, soft lips on mine, and every line of your mouth, and the sweep of your hair across my eyelids. I have to clasp the empty air made sacred by that picture before it all dissolves away like the glories in a mountain lake under the wind that comes after the dawn. Even then you give me a new happiness, for with the full light I see your dear face wholly as it is, the little up-turn at the corners of your laughing mouth, and your beautiful eyes that look so fearlessly into this great world. From being an inspiration, you have become the whole cause of my existence, and I worship you: and any man's worship is worth having, even mine.*'"

"Don't!" said Mr. Trevor. "It's sacrilege."

"It's great humility, anyway," said Miss Dyer; "but wait. He hasn't got properly warmed up yet, and that's only one side of him. Wait till you hear the outrageous things he calls you," and she tittered. Mr. Trevor stared.

"Me!" he said.

She read it slowly, with refined emphasis, and with her voice trembling with glee until he interrupted.

"Wha-at! What was that last again?"

"'*Baby-faced whelp,*'" she purred, and giggled like a schoolgirl. Mr. Trevor pounded his knee and exploded in merriment.

"But please hold on," she gasped. "Here's some more." She dripped it out in approved and accented rhetoric. "'*Of all the God-forgotten encumberers of the earth the vilest is an English gentleman's son who is supplied with enough money from home to enable him to be a damned blackguard here.*'"

"Gracious, but he's warm, isn't he! And me so innocent! He's got the remittance-man theory, too. I think it's shocking."

"He's p-protecting me," stuttered Miss Dyer. "He's going to knock your head off; you see if he doesn't! But here's another one. This one is less refined. He says you —ah, lack intelligence, and that you put on the manners of a duke, and that he'd like to twist your silly neck." Mr. Trevor pondered.

"Previous to decapitation, I presume," he murmured.

"I don't know," she said. "Here's another." She wept tears in the moonlight. "This is a proper letter of warning." It was from one of the bosom friends. It contained a full and perfect code of morals and half a dozen elaborate untruths that reflected on Mr. Trevor's character, and were not even ingenious. That, however, was not the point.

"But why me?" he said. "Why not any of the others as well as me? What have I done to stir up this raving hornet's nest?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Dyer in all innocence, and they looked out over the most silent town where these activities dwelt, and laughed.

"Now *isn't* this a wonderful world!" she finished.

Mr. Trevor said that, in his opinion it was.

XIII

HERE followed eight weeks of winter and spring that were beyond Mr. Trevor's calculation. He inferred that they contained all that was incomprehensible about woman. Miss Dyer was as evanescent as the zodiacal light, and he held himself rigidly in hand and went from loneliness to despair and from despair to clean desperation, for he was very much in love, though there was not one sign outside. Nor was there in Miss Dyer. Instead, she had a little new habit of looking far away and coming back with a start and a flush. It was a disquieting habit. Aside from this, when she came it was as the breath of June roses. Also, she hardly ever came. She would pour out her heart and soul, freed

from all strain and restraint, and show such evident, girlish relief, that it was pure joy to watch her. She would produce awful love-letters and lightly read out opinions of Mr. Trevor that were unfit to print, and laugh over them until no sane man could accuse her of believing in them in the least. After promising in the cheeriest good faith to come the next night, she would leave him with one tingling hand-clasp and vanish down a nicely calculated lane; and the next night she would freely break that promise, and leave him in deep desolation to search a wind-swept street. Then, in some sort of self-defense, he would make a most formal call on some maidens of the old families, and under a glossy surface talk pleasing conventionalities to the border of hysterics. The next day, at a hospital bazaar, he would see Miss Dyer in a plum-coloured suit, being fed on pink ice-cream by a man with a red mustache, or something equally irrelevant and painful.

This sort of business can go only so far, and one morning, after discussing a steamship service to a small island with three excited Frenchmen, Mr. Trevor came to the conclusion that he was ceasing to be a diplomat or anything else. So he sat down and had a discussion with himself, and this was the substance of it:

"Now," he said, "you sit up and let us see what this blazing lunacy is all about and where it's leading to. This girl, who owns the entire unscared male population of this country, comes along on her outside edge and bunts into your chest with her right shoulder. You pick her up, and she begins talking wild and unholy things about Claridge's and the principle of official secrecy, for which there is no explanation. Then she says, 'Come on for the sake of curiosity,' and you waltz in,—and waltz is surely the word,—with no more forethought than a driven rabbit, and undertake to alienate the conventional powers, which is always unwise, no matter how inane they may be. *But* you didn't give three yelps in Gehenna. So much for that. Then she treats you like a young and unintelligent dog for two days, for which there is no explanation. Then she comes with one night of glorious common sense—my God, but she is a dear!—at the end of which she heaves you into a snowbank, and you make up your mind that you'll have to marry her, precisely as all the others have done. Then she leads you into the wilderness, where you dig up split wood in a clearing, for which there is no explanation, and hold a summer picnic in a midwinter night, and tells you everything that's in her heart and soul, and that she only wanted to talk to you where she could see your face, and that the principle of official secrecy must be maintained, for which there is no explanation; and in the end she kissed you—oh, my Lord, I wonder if I'm crazy!—and there is surely no explanation for that. And she never, never can be seen before the face of mankind with you one time, though she can with any of the others many times, but she takes you to a shanty five miles in the woods, and talks a gorgeous, conventional talk to you through one great, blessed evening, and you drive home through a howling blizzard, and get utterly lost fourteen times, and she says she's had the time of her life. *Then* she shifts the bally scene to full moon, and appears with a sheaf of wild love-letters, demonstratin' that every living man she knows wants to eat your head off, though they never explain it to you—and other amazing things beside. *Now* you can't come within shouting distance of her, and the whole business is getting a bit too complicated to be reasonable. I think she wouldn't have taken any of the others to that fishing-club, and I'm sure she wouldn't have read any of the others those heart-breaking letters; so the question is, What's the painful mystery all about? It's going a little beyond me.

"There is a point," said Mr. Trevor in conclusion, "beyond which patience ceases to be an adequate policy. I am not Mohammed, and I do not pretend to understand, but I see one thing: that the time has now arrived for me to dissociate myself from these activities—which God forbid—or else to take certain steps." Mr. Trevor talked in this silly way because all his short life he had been training himself to hide his deepest feelings even from himself. But he felt deeply none the less, and when a young Briton feels deeply, and decides to take steps, he is simple and direct.

XIV

Mr. Trevor wrote a note in which he said he wished to see Miss Dyer very specially that evening, and Miss Dyer, always prompt, wrote back to say she would be delighted—at the usual time and place. Mr. Trevor went very cheerfully, and Miss Dyer was not there; but Mr. Trevor's cheer continued unabated. He went in search of her. He went even up to the portals of her own house, which was forbidden, and

smote thereon. Miss Dyer had gone by certain specified ways, and would ultimately wind up at a certain house where there was a dance. Mr. Trevor was profuse in his thanks and went cheerily home, where there was a sound of rending clothes and five white buttons lay in the hallway. He dressed in eight minutes. Then he went forth again into the April night and sought out the specified ways. He met Miss Dyer under a flaming arc with a nicely groomed man.

"This was my evening. You promised," he said.

"*I* promised!" said Miss Dyer, and gasped.

"Assuredly. Here's your letter. Shall I read it?" Miss Dyer flushed, and made a heated sign, and the well-groomed man vanished.

"Don't make a fool of me!" she said.

"That is mutual," said Mr. Trevor.

"I'm going to a dance at the Copps'."

"I also."

"What!" she said.

"Me, too," explained Mr. Trevor.

"You'll do nothing of the sort."

"Oh, yes. I will—if you do. It is my evening."

"You don't know them."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Trevor, and he went. Would Miss Dyer introduce him to Mrs. Copp? She would not. "Then I'll have to introduce myself," he said. He did, very nicely. "I'm awfully sorry to have had to come," he explained, "but Miss Dyer broke an engagement," and he explained more fully. Miss Dyer blazed, but that made no difference. Mrs. Copp seemed a little stupefied, though she tried to be very nice about it. Then rose the difficulty about dances. He wanted them all, and he took them, too, softly elbowing potential partners out of the way until that party stared in paralyzed amazement and Miss Dyer went red and white with hopeless wrath. But to avoid scenes she danced, and Mr. Trevor was most charming. He danced well, too. But after their eighth together, the room was beginning to show signs of strain and Miss Dyer had had enough.

"I'm going home," she said.

"All right," said Mr. Trevor; "anything."

"But you're not coming with me," and she called one of the bondmen.

"Oh, yes, I am," he said.

The three went out together. That party is famous to this day.

"Exit! Depart!" said Mr. Trevor to the bondman. But the bondman would not, and they discussed it behind a hedge. Mr. Trevor had gone to Sandhurst, which is unusual for a diplomat, and as a boxer he had been rated a high-class specialist. He had almost forgotten about it. Now he remembered. The bondman departed.

"You're a brute," said Miss Dyer, "and I'm not going home with you."

"Ally lighty," said Mr. Trevor in the manner of Huntley Wright of the late lamented San Toy, "I go home with you instead." She jerked aside from streets into lanes, and from lanes into byways, until the town thinned and ran out into upland fields—from the high crests of which fields she had one time read those love-letters in the moonlight.

"Leave me alone, can't you, you great stupid brute!" she flared.

"*That* would be criminal lunacy," said Mr. Trevor.

Then she gathered up her skirts and ran. And she could run, like a barren doe. The gravel pelted in her trail, and she went like a wind-swept ghost through the dark till she struck sod, squashy April sod, and Mr. Trevor, of the Foreign Office, ran after her, fully as fast as he could run, and could just a little more than keep up. She collapsed finally on the ground, a gray, crumpled mess in a fence-corner, and rolled half over as she fell. When Mr. Trevor arrived she was kneeling in the mud, sobbing as if her heart was utterly broken. He lifted her up bodily. For a minute neither of them could speak.

Then, "Oh, my darling," he said, "I love you with all my heart and soul. I only wanted to tell you so to-night and to ask you to marry me because I couldn't stand this business a minute longer." Here he went desperate and undertook to speak his mind. "I don't know much," he said, "but I know that if you keep up this folly you'll go to the devil in the end—even you. You're the most beautiful thing in the world. I don't know whether you want to marry me or not; but only to-day I thought perhaps you did, and I'd better come and see." It was great bravery, in the face of this hurricane.

Miss Dyer breathed, "Oh, my God!" behind her hands, and brushed hair and mud and tears across her face together. "*You* love *me!*" she choked.

"Of course I do," he said.

"Then lend me a handkerchief or anything that's dry to wipe this out of my eyes so I can see you. Why didn't you say

so before, and stop all this outrageous scene? I'm the most miserable, happiest fool in the world. If I hadn't been a coward, I might have known, but I daren't let myself go for a minute for fear I'd lose you. I loved you—oh, dear!"— Here she threw both arms round him—"from the first almost as much as I do now, and I was helpless. You see, I knew how to keep the others, and all I could do was to try the same thing with you; and it almost broke my heart. It was the wildest, silliest business." She was laughing with a sort of half-sob mixed up with the laugh. This was the debonair Miss Dyer, mud-soaked, tear-stained, and altogether delicious, with her burning cheek against Mr. Trevor's, pouring astounding facts into Mr. Trevor's ear, and Mr. Trevor was overcome.

"*You* love *me!*" was all he could chant, precisely as she had said it. And after awhile they convinced each other of the amazing truth.

"But," he said, after a storm-swept half-hour, "let's both try to go back to imitation sanity long enough for me to find out who I am and where I am. I want to ask some questions."

"I'll answer 'em all—every one."

"First, where did you come across that 'principle of official secrecy' you worked that night at the rink?" Miss Dyer laughed.

"Oh that! That was nothing. Only my patient star again. You 'member you were here two whole weeks before we—collided. And you 'member you came out to Ottawa as somebody's secretary on some sort of commission or something four years ago—when I was in pinnys——"

"You devil!" said Mr. Trevor.

"Well, in those two weeks I went to a dance in a far-away city just to see a certain member of His Majesty's Parliament that I used to know. And he called you 'old Mott T.,' and told me if I ever met you to ask you about 'the principle of official secrecy'; an' of course I didn't. Is that silly enough for you!" She made a motion to show that this was all.

"You calculating devil!" said Mr. Trevor.

"Oh, no; I think I must have been rather in love with you then."

"But the running-away business, and generally breaking my heart, and lying about it in those beautiful letters the next day?"

"Don't be silly! You know as well as I do now. I loved you so much—my dear—I daren't come. You'd paralyzed my sword arm, and I only had my frightened wits to work with. I was deathly afraid I'd give the whole business away. That night we had the picnic I got very brave,—could have carried through anything at all,—but you'd laugh if you knew how near I came to breaking down or up or however it is you do break, once. I think it must have been that everlasting booming of those waves, or something."

"But the wood we dug up——"

Miss Dyer laughed like a child.

"That," she said, "you'd never, never believe."

"There's nothing I wouldn't believe now."

"All right. I marched one of the others, as you call them, out there on snow-shoes three days before with an ax,—'member the old snow-shoe tracks on the road?—and made him cut up that wood for you—and me—though I didn't tell him quite what it was for. I told him——" Miss Dyer tittered at the recollection. Mr. Trevor smote his thigh.

"And me burning with jealousy all the time! Who but a woman," he demanded of the stars, "would have thought of that? and what girl but you would have done it? You *are* a devil."

"Maybe," she laughed; "but I love you." There was another hiatus. "And I was so deadly sure you were only playing that I tried to keep the whole thing—unofficial. There's vanity for you! My! but you're a good actor for any one half so stupid. I wonder—d'you suppose it can be that you're not so stupid as you look?" Mr. Mott-Trevor could offer no opinion.

"Now," he said, "perhaps you can tell me why all your nice friends went raving insane and wrote it down in letters."

"I truly can't; but I think they must have s'picioned there was something wrong and been frightfully jealous. They did say some awful things, didn't they?"

"They did," said Mr. Trevor, smiling serenely.

"This was a nice dress, wasn't it!" said Miss Dyer, on the way home.

"It was," said Mr. Trevor.

XV

THIS story is almost finished, but not quite. If it were not a true story, I think this would be the proper place to finish it. The next scene may be in bad taste, but it is very satisfactory. Mr. Trevor still carried a trace of irritation over some of the things written in those letters. Young and

irritated Britons to this day continue to be simple and direct. Mr. Trevor had been brooding, and he formed a suspicion or two. Also, the discussion with the bondman behind the hedge had called up certain memories that may have been unworthy. So, dress-suit and all, Mr. Trevor went up to a certain place of public assemblage and called out a certain man.

"Miss Dyer and I are to be married some day," he said by way of formally announcing his engagement. "You come out here; I want to see you." The man went gray, not so much with fear as with embarrassment. They pranced softly about in a space between three buildings for a very few minutes, and had a chaotic vision of a largely invisible audience of small boys that danced on a loose board-pile. That man was not seen by his friends for several days. Then Mr. Trevor went and sought out one more man. When he finally went home he was a bloody spectacle, but there was great joy in his heart. As Mr. Trevor never told about these proceedings, and as nobody else cared to, I suppose nobody ever really knew, though I think there were a few who had suspicions.

A little while after this the city was shocked and grieved, and the more they learned about Mr. Trevor the more shocked and grieved they became. But this is really a forgiving world, so they began to forgive Miss Dyer almost immediately. They said she was a wonderfully bright girl, considering her chances. Besides, her sphere of influence was about to remove itself to a realm where she would be harmless, and leave them to slumber in peace. But Mr. Trevor they never forgave, and I don't think he knows it to this day.

In Bruton Street, W., quite close to Lord De Grey's, you will find Miss Dyer under another name. London, which is the only country I know more democratic than the valley of the Saskatchewan, accepted her at her true worth on the instant. This was no doubt because she was so much of a genius that she recognized that if you are truly nice at heart, and undertake to be truly and openly yourself, you can go three times round the earth and make friends all the way.

Now go back and read the text, and see if you can trace the connection.

And if you are thinking of trying the great secret method, first, be sure that you are a genius, and, second, be certain that you can keep the barrier quite intact. Otherwise it will not work.

Diana

By BYRNE MARCONNIER

THEY say the moon's for lovers, not for love;
That Dian is too cold for human passion.
Treading the silvered mountain tops, alone
With loneliness some take for high disdain,
Trailing her veils of cloud and ice and wind . . .
Who knows all that her northern moods conceal?

For I have seen her walk the Cornish coast,
With straying feet along the wistful shore.
And I have seen her fling away her pride
Above a garden in the south of Spain:
Melting with love at some bold fountain's wooing,
Kissing the wings of birds long since asleep,
And fingering the jasmine like a bride.

I think, perhaps, the moon is not so cold.

Tricotrin Entertains

By LEONARD MERRICK

ONE night when Pitou went home, an unaccustomed perfume floated to meet him on the stairs. He climbed them in amazement.

"If we lived in age of miracles I should conclude that Tricotrin was smoking a cigar," he said to himself. "What can it be?"

The pair occupied a garret in the rue des Trois Frères at this time, where their window, in sore need of repairs, commanded an unrivalled view of the dirty steps descending to the passage des Abbesses. To-night, behold Tricotrin pacing the garret with dignity, between his lips an Havannah that could have cost no less than a franc. The composer rubbed his eyes.

"Have they made you an Academician?" he stammered. "Or has your uncle, the silk manufacturer, died and left you his business?"

"My friend," replied the poet, "prepare yourself forthwith for 'a New and Powerful Serial of the Most Absorbing Interest'! I am no longer the young man who went out this evening—I am a celebrity."

"I thought," said the composer, "that it couldn't be you when I saw the cigar."

"Figure yourself," continued Tricotrin, "that at nine o'clock I was wandering on the Grand Boulevard with a thirst that could have consumed a brewery. I might mention that I had also empty pockets, but——"

"It would be to pad the powerful Serial shamelessly," said Pitou: "there are things that one takes for granted."

"At the corner of the place de l'Opéra a fellow passed me whom I knew and yet did not know; I could not recall where it was we had met. I turned and followed him, racking my brains the while. Suddenly I remembered——"

"Pardon me," interrupted the composer, "but I have read *Bel-Ami* myself. Oh, it is quite evident that you are a celebrity—you have already forgotten how to be original!"

"There is a resemblance, it is true," admitted Tricotrin. "However, Maupassant had no copyright in the place de l'Opéra. I say that I remembered the man; I had known him when he was in the advertisement business in Lyons. Well, we have supped together; he is in a position to do me a service—he will ask an editor to publish an Interview with me!"

"An Interview?" exclaimed Pitou. "You are to be Interviewed? Ah, no, my poor friend, too much meat has unhinged your reason! Go to sleep—you will be hungry and sane again to-morrow."

"It will startle some of them, hein? 'Gustave Tricotrin at Home'—in the illustrated edition of *Le Demi-Mot?*"

"Illustrated?" gasped Pitou. He looked round the attic. "Did I understand you to say 'illustrated'?"

"Well, well," said Tricotrin, "we shall move the beds! And, when the concierge nods, perhaps we can borrow the palm from the portals. With a palm and an amiable photographer, an air of splendour is easily arrived at. I should like a screen—we will raise one from a studio in the rue Ravignan. Mon Dieu! with a palm and a screen I foresee the most opulent effects. 'A Corner of the Study'—we can put the screen in front of the washhand-stand, and litter the table with manuscripts—you will admit that we have a sufficiency of manuscripts?—no one will know that they have all been rejected. Also, a painter in the rue Ravignan might lend us a few of his failures—'Before you go, let me show you my pictures,' said Monsieur Tricotrin: 'I am an ardent collector!'"

In Montmartre the sight of two "types" shifting household gods makes no sensation—the sails of the remaining windmills still

revolve. On the day that it had its likeness taken, the attic was temporarily transformed. At least a score of unappreciated masterpieces concealed dilapidation of the walls; the broken window was decorated with an Eastern fabric that had been a cherished "property" of half the ateliers in Paris; the poet himself—with the palm drooping gracefully above his head—mused in a massive chair, in which Solomon had been pronouncing judgment until 12:15, when the poet had called for it. The appearance of exhaustion observed by admirers of the poet's portrait was due to the chair's appalling weight. As he staggered under it up the steps of the passage des Abbesses, the young man had feared he would expire on the threshold of his fame.

However, the photographer proved as resourceful as could be desired, and perhaps the most striking feature of the illustration was the spaciousness of the apartment in which Monsieur Tricotrin was presented to readers of *Le Demi-Mot*. The name of the thoroughfare was not obtruded.

With what pride was that issue of the journal regarded in the rue des Trois Frères!

"Aha!" cried Tricotrin, who in moments persuaded himself that he really occupied such noble quarters, "those who repudiated me in the days of my struggles will be a little repentant now, hein? Stone Heart will discover that I was not wrong in relying on my genius!"

"I assume," said Pitou, "that 'Stone Heart' is your newest pet-name for the silk-manufacturing uncle?"

"You catch my meaning precisely. I propose to send a copy of the paper to Lyons, with the Interview artistically bordered by laurels; I cannot draw laurels myself, but there are plenty of persons who can. We will find someone to do it when we palter with starvation at the Café du Bel Avenir this evening—or perhaps we had better fast at the Lucullus Junior, instead; there is occasionally some ink in the bottle there. I shall put the address in the margin—my uncle will not know where it is, and on the grounds of euphony I have no fault to find with it. It would not surprise me if I received an affectionate letter and a bank-note in reply—the perversity of human nature delights in generosities to the prosperous."

"It is a fact," said Pitou. "That human nature!"

"Who knows?—he may even renew the allowance that he used to make me!"

"Upon my word, more unlikely things have happened," Pitou conceded.

"Mon Dieu, Nicolas, we shall again have enough to eat!"

"Ah, visionary!" exclaimed Pitou; "are there no bounds to your imagination?"

Now, the perversity to which the poet referred did inspire Monsieur Rigaud, of Lyons, to loosen his purse-strings. He wrote that he rejoiced to learn that Gustave was beginning to make his way, and enclosed a present of two hundred and fifty francs. More, after an avuncular preamble which the poet skipped—having a literary hatred of digression in the works of others—he even hinted that the allowance might be resumed.

What a banquet there was in bohemia! How the glasses jingled afterwards in La Lune Rousse, and oh, the beautiful hats that Germaine and Marcelle displayed on the next fine Sunday! Even when the last ripples of the splash were stilled, the comrades swaggered gallantly on the boulevard Rochechouart, for by any post might not the first instalment of that allowance arrive?

Weeks passed; and Tricotrin began to say, "It looks to me as if we needed another Interview!"

And then came a letter which was no less cordial than its predecessor, but which stunned the unfortunate recipient like a warrant for his execution. Monsieur Rigaud stated that business would bring him to Paris on the following evening, and that he anticipated the pleasure of visiting his nephew; he trusted that his dear Gustave would meet him at the station. The poet and composer stared at each other with bloodless faces.

"You must call at his hotel instead," faltered Pitou at last.

"But you may be sure he will wish to see my elegant abode."

"'It is in the hands of the decorators. How unfortunate!'"

"He would propose to offer them suggestions; he is a born suggester."

"'Fever is raging in the house—a most infectious fever'; we will ask a medical student to give us one."

"It would not explain my lodging in a slum meanwhile."

"Well, let us admit that there is nothing to be done; you will have to own up!"

"Are you insane? It is improvident youths like you who come to lament their wasted lives. If I could receive him this once as he expects to be received, we cannot doubt that it would mean an income of

two thousand francs to me. Prosperity dangles before us—shall I fail to clutch it? Mon Dieu, what a catastrophe, his coming to Paris! Why cannot he conduct his business in Lyons? Is there not enough money in the city of Lyons to satisfy him? O grasper! what greed! Nicolas, my more than brother, if it were night when I took him to a sumptuous apartment, he might not notice the name of the street—I could talk brilliantly as we turned the corner. Also I could scintillate as I led him away. He would never know that it was not the rue des Trois Frères."

"You are right," agreed Pitou; "but which is the pauper in our social circle whose sumptuous apartment you propose to acquire?"

"One must consider," said Tricotrin. "Obviously, I am compelled to entertain in somebody's; fortunately, I have two days to find it in. I shall now go forth!"

It was a genial morning, and the first person he accosted in the rue Ravignan was Goujaud, painting in the patch of garden before the studios. "Tell me, Goujaud," exclaimed the poet, "have you any gilded acquaintance who would permit me the use of his apartment for two hours to-morrow evening?"

Goujaud reflected for some seconds, with his head to one side. "I have never done anything so fine as this before," he observed; "regard the atmosphere of it!"

"It is execrable!" replied Tricotrin, and went next door to Flamant. "My old one," he explained, "I have urgent need of a regal apartment for two hours to-morrow —have you a wealthy friend who would accommodate me?"

"You may beautify your bedroom with all my possessions," returned Flamant heartily. "I have a stuffed parrot that is most decorative, but I have not a friend that is wealthy."

"You express yourself like a First Course for the Foreigner," said Tricotrin, much annoyed. "Devil take your stuffed parrot!"

The heat of the sun increased toward midday, and drops began to trickle under the young man's hat. By four o'clock he had called upon sixty-two persons, exclusive of Sanquereau, whom he had been unable to wake. He bethought himself of Lajeunie the novelist; but Lajeunie could offer him nothing more serviceable than a pass for the Élysée-Montmartre. "Now how is it possible that I spend my life among such imbeciles?" groaned the unhappy poet; "one offers me a parrot, and another a pass for a dancing-hall! Can I assure my uncle, who is a married man, and produces silk in vast quantities, that I reside in a dancing-hall? Besides, we know those passes—they are available only for ladies."

"It is true that you could not get in by it," assented Lajeunie, "but I give it to you freely. Take it, my poor fellow! Though it may appear inadequate to the occasion, who knows but what it will prove to be the basis of a fortune?"

"You are as crazy as the stories you write," said Tricotrin. "Still, it can go in my pocket." And he made, exhausted, for a bench in the place Dancourt, where he apostrophised his fate.

Thus occupied, he fell asleep; and presently a young woman sauntered from the sidewalk across the square. In the shady little place Dancourt is the little white Théâtre Montmartre, and she first perused the play-bill, and then contemplated the sleeping poet. It may have been that she found something attractive in his bearing, or it may have been that ragamuffins sprawled elsewhere; but, having determined to wait awhile, she selected the bench on which he reposed, and forthwith woke him.

"Now this is nice!" he exclaimed, realizing his lapse with a start.

"Oh, monsieur!" said she, blushing.

"Pardon; I referred to my having dozed when every moment is of consequence," he explained. "And yet," he went on ruefully, "upon my soul, I cannot conjecture where I shall go next!"

Her response was so sympathetic that it tempted him to remain a little longer, and in five minutes she was recounting her own perplexities. It transpired that she was a lady's-maid with a holiday, and the problem before her was whether to spend her money on a theater, or on a ball.

"Now that is a question which is disposed of instantly," said Tricotrin. "You shall spend your money on a theater, and go to a ball as well." And out fluttered the pink pass presented to him by Lajeunie.

The girl's tongue was as lively as her gratitude. She was, she told him, maid to the famous Colette Aubray, who had gone unattended that afternoon to visit the owner of a villa in the country, where she would stay until the next day but one. "So you see, monsieur, we poor servants are left alone in the flat to amuse ourselves as best we can!"

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Tricotrin, and added mentally, "It was decidedly the good kind fairies that pointed to this bench!"

He proceeded to pay the young woman such ardent attentions that she assumed he meant to accompany her to the ball, and her disappointment was extreme when he had to own that the state of his finances forbade it. "All I can suggest, my dear Léonie," he concluded, "is that I shall be your escort when you leave. It is abominable that you must have other partners in the meantime, but I feel that you will be constant to me in your thoughts. I shall have much to tell you—I shall whisper a secret in your ear; for, incredible as it may sound, my sweet child, you alone in Paris have the power to save me!"

"Oh, monsieur!" faltered the admiring lady's-maid, "it has always been my great ambition to save a young man, especially a young man who used such lovely language. I am sure, by the way you talk, that you must be a poet!"

"Extraordinary," mused Tricotrin, "that all the world recognizes me as a poet, excepting when it reads my poetry!" And this led him to reflect that he must sell some of it, in order to provide refreshment for Léonie before he begged her aid. Accordingly, he arranged to meet her when the ball finished, and limped back to the attic, where he made up a choice assortment of his wares.

He had resolved to try the office of *Le Demi-Mot;* but his reception there was cold. "You should not presume on our good nature," demurred the Editor; "only last month we had an article on you, saying that you were highly talented, and now you ask us to publish your work besides. There must be a limit to such things."

He examined the collection, nevertheless, with a depreciatory countenance, and offered ten francs for three of the finest specimens. "From *Le Demi-Mot* I would counsel you to accept low terms," he said, with engaging interest, "on account of the prestige you derive from appearing in it."

"In truth it is a noble thing, prestige," admitted Tricotrin; "but, monsieur, I have never known a man able to make a meal of it when he was starving, or to warm himself before it when he was without a fire. Still—though it is a jumble-sale price—let them go!"

"Payment will be made in due course," said the Editor, and became immersed in correspondence.

Tricotrin paled to the lips, and the next five minutes were terrible; indeed, he did not doubt that he would have to limp elsewhere. At last he cried, "Well, let us say seven francs, cash! Seven francs in one's fist are worth ten in due course." And thus the bargain was concluded.

"It was well for Hercules that none of his labours was the extraction of payment from an editor!" panted the poet on the doorstep. But he was now enabled to fête the lady's-maid in grand style, and—not to be outdone in generosity—she placed Mademoiselle Aubray's flat at his disposal directly he asked for it.

"You have accomplished a miracle!" averred Pitou, in the small hours, when he heard the news.

Tricotrin waved a careless hand. "To a man of resource all things are possible!" he murmured.

The next evening the silk manufacturer was warmly embraced on the platform, and not a little surprised so learn that his nephew expected a visit at once. However, the young man's consternation was so profound when objections were made that, in the end, they were withdrawn. Tricotrin directed the driver after Monsieur Rigaud was in the cab, and, on their reaching the courtyard, there was Léonie, all frills, ready to carry the handbag.

"Your servant?" inquired Monsieur Rigaud, with some disapproval, as they went upstairs; "she is rather fancifully dressed, hein?"

"Is it so?" answered Tricotrin. "Perhaps a bachelor is not sufficiently observant in these matters. Still, she is an attentive domestic. Take off your things, my dear uncle, and make yourself at home. What joy it gives me to see you here!"

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the silk manufacturer, looking about him, "you have a place fit for a prince! It must have cost a pretty penny."

"Between ourselves," said Tricotrin, "I often reproach myself for what I spent on it; I could make very good use to-day of some of the money I squandered."

"What curtains!" murmured Monsieur Rigaud, fingering the silk, enraptured. "The quality is superb! What may they have charged you for these curtains?"

"It was years ago—upon my word I do not remember," drawled Tricotrin, who had no idea whether he ought to say five hundred francs, or five thousand. "Also, you must not think I have bought everything you see—many of the pictures and bronzes are presents from admirers of my work. It is gratifying, hein?"

"I—I—— To confess the truth, we had not heard of your triumphs," admitted

Monsieur Rigaud; "I did not dream you were so successful."

"Ah, it is in a very modest way," Tricotrin replied. "I am not a millionaire, I assure you! On the contrary, it is often difficult to make both ends meet—although," he added hurriedly, "I live with the utmost economy, my uncle. The days of my thoughtlessness are past. A man should save, a man should provide for the future."

At this moment he was astonished to see Léonie open the door and announce that dinner was served. She had been even better than her word.

"Dinner?" cried Monsieur Rigaud. "Ah, now I understand why you were so dejected when I would not come!"

"Bah, it will be a very simple meal," said his nephew, "but after a journey one must eat. Let us go in." He was turning the wrong way, but Léonie's eye saved him.

"Come," he proceeded, taking his seat, "some soup—some good soup! What will you drink, my uncle?"

"On the sideboard I see champagne," chuckled Monsieur Rigaud; "you treat the old man well, you rogue!"

"Hah!" said Tricotrin, who had not observed it, "the cellar, I own, is an extravagance of mine! Alone, I drink only mineral waters, or a little claret, much diluted; but to my dearest friends I must give the dearest wines. Léonie, champagne!"

It was a capital dinner, and the cigars and cigarettes that Léonie put on the table with the coffee were of the highest excellence. Agreeable conversation whiled away some hours, and Tricotrin began to look for his uncle to get up. But it was raining smartly, and Monsieur Rigaud was reluctant to bestir himself. Another hour lagged by, and at last Tricotrin faltered:

"I fear I must beg you to excuse me for leaving you, my uncle; it is most annoying, but I am compelled to go out. The fact is, I have consented to collaborate with Capus, and he is so eccentric, this dear Alfred—we shall be at work all night."

"Go, my good Gustave," said his uncle readily; "and, as I am very tired, if you have no objection, I will occupy your bed."

Tricotrin's jaw dropped, and it was by a supreme effort that he stammered how pleased the arrangement would make him. To intensify the fix, Léonie and the cook had disappeared—doubtless to the mansarde in which they slept—and he was left to cope with the catastrophe alone. However, having switched on the lights, he conducted the elderly gentleman to an enticing apartment. He wished him an affectionate "good-night," and after promising to wake him early, made for home, leaving the manufacturer sleepily surveying the room's imperial splendour.

"What magnificence!" soliloquized Monsieur Rigaud. "What toilet articles!" He got into bed. "What a coverlet—there must be twenty thousand francs on top of me!"

He had not slumbered under them long when he was aroused by such a commotion that he feared for the action of his heart. Blinking in the glare, he perceived Léonie in scanty attire, distracted on her knees—and, by the bedside, a beautiful lady in a travelling cloak, raging with the air of a lioness.

"Go away!" quavered the manufacturer. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"Intrusion?" raved the lady. "That is what you will explain, monsieur! How comes it that you are in my bed?"

"Yours?" ejaculated Monsieur Rigaud. "What is it you say? You are making a grave error, for which you will apologize, madame!"

"Ah, hold me back," pleaded the lady, throwing up her eyes, "hold me back or I shall assault him!" She flung to Léonie. "Wretched girl, you shall pay for this! Not content with lavishing my champagne and my friend's cigars on your lover, you must put him to recuperate in my room!"

"Oh!" gasped the manufacturer, and hid his head under the priceless coverlet. "Such an imputation is unpardonable," he roared, reappearing. "I am Monsieur Rigaud, of Lyons; the flat belongs to my nephew, Monsieur Tricotrin; I request you to retire!"

"Imbecile!" screamed the lady; "the flat belongs to *me*—Colette Aubray. And your presence may ruin me—I expect a visitor on most important business! He has not my self-control; if he finds you here he will most certainly send you a challenge. He is the best swordsman in Paris! I advise you to believe me, for you have just five minutes to save your life!"

"Monsieur," wailed Léonie, "you have been deceived!" And, between her sobs, she confessed the circumstances, which he heard with the greatest difficulty, owing to the chattering of his teeth.

The rain was descending in cataracts when Monsieur Rigaud got outside, but though the trams and the trains had both stopped running, and cabs were as dear as radium, his fury was so tempestuous that

nothing could deter him from reaching the poet's real abode. His attack on the front door warned Tricotrin and Pitou what had happened, and they raised themselves, blanched, from their pillows, to receive his curses. It was impossible to reason with him, and he launched the most frightful denunciation at his nephew for an hour, when the abatement of the downpour permitted him to depart. More, at noon, who should arrive but Léonie in tears! She had been dismissed from her employment, and came to beg the poet to intercede for her.

"What calamities!" groaned Tricotrin. "How fruitless are man's noblest endeavours without the favouring breeze! I shall drown myself at eight o'clock. However, I will readily plead for you first, if your mistress will receive me."

By the maid's advice he presented himself late in the day, and when he had cooled his heels in the salon for some time, a lady entered, who was of such ravishing appearance that his head swam.

"Monsieur Tricotrin?" she inquired haughtily. "I have heard your name from your uncle, monsieur. Are you here to visit my servant?"

"Mademoiselle," he faltered, "I am here to throw myself on your mercy. At eight o'clock I have decided to commit suicide, for I am ruined. The only hope left me is to win your pardon before I die."

"I suppose your uncle has disowned you?" she said. "Naturally! It was a pretty situation to put him in. How would you care to be in it yourself?"

"Alas, mademoiselle," sighed Tricotrin, "there are situations to which a poor poet may not aspire!"

After regarding him silently she exclaimed, "I cannot understand what a boy with eyes like yours saw in Léonie?"

"Merely good nature and a means to an end, believe me! If you would ease my last moments, reinstate her in your service. Do not let me drown with the knowledge that another is suffering for my fault! Mademoiselle, I entreat you—take her back!"

"And why should I ease your last moments?" she demurred.

"Because I have no right to ask it; because I have no defense for my sin toward you; because you would be justified in trampling on me—and to pardon would be sublime!"

"You are very eloquent for my maid," returned the lady.

He shook his head. "Ah, no—I fear I am pleading for myself. For, if you reinstate the girl, it will prove that you forgive the man—and I want your forgiveness so much!" He fell at her feet.

"Does your engagement for eight o'clock press, monsieur?" murmured the lady, smiling. "If you could dine here again to-night, I might relent by degrees."

"And she is adorable!" he told Pitou. "I passed the most delicious evening of my life!"

"It is fortunate," observed Pitou, "for that, and your uncle's undying enmity, are all you have obtained by your imposture. Remember that the evening cost two thousand francs a year!"

"Ah, misanthrope," cried Tricotrin radiantly, "there must be a crumpled rose-leaf in every Eden!"

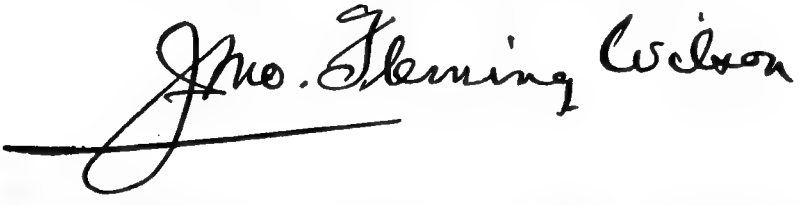
On the late Massachre in *Piemont*

By JOHN MILTON

AVENGE O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their Groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slayn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O're all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

Things as They Are

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON



IT WAS amusing to see the solemnity with which he approached what he called "adventure." He perspired after tragedy, with his notebook ready, like a gun, to pot the game, and finally becoming the object of his own fire, so to speak, bagged himself. His amazement was ludicrous when he discovered his plight, perceived himself suddenly snatched out of his orchestra seat and thrust upon the stage. So it goes. We pay to see the circus and then find ourselves in a hot battle with a canvasman.

His name was John Selden Winthrop. He was twenty-six years old, five feet ten inches tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, cold in manner, sparing of speech, natty, burdened with a college degree and a sense of his own philosophy. I believe he had some money, too, though that doesn't matter. He laid emphasis on his philosophy: that observation of life—adventure—was the foundation of wisdom. That is one of the ways he put it.

"Human nature," said Winthrop, "is changeless in its essence. In New England we have polished the original type so beautifully that we sometimes miss the real form of it. We are slightly artificial. We are getting away from first principles. I have been given to understand that down here in the South Seas one can observe primitive man—see behind the scenes, as Mr. Cook says. It is very interesting."

As ammunition, he carried about with him a green volume of the Sunday, or Monday, lectures of a fellow named Cook, Joseph Cook. He also had a book of poetry by Emerson, and somebody else's treatise on "Experimental Psychology." Thus equipped, he came to Honolulu and lay in wait for Raw Humanity.

For six months he frequented the hotels, made decorous trips to the Pali, interviewed the doctors at the leper station, walked dignifiedly up Hotel Street, watched the mixed races at play and battle at Iwilei, poked his thin, aristocratic nose past the jalousies of Palama, and regarded his notebook with an expectant air, much as if he hoped at any moment to see its fair pages writ over with Real Life. At times he came up the steps to the *Advertiser* office and discoursed on the Sense for Life, which, I take it, is some college phrase for the three passions—woman, work, and wisdom.

"I shall enjoy seeing a genuine adventure," he would conclude. "I have several experiments to make. I have been told that men will act contrary to their inherited convictions under the stress of extraordinary situations. For example, men used to kill their rivals in love. A man would fight to win his wife. I contend that love is a far different matter, and that a man would as soon think of committing murder to win a wife as he would of killing in order to gain his soul's salvation. By observation down here of the influence of primitive passion, I hope to gain a good foundation for a treatise on the fact that our civilization depends for its degree entirely on the value which it sets on the life of the individual. I shall witness at first hand some of the effects of an unartificial environment on men of varying stages of mental and moral cultivation."

"If you wish to see murder and sudden death, you may have to run some risk," I told him.

"I shall merely keep my eyes open," he informed me. "I shan't mix in with any of your quarrels. Consider me merely a scientific observer."

Of course, he gradually filled his notebook. A white man in Palama chased his

kanaka wife into the street with an oil can which he tried to empty over her flowing *holoku*, swearing horribly because no one offered him a match wherewith to kindle the holocaust. A Puerto Rican, sullenly chewing his nails, was picked up by the police for knifing a man who had jostled him in the street. A Korean was pulled out of the green cane and thrust snarling over the body of a *luna* (overseer), who stared into the faultless sky over the wired hilt of a machete, because of some notion (in the minds of the authorities) that the dead might awaken and identify his killer. It all went down in John Selden Winthrop's book, in his rather florid script, with the day of the month and the hour marked on the margin. It didn't satisfy him. He pulled Emerson on me, like a pistol, and demanded the gods, not the half-gods.

In those days, as the Bible says, a schooner came swinging up from the deep South with an old man and a young woman seated on the after rail, hauled into Honolulu, and slipped up to a berth off Fort Street. It was Michael Tunbridge and his daughter Flora, come up from Godfrey Island with a tale about Pierre Jourjon and the looting of their little, square treasure-box of pearls. It appeared that Pierre had also seized Godfrey and was holding it on the plea that it was French territory.

Michael stormed the citadel of the prime minister, and found little hope of aid. Capital looked askance at his request for ten thousand dollars wherewith to buy arms and ammunition to slay the looter and his crew. Michael got indignant, rolled his sleeves back over his withered arms, and swore by the angry gods that he would return single-handed and kill Jourjon, and send the remains to the cannibal islands as *kumshaw*. Flora sat on the *lanai* of the Royal Hawaiian and listened to the band. She was a fine, large, hazel-eyed girl, with a queer fashion of suddenly turning her head as if to surprise you while you stood behind her.

In time, Michael found that nobody appreciated his troubles on Godfrey; and, because of his talk, no one would honour his drafts at three hundred and sixty days, though Michael's credit had always been first-chop. So he came to me and said, "I'm going back to Godfrey to-morrow. These islands up here are spoiled. There isn't a man left on 'em. But I'll show that Frenchman who's alive and who's dead. Come along and write it up."

I was young then. I went. That night I saw Winthrop and told him a little of the story. "When I get back I'll give you something to put in your notebook," I said.

He studied this awhile, and then said, very calmly, "If I'm not intruding, I shall go, too. D'ye suppose——"

"I do," I returned. "Come on. I'll fix it up with Michael."

So it happened that, on a fine morning, the schooner *Mariana* put out beyond the mother-of-pearl waters of Oahu and took the trades in her big brown sails and blew down to the south with Michael, Flora, John Selden Winthrop, and myself on her soaring quarter-deck.

Once or twice Michael, holding his thin beard in one hand, sounded him on his opinion of what should be done to Jourjon, looter, robber, and pirate. To these appeals Winthrop intimated strongly that he was come on this voyage merely because it gave promise of affording material for scientific investigation.

To Flora he behaved with great discretion, occasionally noticing her attempts at conversation and, apparently, marking them for comparison with something that Joseph Cook or Emerson or the Experimental Psychologist had said. At meals he would sit quite straight in his revolving chair and pointedly address his calm remarks to me, giving the impression that Michael and his girl were exhibits in a cage, apparatus with which he intended to conduct an experiment.

Flora was no schoolgirl. She had been educated abroad, and many men had paid homage to her beauty and her wit. For three weeks she glanced quietly at Winthrop with a little smile about her lips and an odd, calculating expression in her splendid eyes. Then she said to him, "How old are you?"

A simple question. But it was the first query she had put to him in all those three weeks, and it took Winthrop aback, just as if, after all, his aloofness easily was resolved into a simple sum if one knew how young he was. He stammered, and answered with the plain number: "Twenty-six."

He expected further questions, I fancy, a chance to impress this girl with his knowledge and his philosophy. But she accepted his reply as final, made him understand that he was no longer mysterious to her, that his bosom was emptied of its profoundest secret, and paid him no more attention.

It mightily disgusted my friend. He came out one night with the assertion that women are ruled by the purely obvious. "They take their ideas from books," the disciple of Joseph Cook informed me.

"They generalize pitifully. There are no exceptions to their rules. They never recognize the individual." He threw a scornful look at the very stars as though to put them, too, into the category of the feminine and illogical.

It was dark when we reached the low shadow of Godfrey Island. The *Mariana* breasted a heavy current that swirled noisily under her forefoot. The captain stared into the darkness with an intent gaze. Flora leaned back in her chair with an abstracted look of meditation, as if she did not hear the hoarse menaces of old Michael, who paced the planks handling a shining revolver and cursed the small light that twinkled on shore to show him where Jourjon was enjoying the enforced hospitality of the Tunbridge home. Even Winthrop seemed slightly nervous, and asked me constantly what I thought would be done. I did not know. I suggested that either Jourjon or Michael would be killed.

Winthrop demanded again and again, "What for? What are they fighting over? Why kill each other?" as if he blamed me horribly for bringing him into a compromising position. "Of course I shan't allow myself to be mixed up in it," he announced.

The *Mariana* made the pass and entered the long, curved lagoon at whose farther end shone the light. The head sails were brailed in, the vessel slipped along the undulating shore more and more slowly, the mainsail came down, the anchor splashed overboard in a fountain of fiery phosphorescence and old Michael trembled at the rail, calling for a boat to be lowered away. When the ladder was over and the small boat nosed its lower round, the old man snarled, "Now let's go and fix that Frenchman. We'll show him who's who on Godfrey." His eyes, as he cast them over us, gleamed wickedly.

Winthrop flatly refused to go. Flora smiled at me, and suggested, "Suppose we leave Mr. Winthrop a pistol. He may get afraid."

That gentleman fell into the snare, saying solemnly, "Thanks very much. I'm armed."

"Then don't shoot any of us," she laughed lightly, and swung herself down into the boat.

Winthrop grabbed me by the arm as I was about to follow, and demanded that she come back. "It's no place for a woman," he urged.

"Nor for a philosopher," she called up from the boat.

We pulled to the shore, and as we neared the shelving sand, Michael fingered his revolver. "I've a notion to kill him on sight," he said bitterly.

"Give him a chance," Flora said.

"But he can pot us open-handed," Michael insisted.

Flora laughed. "I'll talk to him," she said. "I know Jourjon and he's very polite. He won't shoot so long as a woman is in the crowd. He's not like an American, papa. He's very respectful."

The old man shut up, and we scraped up on the beach, getting out stiffly. A voice greeted us from the shadow of the palms. "You are welcome!"

"You pirate, come out of that and I'll kill you!" yelled Michael.

"You are very impolite and excited," said the unseen one in excellent English. "You forget that a lady is present."

"Mr. Jourjon," said Flora quietly, "we have come back to get our property. I've persuaded my father not to kill you—just yet. May we come up?"

The invisible man laughed and answered, "Come on. I'm glad to see you."

We walked up through the intense darkness, and almost immediately a slim figure came out and met us. "I saw your schooner coming into the pass," he said, in a smooth tone. "So I hurried the boys with supper. May I have the honour of your presence at—at my house?"

Old Michael stuck his revolver into his jacket pocket and cursed violently under his breath. "You may fool away to-night with all that fine small talk," he snarled aloud. "But to-morrow we'll have a settlement. If you think for a moment that I'm going to let a blasted Frenchman come and steal my island, you're mistaken."

"Till to-morrow," came the reply. "But supper is waiting. Is Miss Flora very hungry?"

We had reached the shore with our eyes straining for the first sight of the enemy. We had crept up the crinkling sand with our hands on our hips, like prowling burglars. And the whole tragedy had turned farce. We were going to supper. But Flora emphasized the situation: "I'd better warn you not to approach the schooner till daylight," she laughed. "There's a man out there who intends to shoot anybody that tries to board the vessel."

"Why does he refuse my hospitality?" Jourjon demanded.

"Papa said he was coming ashore to kill you," she replied. "And that appeared to

him an embarrassing situation. You see, he had never been introduced to you."

"I must reassure him," Jourjon said promptly. "You know the way, do you not? Please go and make yourselves at home. I must greet this polite gentleman." He stood aside, and we passed on in the darkness.

But we did not go far. With one accord, we stopped, watching the dim shadow of Jourjon travel down to the shore and the boat. Once there, he leaped in and shoved off, leaving the kanakas sitting up by the margin of the lagoon. We heard the powerful sweep of the oar that he used as a scull, saw the flash of the sea fire, and heard a hail from the schooner's deck.

"I am Mr. Jourjon, the proprietor of the island," the infernal scoundrel answered in a high voice. "I have come to invite you to dinner with me, my dear sir."

We heard a muffled confab on the schooner and Winthrop's voice cut the darkness. "I'm armed," he said.

"But I invite you to dinner," Jourjon replied, thrusting the boat boldly up to the *Mariana's* side. Other words followed, and then a silence. We seemed to discern the small boat returning. Later we saw that two men were in it. Jourjon helped Winthrop out on the sand with exaggerated courtesy.

"Now," said our host, "let us go and see what supper the natives have provided for us." He turned to Winthrop with a polite sweep of the hand. "I can't tell you how difficult it is to impress on these kanakas the nicer rules of cuisine. In fact"—his tone became vibrant with annoyance—"I had to kill one this afternoon."

Flora took a quick step aside and faced him in the darkness, a glimmer of fire in her eyes. "How dared you!" she breathed. "Who was it?"

Jourjon's deprecating shrug was almost audible. "I am so sorry!" he said. "But discipline must be maintained. It was John Ii."

As the name passed his lips, we stepped upon the *lanai* of the Tunbridge house and the light streamed out on us, showing Winthrop's perplexed, thin face, Michael's moody visage, and the exchange of defiance between Flora and the Frenchman. Really, it was amazing to see the sudden stillness that seemed to have absorbed her out of her hot anger. Defiant she was; but it was a strange, obscure kind of defiance, as though she had confronted an unexpected strength in her opponent. Across Jourjon's features flitted an expression of solicitude.

Winthrop dragged me back, as Flora passed on ahead of her bowing host, great anxiety plainly written in his manner. "This is very absurd," he said. "I presume these people are joking. Such jokes are in bad taste, don't you think? We are in an awkward position. What shall we do?"

"Go in and get some supper," I answered.

"With these—these monsters!" he brought the last word out emphatically. "I—I refuse!"

His voice rose so sharply that Jourjon heard and turned back. "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Winthrop?" he asked. "I regret the poor accommodations, but I didn't expect you, you see."

Winthrop glanced at me, and then said to his self-appointed host, "But you killed somebody!"

Jourjon's air was one of perfect desolation. "And I didn't know you were arriving or I should have—what you call it?—postponed it. I would not willingly disturb a guest, even at the risk of letting a servant go unpunished. But it is past. Will not Mr. Winthrop forgive?"

Winthrop stood fast. It appeared that he would not eat with Jourjon, nor with anybody. He didn't wish to be mixed up in such doings. He murmured the words "respectability," and "murder" and "desire to be quite apart." He and I debated the propriety of dining with a man who had just killed his servant, waxing academic under the starred sky, with the noise of the tremendous Pacific in our ears.

I took the side that, in a way, we had thrust ourselves upon Jourjon and were not responsible for his faults of manner. Jourjon argued vehemently that he was delighted, that his reputation as a host was dear to him, that he apologized for his lack of foresight. He ended, laughing in his sleeve, of course, by affirming that as entertainer he must refuse to take offense at Winthrop's extraordinary demeanour.

"I suggest," he said, "that Mr. Winthrop is the escort, the cavalier of the lovely Miss Flora. Is not Mr. Winthrop bound to obey her wishes? She desires supper."

Now, you wouldn't imagine that so audacious a remark would capture that cold collegian, would you? It did. He accepted the intimation of his rudeness, bowed, and we passed in, Jourjon leading the way among the flowers with unctuous hospitality.

But here Jourjon's momentary triumph ended. The table was spread in the

shadowy length of the *lanai*, resplendent with napery, silver and glass. At the head of it sat Flora; opposite her sat Michael. A kanaka girl murmured hysterically behind her mistress's chair, and the old man glowered at a brown man who gibbered in fear, clattering plates in his shaking hands. As we came in, Flora glanced up carelessly, waved me to a seat at her left and told Winthrop to take the chair to her right. Jourjon dropped hesitatingly into the other seat hastily shoved under him by the terror-stricken servant.

Kanakas know but one master. The two serving, and the others shuffling on the outskirts, recognized that their old master and mistress were come back and thereby their enforced allegiance to Jourjon was swept away. He knew it, and his thin brows contracted wickedly.

The meal was one of constant interplay of chat, laughter, and veiled innuendo. Winthrop, naturally, lost the meaning of it all. To him it merely presented an inexplicable and revolting association of a murderer and two adventurers. He gazed dumbly at his hostess and her radiance, gave monosyllables in return for Jourjon's cold, polite remarks. So the conversation lay among us three mostly: Flora, Jourjon, and myself. Old Michael hadn't much to say.

I remember one interchange between Flora and Jourjon. He said:

"I am very glad that you are here at this time. I was at a loss to know how to amuse my friends who are coming up from Papeete. You relieve me of a responsibility, mademoiselle."

"And I shall be glad to welcome any of your friends, just as I shall make you welcome," she said simply.

"And the good Mr. Winthrop, will he assist you?" he went on, cutting his pear with a deft knife.

"Mr. Winthrop, I fear, is disappointed in the entertainment we provide," she returned.

Jourjon slyly eyed her. "Eh? He expected the tragedy? And he finds—supper? Sometimes it is supper, mademoiselle, when we await tragedy—or death."

She smiled at him. "Everything comes to him who waits."

"And he, he is waiting?"

Here Michael looked up, and said in a harsh voice, "We are all waiting."

Recalling that evening and the setting of these remarks, I admire the coolness of the Frenchman. He was quite alone. As I found out afterwards, he had sent his schooner back for reënforcements, not yet arrived. The kanakas, who at first might have fought for him, were gone wholly back to his enemies. He faced three white men across the tablecloth. The girl alone was a trifle distracted from the object of our visit which was, as he knew, to kill him, to put an end to his domination of Godfrey Island. Yet he dallied with his pear, drawing his thin eyebrows up occasionally with an air of amusement, amusement which politeness (his manner gave us to understand) forbade him to express otherwise.

When the meal was finished, Flora called the maid and said in the native tongue, "Is my room ready?"

The girl's terrified face drew the attention of us all. Even Winthrop inquired, "What is the matter?"

"Mr. Jourjon has seen fit to install himself in my room," Flora answered with a blush.

"An intrusion!" Jourjon declared hastily. "But justified, I hope. It was eloquent of beauty and I always rejoice in loveliness, even in its absence."

Queer, what things will stir up the otherwise unstirable. Winthrop got it into his head that the Frenchman had trespassed upon Miss Tunbridge's privacy. His face flushed and his lips opened. But he found nothing to say, I suppose, for he closed his mouth again with a determined and resolute air. We rose from the table.

Keeping things in her own hands, Flora dismissed us all, saying that she would retire. Michael sat grimly back against the rail of the *lanai* and interrogated a native who answered him in hoarse barkings of fear. Winthrop and I strolled out upon the little lawn toward the beach of the lagoon. And Jourjon, seemingly crestfallen, followed us at a short distance, afterwards disappearing into the shadows.

On the beach, Winthrop demanded an accounting. He said he had been grossly misinformed; that he had understood from me, from Michael, and from Flora, that this was merely a voyage of discovery, possibly of occupation, of an island already discovered but never taken under the flag. He admitted that he had come along in hopes of seeing new things; he denied that he had intended to eat with a murderer, or with a man so lost to all sense of propriety as to seize a young woman's room in her absence.

I was provoked. Winthrop had had plenty of opportunity to acquaint himself with the expedition and its purpose. He had

wilfully withdrawn himself. I had told Michael that the young man might "come in handy," and on that understanding Tunbridge had welcomed him. I foresaw that this calm, ignorant young philosopher might easily make a mess of the whole business. I did my best. I referred him to Flora.

"But she has retired," he remonstrated. "I must know to-night."

Jourjon strolled out of the shadows at this moment, smoking a cigarette. He smiled at us through the moonlit dusk and took up the conversation as though he had had a share in it all along. "If Mr. Winthrop will accompany me for a little while," he said gently, "I shall explain to him."

The shrewdness of his play checked me. I knew very well how he might bend this honest, philosophic youth to his own ends, but I knew of no way of staving him off. Before I could formulate any objection they were walking away, Winthrop haughtily keeping a yard's distance from the Frenchman. I followed.

"I appreciate extremely the chance to make this clear to a gentleman," the rascal began smoothly. "This matter has been too much mixed up by people who have nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Winthrop, I am here as the representative of the French Republic. I am trying to do my painful duty with as little agony as possible to the excellent young woman and her father. But you understand, I am bound to do my duty!"

Winthrop warmed to the villain instantly. I heard him remark on the age-old friendship of the two nations. I groaned. For half an hour I listened to this accomplished robber speaking of the necessity that France had foreseen of protecting her naval bases against Germany, of the care the Republic took that she should at no time break through any conventions or treaties. He didn't refrain from hinting that the United States secretly favoured the exclusion of the Tunbridges and the occupation of Godfrey by Jourjon for the French.

"You possibly witnessed what reception Tunbridge got from the government authorities in Honolulu," he remarked at a venture. I sought Flora.

She had not gone to bed, but sat in the shadow, just outside the lattice of her door, and listened to my tale. When it was ended she astonished me by a sob. I caught my breath and begged her to tell what the matter was. She thrust out her slim, white hand in a pitiful gesture of sorrow. "John Ii was such a dear boy!" she whispered. "He was devoted to me. I taught him to say his prayers every night with his forehead on the top of the *lanai*. Every night when the clock's bell struck nine, he would slip out of the darkness and say, 'Missie Florie, I ready to pray for you.' . . . And I left him, poor slim little lad, to be butchered by that——"

She stopped. I sat still, listening. I heard her subdued sobbing.

The unspeakable rascality of that Frenchman! For mere loot he had come to this peaceful and prosperous islet and driven out its master and mistress; he had laid unclean hands on her most familiar possessions; he had killed her devoted servant; now he was seducing the one man by whose help she might again come into her own. If Winthrop opposed us, we should have a hard task to regain the island, as Jourjon's reenforcements were almost due.

Suddenly we heard a short, sharp exclamation, instantly followed by a loud curse from Jourjon. "I told the wretches to bury the body," he was snarling. His voice rose shrilly, "Boys, boys! Come here!"

Then we heard Winthrop say in a deep baritone, "Is this the boy you killed?"

"Thrice accursed devils!" stormed Jourjon. "Am I not master here? I shall kill others if they don't come and bury this carcass."

Jourjon's rage seemed to pass over Winthrop, for we caught his next words, announced in a clear, heavy voice: "Why did you kill a mere boy?"

Something in the tone carried warning to the Frenchman, for he quickly said, forcing his calm, "He disobeyed me in an important matter. He had been disobedient before. The example was needed. I was compelled to kill him." He yelled again for servants.

Flora stepped back into her room, picked up a fragile oil lamp, and came out into the *lanai*. She crossed it rapidly and came to a halt at the edge of it. The steady ray of light penetrated just far enough into the shadow to show, dimly, the figures of two men.

"Mr. Winthrop!" she called.

For one moment I feared that that call wouldn't be answered. But Winthrop, who was bent over, straightened up and turned toward her. "Here I am, Miss Tunbridge."

"I wished to say," she went on quietly, "that you fellows mustn't kill any more of my friends."

You see the point? Winthrop stood over a dead body, in the deep darkness, without a witness (so far as he knew) to prove that he hadn't done the murder himself. The girl, giving up hope of him, had boldly thrust him into the company of the grinning looter. Winthrop stared a long time at her. Then he bent his gaze on the airy Jourjon. Later he walked away without a word.

Afterwards he came into my room, looked me over carefully, and walked out again. In five minutes, I followed him and found a notebook in his hand. He was perturbed beyond anything you can imagine.

I couldn't resist the temptation. "Why don't you have a glance at Emerson?" I demanded. "He might have something to say."

It stirred him up tremendously. He cursed me. He called me names. And as he went on, getting into a sort of cold, white heat, I detected the raw man in him rising to the surface. Underneath all his youth and polish and philosophy, human nature seethed as violently as it does in you or in me; and he hadn't learned to control it. In fact, I barely escaped alive. He would have killed me with his hands, if I hadn't fenced him off and disappeared.

The next morning, old Michael stole out of his room into mine with a shiny revolver in his feeble hand. "There's no need of fussing about this any longer," he announced. "I'm going to shoot Jourjon."

"But others of his kind are coming," I urged. "This is really a sort of international affair. Think what Winthrop may do."

"I shall kill him, too," said that amazingly vital old chap. Then his voice broke, and he cried out very loudly, "I'll kill them!"

The tones must have carried far, for almost immediately the door opened and Flora appeared, dressed, ready for breakfast. "Whom are you going to kill, papa?" she demanded calmly.

"Jourjon first, then that sissy we brought down on the *Mariana*."

At this point, Winthrop thrust his way in among us, blue eyes glowing. He didn't seem to have heard what the old man had said, for he turned directly to Flora. "Did he take your room?" he demanded.

She glanced at him merely, and answered, "What difference does that make to you? Go back to your partner."

I suppose Winthrop had never been in a tight place before; his wits refused to work properly. He flushed—and it wasn't a boyish flush, either—and then he swung on old Michael.

"I've been pretty blind to just what was going on here," he said. "But I begin to see the truth. You're willing to sacrifice your daughter to your avarice. You've got her into a lovely mess, I must say. What for? What for? All for the sake of a little money."

Michael nearly had a fit. "And whose money am I trying to save?" he roared. "You blackguard! Don't you come trying your airs on me. This is my island. It's been my island for a dozen years and I'm going to keep it for my daughter after me, even if I have to kill both you scoundrels! Don't try any of your smooth schemes on me!"

To emphasize his remarks he stuck his revolver under Winthrop's chin. We both —the girl and I—looked on. For one instant the young fellow's eyes wavered, and then he jumped the old man and jerked the weapon away from him. Flora cried out, and I made ready to interfere. But before I could catch his arm, Winthrop was gone.

I ran after him, and therefore I can tell you just what happened in the next five minutes on Godfrey Island. Just outside the door Jourjon was waiting, a short carbine in the crook of his arm. As Winthrop emerged he hailed him curtly. "You'd better come over on my side," he told him. "I've fooled long enough with these people. This island is worth a cold million for us both, my dear fellow. Get rid of the old chap, and I guess the girl will stay with——"

I supposed Winthrop's sudden dash discomposed him, for he didn't bring the carbine up quickly enough and the shot went wild. Then the philosopher landed on him.

I thought, of course, Winthrop would use the revolver which he had snatched from Michael, but it wasn't in his mind to do that. Maybe it didn't occur to him. Instead, he got Jourjon by the throat, shook him horribly till a knife clinked out of his hand and then——

Flora saved Jourjon's life—what was left in his body. She stepped out and called into Winthrop's deaf ears till he heard. When he looked up, she said, "You've avenged me. Let him go."

Winthrop's eyes were blurred, his face chalk pale. He got up, shaking; but by a big effort he quieted himself and slipped aside, while I bent to see how much of Jourjon there was left. After a time, old Michael and I managed to get him half-conscious.

His first choked words in French, were to the effect: "I'll go away! Let me go!" Later he stared up at us, lying on his back, and cursed Winthrop by all the gods of the Lower Seas, his purple lips quivering with fear. Michael turned his disgusted eyes away and told me that there was no more danger from Jourjon.

"You might shoot him full of holes, cut him into ribbons, or tie him into a knot from poison, and he'd stick to his nerve and his work; but he's met up with a man who uses his hands and his fists, and nobody in the whole world ever again will have to be afraid of this man any more."

An hour later, Winthrop came up to the house and confronted Flora. His face was calm once more, but his expression was new. "Is there anything more I can do for you?" he demanded.

Flora dropped her eyes and picked an hibiscus blossom to pieces. "Did you do that for me?" she inquired presently.

Winthrop smiled, a faint, constrained smile, without mirth in it. "I suppose I did," he answered slowly. "I am ashamed. I lost my temper, of course. But I couldn't bear to see you insulted, and so——"

"So you tried to kill him," she whispered. She looked at him with wet eyes, glanced suddenly over her shoulder as if to surprise some eavesdropper, and fled into her room, leaving Winthrop to stand in a brown study under the palms.

"You seem to have a taste for adventure after all," I said.

"I—I might have killed him," he muttered, shaking with horror.

I have seen men before in his plight. I tested him further.

"You did kill him," I remarked.

Most of us, it is likely, have at one time or another come near to killing a man. If we haven't finished the act, let us thank God, for life is different after murder, whether justified or not. John Selden Winthrop, aware that he had tried to kill, shook with nervousness, was less than a man. But when I told him that he had indeed put Jourjon clean out of his life, when he knew that in a few minutes, with his hands and his fists, he had sent a man whose name he knew to his last accounting, he faced me.

This time his limbs didn't tremble, and his face was composed. In his eyes lay an expression of understanding, of comprehension of a difficulty in our existence, a look that seemed to say, "I have solved one problem."

I don't want you to make a mistake and misunderstand the fellow when I tell you what he said. His words were uttered in all seriousness, without a trace of lightness or disrespect for the laws of God. But, after all, his remark is not without its moral bearing: "This is the real thing!" That was his sole saying, the only comment he made upon the dénouement of his search for adventure.

A few days later the *Mariana* was hauling out into the pass with myself and old Michael on her deck. Michael was waving his hand to Flora, who walked along the little shore of the lagoon abreast of us. "Tell Winthrop to hurry up!" he cried to her.

The philosopher scrambled out of the bushes and leaped into a small boat. A few strokes of an oar and he was alongside the schooner.

"I'm not going," he said curtly. "Tell them to send my mail down here by the *Mariana*. Buy me some tobacco, too. I'm not going back."

"Why not?" I demanded, in amazement. "Haven't you had adventure enough?"

"Some more of Jourjon's friends might turn up while Mr. Tunbridge is away and Flora is alone," he said briefly.

"But your friends—what will they say—in Boston?" I demanded.

Winthrop turned and looked back to the slender beach where Flora stood waiting for him. His face betrayed an inward amazement, a profound astonishment at himself, at his predicament, at the outcome of his voyage of sight-seeing and note-taking. They tell us that the dying man sees his whole life in retrospect, with its vista of circumstance, struggle, failure, success. I'll swear that Winthrop, standing in that small boat, holding to the rail of the gently moving schooner, saw behind him all the sharp details of his humdrum and impeccable existence; saw his irreproachable family, his decent home, his library, his circle of cultured acquaintances—the whole suddenly ending (like a rifle shot) in a preposterous adventure, suddenly narrowing down into a point which lay in the heart of a wilful and lovely woman standing lightly on the coral of an unknown isle.

He turned and gazed at me with a glance of pleading, renunciation, and pride, took his hand from the schooner's rail and turned back to Flora Tunbridge, while old Michael altered the *Mariana's* course to take the pass for the open sea.

So They Say

Dr. G. P. Bidder:
British zoölogist

"Our appreciation of dancing, poetry and jazz music is due to the metabolic rhythm inherited from our flagellate (jellyfish) forefathers, and shows that we are still flagellates at heart."

Frank S. Katzenbach:
Supreme Court Justice, addressing the Camden County (N. J.) Grand Jury

"Many modern mothers devote too much time to face-lifting and not enough to soul-lifting."

George F. Dunican:
at the "opening" of the New Jersey Funeral Directors' Association, where exhibits included coffins lined with gay-coloured silks, with corresponding exteriors

"The day of the gloomy colour for caskets has passed."

Fannie Brice:
singing actress, received a divorce from "Nick" Arnstein in Chicago; she asked for it one day and got it the next

"Let those as wants waste time with their Paris decrees. I'll get mine in Chicago, where they are all wrapped up and ready to carry away."

William Allen White:
editor and author

"Man is the only animal that is able to profit by past experience."

An Office Boy:
interested solely in the sport pages of the newspaper

"I don't know yet what I am going to do, but I know one thing—I'm never going to work too hard. I'm going to always be careful and keep my brain young."

Two Movie Title Writers:
discuss the subtleties of their art

"I don't think it will get across."
"All right, let's dumb it up a little."

Rev. B. F. Wooten:
pastor of a small country church, when arrested for making and selling homebrew

"This is the first dirty trick I ever did. But I was forced to make homebrew to raise money to pay my former wife the alimony which the court allowed her, or go to jail. I never drank the brew."

General Field Marshal Paul L. H. A. von Beneckendorf and von Hindenburg:
President of the German Republic, discusses nervousness, when a friend asks him about it

"I wonder that your nerves don't give way under the strain."

"When I feel nervous, I whistle."

"But I have never known you to whistle."

"I never have yet."

Channing Pollock:
playwright

"The American legal attitude toward women murderers seems to be, 'Girls will be girls.'"

Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton:
head of the Department of Psychology, Temple University, disagrees with Prof. Averling's theory that the hyena is the only animal, aside from man, which indulges in laughter

"Cows, calves, horses, and monkeys laugh, and the most obvious laughter in the animal kingdom is that of the dog."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:
motion-picture star

"Look at us, look at these queer people who make up the picture industry. Just bums, half of us are, taken from every imaginable seat of ignorance in the world, from the fur trade to the circus troupe."

LORINE PRUETTE:
in the "Nation"

"In addition to losing his sexual dominance the modern man has lost financial dominance as well."

HARRY S. NEW:
Postmaster-General

"Advertising creates and changes the foundation of all popular action, public sentiment and public opinion."

JOHN BURTON:
65, with a burglary record running back over a quarter of a century, invents a burglar-proof door

"In my wanderings I have noted need of something like this."

JIM TULLY:
American writer and ex-hobo and prize-fighter, in "Scribner's"

"My religion does not include service for profit."

AN ENGLISH WOMAN:
living in a "haunted" house, says she not only saw the ancient white-bearded ghost, but felt him kiss her

"I was not afraid. He looked so gentle and kind."

RIGHT REV. ERNEST W. BARNES:
Bishop of Birmingham, England

"Man is not a being who has fallen from an ideal state of perfect innocence. He is a rising animal, slowly gaining spiritual understanding, and rising far above his distant ancestors."

MORTON ALAN SUSSKIND:
little boy, in a letter to Assistant Secretary of War MacNider

"I have just read in the paper that you did not have any baby to send to some little girl. I would like a little dog, a dog that does not bite and one that will like me a lot."

SIR ARTHUR KEITH:
President of the British Assn. for the Advancement of Science, when the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett attacks his views on Darwinism

"I know a fact when I see one, which is more than the Church does at this time."

CAPTAIN CURTIS:
lauds the woodchuck as a game animal—after the reminiscences of President Coolidge's youthful prowess in that hunting

"A successful woodchuck shooter is the best potential sheep hunter that I can imagine."

BERNARD DEVOTO:
assistant professor at Northwestern University

"Beside the conservatism of a College fraternity, a Directors' meeting of United States Steel would have a pronounced Bolshevistic tinge."

DR. CHARLES S. PREST:
Secretary of the Brooklyn Tuberculosis and Health Association

"Why stop at the examination of the automobile? Why should not every operator of a motor vehicle be required to have a health examination before he is permitted to drive a car, and then regularly at least once each year thereafter?"

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL:
widow of the artist, Joseph Pennell

"There is small comfort for the modern woman in her one-piece gown if her lines and curves are not built that way."

"BOBBY" JONES:
champion American golfer, explains the reason for up-and-down playing in golf

"Golf is to a large extent played between the ears."

DR. C. E. K. MEES:
Director of Research in the Eastman Laboratories, Rochester, N. Y.

"Science has killed the navies of the world."

RIGHT REV. MAURICE F. MCAULIFFE:
auxiliary bishop of Hartford

"Woman, emancipated by the Church, is once more enslaved by a pagan naturalism."

M. CANET:
President of the French Lawn Tennis Federation, when France won the Davis Cup contest

"England has had her Dohertys, Australia her Wildings and Pattersons, and United States her Tildens—but France has Lacoste and Cochet. We are satisfied."

DR. V. R. KOKATNUR:
Hindu scientist

"The sage of India, Agastyals, was credited in mythology with the discovery of hydrogen, oxygen, dry batteries, electroplating, kites, hot air and balloons."

WILLIAM RALPH INGE:
the "Gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's, London, predicts the "Press Button" or "Bungaloid Age" in England about 1950

"The whole face of the country will be spotted with bungaloid growths, within which childless couples will sleep, after racing about the roads in their little motorcars. As in America, the typical house will be servantless. Meals will be brought in from a delicatessen shop, and heated by a gas or electric cooker. The art of supplying standardized needs by pressing buttons will be carried to great perfection."

DR. W. N. BOLDYREFF:
physiologist of Battle Creek Sanatorium

"Fear is at the bottom of the gastric and intestinal disturbances that produce seasickness. The psychic reaction of fright inhibits the secretions of digestive juices, which afterward pour forth with greater force, irritating the sensitive lining of the intestine, with consequences which need no elucidation. Suggestion is the rational means of preventing the malady."

WILLIAM MCBRIDE:
head of a New York theater ticket agency

"In the old days wealthy men saw 100 plays a year. Nowadays, when six tickets cost $50, when supper prices soar, and bootleggers must be reckoned with, families will see half a dozen plays—the hits—and call it a season."

W. E. PARKER:
chief of the Division of Hydrography and Topography, explains why the Coast Survey abandoned under-water radio in surveying the Carolina coast

"We have been listening to the clicks of oysters instead of the sound of the bomb signal, in the radio-acoustic equipment."

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK:
of New York, declares the American restaurant is one of the chief causes of the high divorce rate

"The woman of to-day is no longer a cook. She's a can opener."

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH:
a Christian apostle of the present day from the East

"There is neither past nor future; all is present."

W. B. LYONS
New Jersey's winged bricklayer

"We've got to have better landing fields if people expect their bricklayers to fly to work. It's terrible, flying around here."

MELVIN F. TALBOT:
lieutenant (S. C.), U. S. Navy

"Where the gospel is preached to the heathen, and risky investments net far more than 6 per cent., missionary and trader alike look to the gunboat in the offing."

DR. STEWART PATON:
Princeton psychiatrist and neuro-biologist

"We are obsessed with an insane desire to prohibit, to forbid the ownership of private property, the teaching of evolution, the right to be sane and temperate or to be considerate of the habits and actions of other people. . . . The prohibitive complex has become one of the chief menaces of our civilization."

MISS KATHERINE SIMMS:
deprived of her nightly job as proofreader's assistant because of a State law

"So long as a woman does hard, dirty, menial work the men don't want, she is obeying the law."

A MAYFAIR PHOTOGRAPHER:
in London

"If some of my customers retain their photographs for their grandchildren the poor descendants will find they had a different-looking grandmother every few months. . . . Eyes are altered from month to month, mouths are dyed into different shapes, noses are altered by the tricks of colour, and their figures are recast through the skill of Paris modistes."

SEYMOUR LOWMAN:
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and in charge of Prohibition enforcement

"The great mass of Americans do not drink liquor. There are two fringes of society who are hunting for 'booze'. They are the so-called upper crust and the down-and-out in the slums. They are dying off fast from poison 'hooch.'"

G. DUNCAN C. MACLEOD:
native-born Scot; Laird of Raasay, an island off Skye in the Hebrides; naturalized American; veteran of four wars; and a hardware merchant

"The Scotch are the only nation humourous enough to enjoy a joke on themselves."

PREMIER MUSSOLINI:
on the birth of a son

"This is not my fourth child, but the first of a new series."

REV. WILLIS F. JORDAN:
late of Columbus, Ga., when sorely harassed by various persons who claim him for husband and father

"If there are records of these marriages against me I am sure that they occurred while I was under the spell of amnesia, from which I suffer frequently."

MRS. SERENA BUCKALEW RABKE:
when the Jersey Board of Education barred her from school, ruling that a married woman might be a dangerous "distraction" to both pupils and teachers

"As if any one could tell the girls in the high school any more than they know now!"

JAMES WATERMAN WISE:
author

"There is growing up in many circles a new understanding of the truth that the Jewish problem cannot be solved by persecution from without nor by repudiation from within."

DR. SERGE VORONOFF:
Hungarian gland expert

"By the transplantation of glands we can and will produce a race of supermen."

DR. REUBEN H. GROSS:
secretary of the Institute of Pediatry

"'Golfer's foot' comes when a duffer who only plays golf occasionally . . . plays too much golf all of a sudden. . . . It is always the forward foot which is affected, and the strain is caused by the violent swing which many find indispensable to the successful pursuit of this pastime."

MRS. JAMES CRANE:
to Magistrate Glatzmeyer, when her husband appears charged with disorderly conduct

"I don't mind his singing when he's sober. He's no Caruso, but it sounds all right. But when he's been drinking. . . . I can't tell it from a fire engine unless I can see the notes coming out of his mouth."

DR. FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS:
medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, New York

"The homes and the schools are the infectious spots from which the nervous and mental diseases, and maladaptations are produced."

DR. WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER:
opens search for child prodigies in Philadelphia

"The climate of Philadelphia, its medical and educational facilities, are all conducive to genius."

AN ENGLISH EDITOR:
of Lord Beaverbrook's "Daily Express"

"It is never a sign of commercial health when the Jews show a tendency to desert a city or a country."

UPTON SINCLAIR:
says that the young San Francisco poet, George Sterling, who committed suicide, was in love with his (Sinclair's) wife

"For sixteen years his attitude never changed; her marriage made no difference—when he came to visit us he would follow her about with his eyes, and sit and murmur her name as if under a spell; our friends would look at us and smile, but George never cared what they thought."

A. M. WENDELL MALLIET:
negro porter who works in a pharmacy by day, is an editor by night, and studies Kant

"I am a hopeless idealist. It is the ruin of me. The materialism of Spencer and Huxley appals me. But I find Kant, Spinoza, Plato, and Aristotle very stimulating."

MR. JOSEPH MACK:
arrested for kissing his wife in his motor, when a jury decides petting is proper if the petters are married, and awards him $3,675 damages for false arrest

"Surely a man has a right to make love to his wife on a night like that was."

The Key and Purgatory

By "FREDERICK, BARON CORVO"

LYING on his back, on the wooded slopes of Monte Saraceno, Toto lavished the long rose-brown sinuosities of youth: the right leg here, stretched out in a straight line with his body; the left, there, flexed at the knee, leaning away in strenuous abandonment. His arms framed the density of his hair; his head and throat fell back and upward to the sky.

In a low-slung hammock, I was gazing, through the dark green foliage of a cedar, into the fathomless profundity of blue. The mid-summer air was soft, here in the cool shade, and breathed a scent of spikenard.

"Well, sir, Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires has told me many tales. I was a little child then, like Guido. That friar was my friend; and he wished me well. Therefore, he taught me to watch the world with diligent eyes, but especially the people who are on it. That is why I am able to say that such a thing is so, because—or that such a thing will be so, because— He said that I should learn wisdom by observing people without their skins. Also, he said that, at times, I must go away in loneliness, and think, and listen to the wind, or to the sea, or to the voices of the trees and of the flowers, or to the whispers of the earth. This I have done, and I do: therefore I know many things which no man has told to me. Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires had visions of the gods, also conversations with the same, face to face. Everybody knows it to be so; for truly, sir, he is a holy man: and he told me of these, secretly If he had not told me, there would have been few histories for la sua eccellenza, and those not of the most fine. But he did tell me; and I have learned his veritable words: some, I do not understand fully; but they are beautiful, and they are his. People say he is improvisatore, and most illustrious. Improvisatore, indeed! They have not seen the personages of whom he speaks; and they do not understand that he speaks only of personages whom, having seen, he knows. You have called me improvisatore, also, sir: and you are wrong. All that I tell you is not improvisation. It is simply the histories which I have from Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires, given in his proper words; or, in my own words, descriptions of what I know, having seen, having heard. There is nothing more. I am not Domeniddio, who can create things from nothing. I must have grapes and clean feet, before I can make wine. Without them I make no wine. The things of which I speak are there; and, when I look, I see them: and,—being your own improvisatore, O dear Don Friderico,—I tell you what I know, after seeing.

"Dreams? O, yes,—but, dreams. And that is Our Lady of Dreams. You have seen her, in her picture in the chapel at Deira. She sends a dream-angel to put wisdom into me, and to show me things by night. Yes, often. But not when I am wicked. No. Therefore I worship her. *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et Benedictus Fructus ventris tui Jhesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc, et in hora mortis nostræ: amen.*

"Where to find? In various places, sir. Per esempio, when you do not want me—perhaps you will be painting that deaureate Desiderio for Divin Amore,—perhaps you will be sleeping,—perhaps you will be at home reading to la signora duchessa—oh, sir,—pardon,—oh, what have I said,—oh, dear Don Friderico, pardon—✠ requiescat in pace——

* * *

"Well, sir, when you do not want me, then I slip into whatever water may be near;—it must be deep, sir, and still; a sea, sir, or the lake; and I dive headlong down deep, making neither noise nor splash, opening my eyes wide,—but wide. Having gone to the depth of my spring, I stretch; I become all stiff; and, very slowly, I float up to take breath. But, while I am down there, my eyes pierce the shadows of the depths, and I see; there are voices, and I hear them sing. I drink secrets with my eyes and ears. My body does not know,

does not feel: it is a log, straight and stiff, feet and hands stretched far and wide. Then I breathe strongly in the sun, hanging still in the water. I spring over, and down, many times, until I tire of diving. By day, sir, it is a cool green world under the water; by night a black-blue world with silver in it. Afterward, I gain the bank, and I spread myself in the sun like one crucified, until my face is dry; and I stare into the sky, or the sun, or the moon, or a star which I shall choose. It is a yellow world then, sir, or a red, or pearl-coloured, or a blue. And, if the wind sings, I lend my ears. Then I nail myself face downward, stretching hands and feet far and wide; and I breathe the breath of the earth. All the time, I keep my eyelids open to the full, and fixed, and stedfast; till I see new things, as well as things that I have seen before. And so I learn. But this is only the beginning: for the things are always hazy, and the voices faint. Still, I have caught wisdom with my eyes and ears; and, after I make it clear, select that which is worth keeping, and store it in my mind. When I have put on my cap, and my sandals, and my thulakoi, and my shirt, then I lie down under some tree, to think.

"Verses? Oh, yes; it is all music that I hear. They sing, these personages of the water—of the wind.

"Like plain-song? No, but something like.

"Then like what? Ah, sir, I do not know what you want me to say.—Well, then, like angels, very grave and solemn; or like sad dryads or naiads.

"Nonsense?

"Listen, sir! You will take a book, and read, as fast as you can turn the pages. I must spell each letter slowly, till I hear it, before I know it. You dip cut feathers in the ink, and your hand writes of itself, oh, but pages in an hour! And tiny,—tiny! I can write *Teodoro* and *Toto;* and what more, when the feather sticks, and ink comes down like puddles on the paper. You paint the gods on planks and canvas, as they are in paradise. You pinch the ball of a box: you pour venom from blue bottles over glass in the dark; and you make little me come there, leaping, or wrestling with that beast Otone, or lying at my ease taking my siesta, just as I live. I cannot do the deeds of la sua eccellenza: but I do not call the said deeds nonsense because I cannot do them. There they are. I know they are, because I have eyes which see them. Why should I call them nonsense, then? Also, I have some wisdom of my own. I tell you that I won it from Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires, or from angels, or from water, or from wind, or trees, or sea, or sky. You know it, because I tell it to you, just as these personages have put it in my mind. Oh, yes, people call it nonsense; but they are people,—quite respectable; but they do not know things. And la sua eccellenza is of another species.

"Yes, well; the key of gold and crystal,—that is what I said about the painter. The gods amused him with a key of gold and crystal. And—? Well, I am telling you about it now.

"After I have caught the seeds of wisdom with my eyes and ears, I must fix my eyes wide open, and lie still, and think. Then, wisdom blossoms; and I see and hear, clearly and distinctly, those things which, at first, were hazy, faint, or shapeless. But, I must be glaring at a clear distinct thing, all the time. Only that way, I can plainly see or hear: and, what I plainly see or hear, that I say. I called it a key, but the gold part is not important. It was beautiful, therefore I said it. But it was the bright clear crystal which had significance: for, when the painter looked stedfastly into its shining depths, he could see the gods as they live; and have much joy; just as I have joy when I look into that large crystal ball which stands upon your writing table at home. So, the thing became a key by which the painter, tormented by that Jesuit, might unlock the gate of another world, and peep in there at his will; and, peeping, forget his pain.

"No, I cannot alway use that crystal ball, because I dare not move it from your writing table. But I can see what I want to see in other things; not quite so well as in the crystal ball, but well enough: and these I use when I am in strange places, such as this. These things must have depth and brightness. Either will do for me; but depth is better. Eyes are very good; and the flavian eyes of Desiderio suit me better than all other eyes, better even than the pure eyes of that dove, my brother Guido. That is why I make the creature ride astride my knees, when I recite histories in these forests. I wrap him in my arms, and hold him still, and I look into his eyes. What I see there, is told by my lips. O, eyes of a glorified cat! O lovely eyes! Eyes clear as the golden wine of Nido di Corvo!

"Beatrice? Well.—Formerly.—Not now.—Sir, my throat aches when I think.—Excuse me.—✠ Requiescat in pace.

"Then there is water. If I look at a dew-drop, or a rain-drop on a flower, or into still water, or into ink in my palm, then I can see those things. Or a point of brightness will make my wisdom blossom; a light on metal, or on a pebble, or on glass,—I have seen things on the spectacles of la sua eccellenza, —or a leaf, if that it be a bright spot in shade. I am looking at a little speck of blue through this dark cedar, now. That is why I can speak.

"Not believe me?

"But you shall believe me! I will die, here, before your eyes. Then you will believe. I will die, now; and you shall see and hear.

"No. Not that. Am I a fool? But give me those eyes of Desiderio near mine,—he is asleep, there, behind you,—and I will let you hear me die. Yes, sir, do now! Ah, do! Dangerous? Not at all. Nothing is dangerous. Are there no gods, sir? And I will not venture near the Brown Kingdom. Only to purgatory, and back. You can call me when you choose. It will be easy, sir; and most diverting for you. Also, you will believe. Yes, sir! Say that I may!"

Desiderio was dragged out of a siesta, and made to lie on his back, with his hands under his neck, his head down, his throat raised. Toto lay, breast downward, in the same line, but behind Desiderio's head, his elbows planted firmly, his chin in his palms and his eyes directly above the eyes of my xanthomeirakion. There was a space of about four top-joints of thumb between them. They were close beside my hammock, and I lowered myself till I was exactly on their level. The brown eyes of Toto were opened to their full extent, the brows a trifle contracted, all quite rigid, but with no suspicion of constraint. Just resolute, alert expectancy. No more. Desiderio had a little lazy smile playing on his half-open rosy lips. He was evidently no novice at this game, of which I had never known. He appeared to be aware of drowsy pleasures in store. As time fled, the pupils of his strange eyes dilated, becoming very large and black and velvety; and the yellow irides shimmered like threads of amber, edging stainless white. For some minutes there was perfect motionless stillness. Then Toto began to speak, very gravely, very slowly, with pauses, varying in duration, between his phrases, and using a monotone of minor shade.

"O most courteous angel,—my guardian, —my leader,—my governour,—my guide,— and my defence,—my most wise counsellor, —and my most faithful friend,—teach me, —rule me,—guard me,—guide me,—along the right road—to the place—where—I would go.

"I live. Take me through the Gate of Death.

"Take me away.

"I wait.

"O, take me in your arms, and carry me away.

"I want—to move to you.

"I—cannot—move—to you.

"Cord binds.

"Angel!

"Lift.

"Ah—Let us go.—Now.

"Wait?

"I will wait.

. . . . . .

"The Grey Angel!

"My arms there—and hold?

"Yes.

"Now!

"Drop!

"Rush! Blackness! *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et Benedictus Fructus ventris tui, Jhesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc, et in hora mortis nostræ: amen.* Blackness. Glimmer. Stop.

"No. I will not move.

"Brown cave. Shadows moving. Dim tapers. Rush and splash of falling water. Low tunnel there.

"If I move, I may fall into some pit.

"A light? Thank you.

"Ready.

"Lie down in this car?

"Cramped. Hard.

"Head low. Shade candle.

"You will go behind the little car, and push?

"Roof of tunnel just above my head.

"R-u-s-h.

"Tunnel.

"Onward.

"Clank—clank—clank.
"Rocks of the roof are low.
"Walls enclose me.
"Onward.
"Rush.

"Walls widen.
"I cannot see the wall on the right.
"Raise—candle—look. Pf!
"It is gone out. Stop.

"Light it, please. Ah.
"The roof has gone out of sight. Brown rocks, wet, streaked, patched, with lumps, with veins, that shine. In front, new opening—hole in wall of brown darkness.
"Ready.
"Plunge on. Brown darkness.
"Shades enclose me.
"Water drops—runs.
"My neck is cramped by stooping.
"On.

"If some rock of the roof be low enough to strike my head in this swift rush, my neck will break. A jerk will snap it.
"On.

"On.

"Beautiful walls.
"I am glad that I came.

"Brown rocks streaked with veins all white, or patched with lumps of glittering grey.

"Air cold as death. Water drips.

"In brown darkness, eyes are dazzled by shaded light.

"On.

"No sound, except the crash and clang of the rushing car. Now and then, a distant booming thud. Gusts of blasting wind. I feel the warm breath of my angel, at my back. I know his arms are round the rushing car.
"On.

"The roof has lifted.
"Please, let me see.
"Fissure overhead.
"Little brown hole before.
"Deo gratias! I can shift—stretch.
"Below, darkness, reflection of my candle in water. It rushes back in smooth torrent. Are there any fishes?

"Ready? Yes.

"Plunge.
"On.
"Little gap. Brown darkness.
"Brown nothingness.
"Cannot pierce it.
"Solid wall of brown.
"As I dash at it, it alway goes in front.

"Is—this—Death?
"Not three minutes since I left the world!
"Well now!

"I like this.
"You have been here often. I, never.
"On.
"Let me see all.
"On.
"Never mind how I feel.
"On.
"Let me see all.
"On.

"Light ahead.

"Slower.

"The walls grow wider.
"The light comes nearer.

"Pass. Light on empty car. Shadows waiting near. Each holds glimmering spark.

"Slower.

"Oh! slow!

"Tunnel branches. Smoke. Sulphur.

"Speed on.
"On, to right, with a jolting rattle and crash, I fly.
"Lower head.
"On.
"Where does the smoky sinister tunnel lead? How dark!
"And the stench! To the Brown Kingdom! Ah! Hasten.
"On.
"On.

"Cold.
"Dark.

"Darkness yields—yields.
"Rough-hewn rocks.
"Streaks glittering grey.

"Slower.
"To the left.
"Stop.

"That was a fine swift ride.
"Here are empty grey cars,—dim lights—shadows moving.

"I follow in your footsteps.
"Stoop.
"To the right. Narrow passage.
"The floor is rough,—wet.

"I refuse to fall.

"Walls rocky — fissured — streaked — patched.
"The passage winds.
"The roof is high—low.
"I follow.
"How can I see without the sun, down here?
"This little candle is the light.

"No, I have no fear.

"Dust lies thick like grey snow.
"A long puddle. The roof drips. I am wet.

"A vast cave. The roof is too high. Walls far away. Rough.
"Seamed with water. Streaks. Patches. Glittering grey.

"Wonderful!

"Danger?
"What?
"The Lake? Oh, let me see the lake.

"Is that brown bottomless abyss a lake?

"Bridge?

"How deadly cold!
"There are shadows! Shadows rise and sink! Hands!!
"Faces!! They are People!!!
"A girl! I saw a girl!
"Oh! Let us save them!
"Why not yet?
"When will it be time?
"Who are they?
"Passions?

"May I pray that they may be cooled soon?
"*Libera, Domine, animas servorum Tuorum, sicut liberasti Noe de diluviis. Amen.*

"Poor souls, in the dark silence, and the ice-cold water.
"I shall come here. Oh, yes!
"Yes, ready.
"A grey ladder.
"Light fixed to my head. Hands free.
"I follow you.

"The rungs are cold.
"Dare I look down? No. Up. Up.
"Squeeze through a little gap.

"Another ladder.
"Up.
"Foothold shallow. I do not leave one rung till I have gripped the next.
"Through this gap.

"Rest.

"Another ladder.

"Up.
"Longer. Difficult to climb.
"Gap.
"Another ladder.
"Slanting over brown darkness.
"Water streams down on me.
"I am skin wet.
"Climbing a chimney.
"Ouf!

"Deo gratias.
"High passage. Windy. Dry. Cold.
"Dim lights flicker in brown darkness.
"Shadows wave in the air. They sway in the wind.
"People!
"Look at the old woman! Look! A priest!
"What are they?
"Good—soaked in silliness—vanity?
"And?
"Hang here in the wind till dry?
"Wait, please. *Requiem æternum dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.* Yes. Ready.
"Down this passage.

"Down.
"I stumble on rough brown rocks—dull-shining dust.
"Narrow—and low.
"Down.

"Down——"

(Toto was absolutely rigid. His eyes were fixed, intense; they did not wink, nor flicker. I scribbled the slow, deliberate utterances

which, at intervals, he made. I very keenly watched him.

Desiderio, also, was devoid of movement. The smile was faded from his face. His eyes were open wide, but had fallen upward and inward, showing much white, little iris, less pupil. His breast heaved gently and regularly. He was asleep, undreaming.

I doubted whether I would go down to the tents, for a shower of rain was coming on.)

"—difficult to walk.
"Warm.
"Slowly.
"Foot-way slants from right to left.
"Slippery grey dust.
"Slant steeper.
"Wall on my right. Touch it always.
"Steep.
"Left leg long. Right leg bent.

"Down.

"Hot.

"Cannot see left wall.
"Touch right wall.

"Crawl along species of edge.
"Slipping, dusty edge.
"No. I have no fear.—But let me look over the edge.
"Madonna mia! A precipice!
"Dull red flames below. People burning.
"Boom. Hot wind. Wait, please, while I pray. *Libera, Domine animas servorum Tuorum, sicut liberasti tres pueros de camino ignis ardentis: amen.*
"Yes. Ready. I follow you.
"I am trembling. I cannot help.
"No. I have no fear. I trust you.

"Crawling—slowly—edge of an abyss—

"The edge slides. Narrow edge.
"Rocks—stones—shining dust—slip—pass—and fall over—when I move. They fall. They fall. How far down?

"If—I—fall——"

(This was the most creepy moment of my life. I know the cataleptick apprehension of a fall, too jolly well. "✠ Toto, Toto, come back!" I cried.)

"I come.
"Angel! I must go home.

"Ladders.
"Down a slanted hole.

"Cool.
"Water streams down.
"Down.
"Another ladder.

"Down.
"Down.

"Ground.
"The great cave. The cold lake.
"Brown. Dark.
"Along a passage. Narrow. Wet. Cold.
"Speed.
"Cars again.
"I crouch inside.
"You are behind me? I feel your breath. Your arms are round the car.
"Ready.

"Plunge forward. Through cold air. Over rushing water.
"Clank—clank—clank.
"Crash.
"The car runs smoothly. With noise. With breathless speed. On. The roof is high—Low—On—Walls wide——narrow.—On—Brown rocks flit by—On—White streaks—Patches of glittering grey—On—Darkness—On—Darkness—Glimmer ahead—On. Flickering lights. Near—On—Nearer. Nearer. Stop.
"Leave the car. Stretch. Shadowy figures in the dark.
"Glimmering sparks.
"I have no light now.
"Ah! Angel!—
"Lift me. Let me look back.
"How brown and grey!
"Yes. Ready. Hold me tightly.

"Rush. All black.

"All is gone.

"Rush—Up—Black—Black—Oh, I would not have missed this for a thousand lire!—Up—Rush—Black. Rush. Gray. Up. Light!
"Ouf!"

(Rhudickoneos bounded off the ground, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and pushed back his hair.)

"Sir, how warm it is! But,—warm! And raining! Per Bacco, look at the rain! How long was I away, sir? Nearly two hours? Fancy that now! Did I say things? Oh, look at the pages! Well, well!—Desiderio! Monster of sloth, awake! Carry the books of la sua eccellenza. And the tobacco.
"Sir—my arm!"

The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse

By THOMAS A. JANVIER

I

"MONSIEUR then is prepared to deny everything, all entire?" Monsieur was not prepared to deny everything, either all entire or sectionally. He was in narrow shoes. Therefore he temporized. For some seconds he stirred his coffee with a diligence—precisely as though Marie's words, actually spoken in a voice high-pitched and penetrating, had been inaudible. Then he looked up at her—precisely as though she had entered the room at that very moment, and said suavely: "Another glass of crème de menthe, if you please, Marie—and I beg that this time the morsels of ice may not be of the magnitude of hills."

Marie neither stirred nor answered.

"Let the ice, I say," Monsieur Alphonse continued, still playing for time, and also for diversion, "be not fragments of the dimensions of icebergs. Age is setting its harsh grasp upon thee, Marie. Thou art becoming careless. It is not alone my crème de menthe that is atrocious this evening. The souffle also was a scandal. It had the heaviness of a bad dream!"

This unfair thrust almost was a touch. Marie's lips trembled and partly opened. Had they fully opened—in violent refutation of the calumny put upon her souffle, which had been figuratively as well as literally an inspiration—all would have been lost. By a series of masterly maneuvers she had driven Monsieur Alphonse from one ill-defended position to another until she had him fairly in the open. Her demand for a general denial was much the same as a home-driven charge of cavalry upon a badly formed square. A diversion would have been fatal to the success of her attack. She realized this fact—and by an effort of will little short of heroic closed her lips firmly upon her unspoken words. When her lips did open, it was to repeat her charge upon the enemy's wavering square.

"Monsieur then is prepared, I say, to deny everything: to deny that none of these so-called accidents—every one of which, he will observe, has caused Madame Bellarmine to trespass upon our premises—has been the result of anything but chance?"

"I asked thee for another glass of crème de menthe, Marie."

"He would have me believe, for example, that the falling of the wall was an accident?"

"Walls are not eternal. It was a very old wall."

"And the pruning of the overhanging tree?"

"Common courtesy required that permission should be obtained in that matter."

"And the pursuit of the cat—which has occurred no less than three times?"

"Cats are animals of a vagrant nature. Only strong chains would restrain Madame Bellarmine's cat from coming upon my land."

"That I admit freely! I would admit as much of Madame Bellarmine herself."

"Have a care, Marie!"

"And to omit the remainder of these scandals and to come to the immediate present, Monsieur is prepared to deny that this very evening Madame Bellarmine had the effrontery to beg from him our choicest roses, and that he pressed them—thousands of them!—eagerly into her outstretched hands?"

Monsieur Alphonse's attempt at a diversion having been unsuccessful, the situation remained unchanged. He was not prepared, I repeat, to deny everything; he even was prepared—if Marie fairly made a rat in a corner of him—to brazen the whole thing through. On the other hand, if a little judicious denying would relax the tension of a disagreeably tense situation, he was willing, within reason, to do his possible to ease the strain. Therefore he said, speaking with a guarded accuracy: "I deny that Madame Bellarmine begged me for my roses. I deny that I pressed thousands of them eagerly into her outstretched hands."

"Monsieur does not deny, I observe," Marie answered coldly, "that Madame Bellarmine carried away with her in her inverted parasol—as I saw with my own eyes—enough of our roses to ransom a dozen queens. Perhaps Monsieur will explain," she added, still more coldly, "by what fresh 'accident' those roses came to be in Madame Bellarmine's parasol?"

Monsieur Alphonse raised his empty glass and regarded it with an air of exaggerated longing. As Marie remained impassive, he set it down again with an exaggerated sigh. Then he said, plaintively: "Marie, in one more moment—at the most, in two more moments—I shall perish in torments, here before thy eyes, of thirst and indigestion! Hast thou no bowels?"

Brushing aside with a gesture of disdain Monsieur Alphonse's avowed intention to perish before her eyes in dual torments, and absolutely ignoring his irrelevant digression into her personal anatomy, Marie observed with a frost-nipped politeness: "I beg Monsieur's pardon. Monsieur was about to explain?"

Monsieur Alphonse leaned back in his chair and sighed again—this time with an air of exaggerated fatigue. "Thou art wearying, Marie—as wearying as a breadless day! The explanation that thou demandest with such unseemly insistence is of childish simplicity. I make it to thee only for the sake of peace. Listen, then. What happened was this—precisely this: I was cutting roses from the jacqueminot in the corner—the tree that overhangs the outer wall. I was cutting those roses which grew upon the highest branches. To reach them I was compelled to stand upon the step-ladder's very top. My position was one of extreme peril. At any moment I was liable to fall. Had I fallen from that giddy height I assuredly should have dashed out my brains. Think of it, Marie! Thou wouldst have gone into the garden in search of thy old master, and thou wouldst have found his cold——"

"But Monsieur did *not* fall," Marie interrupted.

"God be thanked, no! But, being in such imminent danger, it is not surprising that my hands trembled; that two, that three, that perhaps even half a dozen roses slipped from the shears and fell outward upon the road."

"Ah! And Madame Bellarmine at that moment falling also precisely upon the road——"

"Peace, Marie! The roses fell, I repeat, into the common highway. It was not my intention, of course, to suffer them to remain there. It was my intention"—to do Monsieur Alphonse justice, it is only fair to state that he here hesitated a little—"it was my intention, I say, when I had finished cutting my roses, and had descended in safety from that perilous height, to go out by the gate (which, as thou knowest, is quite at the other end of the garden) and reclaim them. Circumstances arose, however, which made that course impossible for me. While I still continued to cut roses, while the roses which had escaped from me still lay where they had fallen, Madame Bellarmine chanced to come up the roadway—approaching from the town."

"'*Chanced* to come up the roadway!'" Marie echoed in a tone witheringly scornful; and added: "Now I have the whole matter. Now I understand why Monsieur spent the whole of the hot afternoon in the 'Robinson.' It was admirable, the 'Robinson,' for his purposes. From there in the tree-top one sees perfectly the road leading up the hillside from Nîmes." Marie paused for a moment, and then continued still more scornfully: "But I interrupt Monsieur's narrative. Monsieur was cutting roses with such skill that hundreds of them fell into the roadway. While he was so engaged, Madame Bellarmine 'chanced'—positively, it was a miracle!—also to fall into the roadway, no doubt dropping from the clouds! Will Monsieur do me the favour to continue his interesting tale?"

"It is because of thy age and thy infirmities, Marie, that I suffer thee to wag thy tongue thus loosely. There is nothing more to tell thee. Most naturally, finding some roses lying in the dust of the public highway, Madame Bellarmine took possession of them—as thou, in like circumstances, wouldst have done thyself, Marie. She picked them up, I say, and went onward with them to her home. There, that is the whole of this matter about which thou hast raised such a tempest. That, I say, is the whole.

"And now, thy perverse curiosity being satisfied, perhaps thou wilt have the goodness to bring me the crème de menthe that I pine for. As to the ice, I repeat my injunction: Let the morsels be something less in magnitude than the whole round world!"

"Monsieur shall be served in a moment," Marie replied with a frigidity that quite put the ice out of countenance—and left the room with the haughtily erect bearing of a conscript in his second year.

II

ACTUALLY, the exhibition of fact on the part of Monsieur Alphonse, to put the matter delicately, had been inadequate. His statement, with certain exceptions, had been a truthful statement; but his qualifying reservations distinctly had impaired its truthfulness as a whole. Yet his eliminative unveracity, if I so may term it, must not be taken too seriously nor regarded too harshly, as though destitute of all excuse. Much may be forgiven a young lover who gives the coast of truth an offing in order to guard the treasured secret of his love. Very reasonably, therefore, much more may be forgiven—even so far a run to seaward as to drop the coasts of truth quite below the horizon—in the case of a lover who is rising forty, who is a recluse, and who is a professional philosopher of the Positivist School: which, precisely, was the case of Monsieur Alphonse. What really had happened was this:

In the early afternoon, having finished his excellent breakfast, Monsieur Alphonse had ascended to the "Robinson" with his cigarette-case in one pocket of his flannel jacket and in the other pocket a volume of Comte. Absolutely, his only intention was to study an obscure passage in the writings of that philosopher and to smoke. The "Robinson" being circular, he might have seated himself with his back to any one of the thirty-two points of the compass. Chance—directed by the fall of the sunlight through the branches—led him to seat himself with his back to the southeast. Of necessity, therefore, he faced toward the northwest—that is to say, toward the Villa Prentegarde. Even Marie, had these facts been presented to her consideration, must have admitted that nothing more than accident thus had placed him in a position which in a manner compelled him to overlook Madame Bellarmine's abode.

Assuredly, then, it was no fault of Monsieur Alphonse's that he could not glance over the top of his book—while he wrestled mentally with the great Positivist's entangled concepts—without looking straight at the piquant villa, not three hundred yards distant, in which dwelt the most bewilderingly delightful widow in the whole of Languedoc. On the other hand, a student of Comte (remembering Madame de Vaux) might have had enough mere common sense to know that philosophy would be shattered into a thousand fragments when—as presently happened—that ecstatic widow, arrayed in a ravishing walking-costume, came out from her own doorway and stood upon her own terrace while she drew on her gloves.

At that crisic moment it was that Monsieur Alphonse entered upon the broad path leading to perdition. Instead of removing Madame Bellarmine from his field of vision (by shifting his seat to any one of the aforesaid points of the compass available for that purpose) and addressing himself to Comte with resolution, he removed Comte from his field of vision (by laying that eminent philosopher face downward on the seat beside him) and with a resolution that in reality was a perverted form of weakness addressed himself wholly to Madame Bellarmine. Really, though, something may be said in excuse for him. Between the hair-splitting of such an overpositive Positivist and the heart-splitting of such a widow—a dream of a widow, all in pearl-gray silk of a softness, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat turned up, with a pearl-gray feather. . . . Ah well, no philosopher, least of all a French philosopher, forced to make choice between such conflicting concepts, could be expected to forget that first of all he was a man!

Having drawn on her gloves, Madame Bellarmine opened and raised a pearl-gray lace-trimmed parasol. Held upon her shoulder, inclined backward, it gave the finishing touch to her costume: much as an aureole gives the finishing touch to the lighter costume of a very chic saint. Probably Madame Bellarmine would have resented one-half of that simile. Assuredly, had she been compelled to choose between being a saint and being chic, she would have chosen to be—not a saint. And that again is natural: seeing that Madame Bellarmine was all of seven-and-thirty, and of an experience and soul and body of the Midi. They are gay, down there. They take life cheerfully. It is in the bleak North—where chill mists are, and the sun is forgotten—that you will find the sad folk who look upon life as a discipline and who sit about moping over their souls.

The cigarette that Monsieur Alphonse was smoking went out unnoticed—as unnoticed as had been the extinguishment of his philosophy. Hidden among the branches, yet seeing clearly through the leafy rifts, he watched Madame Bellarmine with a longing watchfulness that set his heart to beating faster, and that made his breathing irregular and short. For a few moments he lost sight of her, as she disap-

peared around the corner of the house on her way to the gate. Then he saw her again, as she reappeared in the narrow lane —which led down the hillside, between high stone walls, past his own garden and onward and downward until it came to the bridge across the Torrent, and so to the streets of Nimes.

Evidently, she was on her way to the city. It was a long walk and a hot walk to be taking at that hour of a summer day; and the hotter because the high stone walls shut off what little air was stirring and made the lane not unlike the fiery furnace frequented by Shadrach and Meshach and Abednego. Monsieur Alphonse was lost in wonder that Madame Bellarmine should set herself in rivalry with those Scriptural salamanders—until he remembered that the fête of the Convent of Sainte Polentaine was to be celebrated that afternoon, and so had her defiance of thermic conditions explained.

That is a fête of much social importance in Nimes. To miss it is to lose caste. Also, it is interesting and delightful. You walk in the garden of the convent. You see prizes given to little girls in white frocks. You eat little cakes. In a word, it is a festival at once chaste and discreetly gay. That Madame Bellarmine should take part in it—even at the cost of a grilling—was most reasonable. To be of that festival argues that one is known.

As he watched Madame Bellarmine descending the lane toward him, passing close beneath him, going on downward away from him, Monsieur Alphonse regretted keenly that he had elected to be a recluse. He was filled with the thrilling thought that had he accepted his invitation to the fête—it was sent to him regularly, and he regularly acknowledged it by a contribution—he might at that moment have been walking down that hillside in that enchanting widow's company. More—he might have gone on with her to the convent; he might have sat blissfully beside her while the little white-frocked girls received their prizes; he might even have walked with her in the garden and eaten with her the little cakes! Gloom settled upon his soul. He heaved wearily a deep-drawn sigh.

Madame Bellarmine became a pearl-gray speck in the distance. She was quite at the foot of the hillside. For a moment the pearl-gray speck stood out distinctly against the dark parapet of the stone bridge that spans the Torrent. (The Torrent justifies its name when the rains come. At other seasons there flows in its grass-grown bed only a gentle current of linen-bleaching blanchisseuses and bleaching clothes.) Then, beyond the bridge, the speck became a mere whitish blur against the sun-bright houses—that passed onward into the Rue de l'Abattoir and so disappeared.

With another sigh, even more deeply drawn than the first one, Monsieur Alphonse lighted a fresh cigaret and essayed to resume his study of Positive philosophy. On the page that he turned to he read:

"Having regard to the general relation between the affective faculties, we have in effect recognized that the necessary preponderance of these in the altogether of our nature is nevertheless less pronounced in man than in any other animal, and that a certain degree of spontaneous speculative activity constitutes the principal cerebral attribute of humanity, as well as the first source of the profoundly incised character of our social organism. Now, under this aspect, one cannot seriously contest to-day the evident relative inferiority of woman: who is unfitted, in a way very different from man, to the indispensable continuity, as well as to the high intensity, of mental work—either because of the lesser intrinsic force of her intelligence or because of her more lively moral and physical susceptibilities, so antipathetic to every abstraction and to every truly scientific contention. Putting the sexes on a parity—even in the fine arts, and with the concourse of the most favourable circumstances—the most decisive experience always eminently has confirmed this irrefutable organic subalternity of the feminine genius, in spite of the amiable characteristics which ordinarily distinguish its brilliant and graceful compositions."

This was more than Monsieur Alphonse could stand. Uttering an exclamation that no philosopher should utter, and giving way to a violent emotion that was subversive of every philosophical principle, he sprang angrily to his feet—and sent Monsieur Comte flying over the railing of the "Robinson" in a fluttering crash to the ground. The mere man had triumphed. Philosophy was routed down the whole line!

III

PASSION having conquered reason, and a return to his studies—even had he desired such return—being precluded by the fact that the outraged Comte lay hidden, forty

feet below him, among the cucumber vines, Monsieur Alphonse gave himself unreservedly to tobacco and to tender thoughts. In part, Marie's shrewd inference had been well founded: he did spend the whole of the hot afternoon in the "Robinson"—but less in consciously watching and waiting for Madame Bellarmine's coming than in dreaming dreams of which Madame Bellarmine was the soul.

Yet was his dreaming not that of a mere ordinary lover. As became a professional philosopher, he set himself to formulate, to present, to argue, and to decide upon his own candidature to beatification: ignoring, however—while thus assembling in his own person the major functionaries, and while thus assuming one of the most important functions, of the Congregation of Rites—the rather important detail that one-half of the equities in interest were outside of the jurisdiction of the court.

In this rôle of *promotor fidei*, vulgarly known as the devil's advocate, he urged that he was more than forty years old, a celibate by choice (even though his choice had not been wholly voluntary), a philosopher by conviction, and a recluse who had agreed with himself (even though unwillingly) to find in his books and in his roses the world well lost. This was a strong presentment of the case against matrimony; so strong that it seemed to relegate pearl-gray widows not only beyond the pale of his own cognizance, but beyond the limits of the solar system.

However, in his rôle of postulator, he argued on the other side not less convincingly. A man approaching middle life, a man of good family, of good fortune, with an honourable name to maintain and to perpetuate—surely such a man, whatever might be his personal likes or dislikes, owed duties to society and to the state which might not lightly be set aside. Was not the first and the highest of these duties precisely matrimony?

This was putting the case, Monsieur Alphonse reflected with satisfaction, as a philosopher should put it. Love, passion, personal inclination were eliminated from the argument with as handsome a disregard of those irrelevant yet insidious quantities as could have been exhibited by the great Comte himself. Nor was his satisfaction lessened by the fact that, as a philosopher, he was compelled to admit, in reply to his own question, that of the various duties owed by a person of his position to the state and to society matrimony undoubtedly was the highest and the first. It was no fault of his, he farther reflected, that the conclusions of philosophy fitted to a hair his conclusions as a lover and a man.

Then the devil's advocate took up the case again, asking Monsieur Alphonse to answer honestly what was likely to become of "Considerations upon the Destiny of Humanity"—his great work, for which the ages had been waiting—if he rashly essayed to mingle his exposition of superbly profound theories touching the future of the human race with its mere propagation? What probability was there, the devil's advocate asked coldly, should he yield himself weakly to the distractions of a wife and family, that his *magnum opus* ever would be given to the world?

This was a disheartening question. As he turned it over in the recesses of his inner consciousness his spirits fell: until the postulator cheered him again by answering boldly that many notable examples might be cited of married philosophers—even of disastrously married philosophers, as in the case of the great Comte himself—whose philosophy had been of a strength and of a soundness that had sent it ringing enduringly down the corridors of time. . . . And so the devil's advocate and the postulator continued to hammer each other briskly while the afternoon wore away.

When love and reason thus are at points, struggling for supremacy, time passes with an amazing swiftness. All the while that the head and the heart of Monsieur Alphonse were lunging at each other the sun was galloping westward—widening the narrow shadows and sending them flying down the hillside closer and closer to the glaring white walls of the houses of Nimes. Toward those houses, in spite of his preoccupation, he gazed steadfastly; his subconsciousness being keenly interested in the flying shadows because of the certainty that Madame Bellarmine would emerge from among the glaring white houses, and would begin her ascent of the hillside, a little while before the sun went down in splendour behind the Cévennes.

At last there came a gentle rustling of the leaves about him as a puff of air played among them—the advance-guard of the cool wind of evening that presently would draw down steadily from the high garrigues. At the same instant Monsieur Alphonse gave a start and heaved a quickly drawn sigh: as he saw detach itself from the white houses and advance toward the Torrent a little whitish blur. During some moments

he watched it intently, breathing hard. Then he sighed restfully: as the whitish blur, being defined against the parapet of the bridge, became a pearl-gray speck surmounted by a smaller speck that undoubtedly was a parasol!

In the crises of our lives our actions are prompted by thoughts so swiftly formed that we cannot follow them. We usually term this process inspiration. That is a term not recognizd by philosophy. But Monsieur Alphonse, both then and subsequently, regarded as an inspiration the thought which in that pregnant instant took form in his brain. In a single flash of supreme intelligence an effective plan of campaign became clear to him; and so distinctly that he set about executing it with a coolness curiously at odds with the ardour in which it was conceived.

Without haste—he had a good twenty minutes at his disposal—but with strong determination, he descended from the "Robinson" and went to the tool-house in which were kept the step-ladder and the long-handled shears. The path that he followed passed beside the bed of cucumbers. Close at his feet lay the volume of Comte that he had cast from him into space disdainfully. So far from rescuing the great philosopher from his humiliating resting-place among ignoble vegetables—the book, half open, with crushed leaves, was a pitiable object—Monsieur Alphonse did violence to the principles of half a lifetime by turning aside and viciously kicking Monsieur Comte still deeper among the vines!

His time was ample for his purposes. Long before Madame Bellarmine had accomplished a third of the ascent—in all the unconsciousness of a dove approaching the snare of the fowler—he had planted his ambuscading step-ladder against the garden wall, close beside the rosebush, and had mounted upon it shears in hand. The jacqueminot was of a hugeness. It rose above the wall high and thick, a tree rather than a bush, its great mass of greenery everywhere made glorious by crimson bloom. As he had placed himself, he was quite hidden from any person coming up the stone-walled lane until that person was directly beneath him and in front of him; but by snipping away a few of the clustered leaves he cleared a peep-hole through which he commanded a view of the lane to its first turning, a hundred yards or so away.

It was feverish work standing there on the step-ladder with his eyes fixed on the turn of the wall! Still more feverish was the moment when, fluttering around the turn, he caught a glimpse of a pearl-gray skirt—and an instant later saw the entire garment, and above it the pearl-gray parasol! Being behind the parasol—on which the red sunrays streaming down the lane cast a ruddy glow that changed the pearl-gray to a cool crimson—the upper portion of Madame Bellarmine's person was hidden from him. And, also, that ravishing accessory to her ravishing costume hid the way in front of her from Madame Bellarmine's eyes—a fact that exactly fitted in with his plan. His whole body quivered as he extended the long-handled shears and cut quickly a half-dozen roses—which fell precisely in her path. Then he stood waiting, breathless, expectant, while she slowly came up the lane toward him in the ruddy glow!

IV

Monsieur Alphonse's inspired plan worked to a miracle. Not until the roses were at Madame Bellarmine's very feet did she see them. Directly beneath him she stopped short, bending over them with a little cry of delight. It was all that he had hoped for, and his emotion so stirred him that the shears clicked together in his trembling hand. At the sound, slight but incisive, she raised her head quickly and looked upward. The warm walk had brought an adorable colour into her face. That colour became deeper, and still more adorable, as her exceptionally bright black eyes met full with Monsieur Alphonse's eyes—which also chanced to be exceptionally bright just then—at a range of something less than two yards.

The encounter, in its realized expectation and in its utter unexpectedness, was startling on both sides. The gentleman, long unused in his philosophic reclusion to such passages, forgot even to bow. The lady, who had not lived wholly the life of a recluse, and who made no pretensions to being a philosopher, was the first to recover herself. "Monsieur is most wasteful of his superb roses," she said politely, and at the same time smiled an altogether entrancing smile.

Monsieur Alphonse pulled himself together. "It is no waste of my poor roses," he said gallantly, "that good chance has laid them at Madame's feet." And with that—allowing for his insecure position on the top of the step-ladder—he made Madame Bellarmine a handsome bow.

"To take these roses for my own," she continued, "would be only a shade less than robbery; but, also, to take them would be, perhaps, to teach Monsieur a salutary lesson. His carelessness—I remember that it was one of his youthful characteristics—seems to have increased with his years. Yes, I perceive that to take them will be to teach him a useful lesson—therefore I shall rob him for his own good." And with these words she stooped and collected the roses, quite with the air of one who enforces a severe but just law. Standing erect again, in the red sun-rays, the mass of crimson roses added a note of strong colour to her pearl-gray effect that was nothing short of maddening—a fact of which Madame Bellarmine not impossibly was aware.

"Madame surprises me by the excellence of her memory! To be sure, she recalls only my faults. That, however, is a detail. Assuredly, her memory has improved quite in pace with the deterioration of my carelessness. It was not precisely what one would have called her strongest point some years—for example, twenty years—ago. I congratulate Madame upon the needed strength that has come to this—she will pardon me for calling it weak?—trait in her character."

"I have been informed," Madame Bellarmine replied, speaking in a tone of reflection, "that philosophy and courtesy have little in common. Monsieur convinces me that this generalization is sound. No doubt it is as a philosopher that he is good enough to discourse so pointedly upon the imperfections of my character and to refer so pointedly to my age. I must beg him to observe that my imperfections are as God gave them to me; and, also, that as yet my age is not excessive. For Monsieur's philosophic frankness I owe him a thousand thanks!" The smile that accompanied Bellarmine's words left little sting in them; however, as they thus came to a recover, she distinctly had the better of the first passage of arms.

Precisely because she had the advantage she refrained from using it. On the contrary, she opened her guard. While Monsieur Alphonse maintained a hesitant silence she continued, still in a tone of reflection: "My memory is not so worthless as Monsieur's strictures upon it would imply. Let us take this very matter of roses. I remember clearly that some years—for example, twenty years—ago, Monsieur's dominant passion was for roses, and——"

"No, my dominant passion was not for roses," Monsieur Alphonse struck in decisively; "it was for——"

—"and I perceive," Madame Bellarmine continued with a calm insistence that overbore the interruption, "that in that matter, notwithstanding his devotion to philosophy, he has remained unchanged. His roses are superb!"

"It is not *I* who have changed in any way," Monsieur Alphonse answered—with so marked an emphasis upon the pronoun as to imply that everything but himself in the whole habitable universe had gone whirling into chaos not once, but many times. "It is not *I* who have changed," he repeated; "it is——"

"Circumstances," Madame Bellarmine hastily interpolated; and added, in a tone of speculative inquiry: "As a philosopher, Monsieur no doubt is interested in the mutability of circumstances? I am not surprised. Truly, the weighing of cause and effect, the analysis of the ebb and flow of human action, must be profoundly attractive to the philosophic mind. Urged by desire, swayed by opportunity, we all—" She broke off suddenly into a delightful laugh. "Positively, I am stealing Monsieur's thunder as well as his roses! I am talking as though I were a philosopher myself! Monsieur must forgive my insolent temerity and my double dishonesty. I am compelled to fly from him in confusion. I wish him a very good night."

With these words, Madame Bellarmine bowed gracefully and took a slow step or two up the lane. That she was not overtaxing her flying powers was obvious, as was also the fact that she had her confusion well in hand.

The earnest and very eager look in Monsieur Alphonse's eyes, that had accompanied his assertion of his own stability and its implied reflection upon stabilities in general, died out a little as he listened to Madame Bellarmine's dissertation upon philosophy; but it revived again as her discourse ended and she began what she was pleased to term her flight.

"Stop!" he cried. "Surely thou wilt——"

Madame Bellarmine did stop—accomplishing that feat in statics without any very extravagant outlay of energy—and at the same time imposed silence upon him by a commanding wave of her hand.

"I venture," she said, in a tone of preceptorial kindliness, "to correct Monsieur's grammar in two particulars: His imperative verb is too imperative to match with the requirements of politeness; and, also, his

use of the too familiar pronoun is not precisely in good taste. He will pardon my frankness, I am sure—since he must know that little slips of this nature are set right most effectively by correcting them as they occur." She paused long enough to observe the effect upon Monsieur Alphonse of her exposition of grammatical niceties—an effect that distinctly was disconcerting—but not long enough to give him an opportunity to reply. "Monsieur was about to say, I infer," she continued, "that surely I would accept from him, in addition to the roses which I have stolen, one more rose as a free gift—in proof that for my theft, and for my venturing to talk philosophy to him, he bears me no ill-will."

Monsieur Alphonse's troubled look changed to a radiant look, as he answered eagerly: "Thou shalt have them all, Angèle. Hold here thy parasol."

"In the matter of grammar," Madame Bellarmine observed, "Monsieur is incorrigible. His misuse of personal pronouns positively is exemplary, and now he also is taking extreme liberties with personal nouns." But she came beneath the outhanging branches and held up to receive the falling roses her inverted parasol.

Her wide sleeves fell back to her elbows, leaving bare a heavenly pair of rounded arms. Monsieur Alphonse snipped long-stemmed roses slowly. Looking down at those arms, and at her upturned face, lighted warmly by the last of the red sunrays, he had the irrational desire to remain upon his step-ladder looking down at her and cutting roses for her through all the remainder of his days. Nor did Madame Bellarmine manifest any overt eagerness to have the rose-cutting come to an end. Neither of them spoke. The only sound, there in the red sunlight, was the soft rustle of the falling roses and the clicking of the shears.

Actually, it was the failure of the supply of roses which closed this pretty passage. "That is the last," said Monsieur Alphonse regretfully—and would have been thankful for the intervention of Saint Elizabeth with a miracle to deck the bush anew. As he spoke, and so ended the long silence, he sighed. He had the feeling of one waking slowly from a happy dream. Madame Bellarmine also sighed, as though she too were coming back from dreamland. Perhaps there had been for each of them a touch of hypnotism in the brightness of the other's eyes. Over the lady's eyes there seemed to come suddenly a veil of softness. It may have been only a change in the effect of light: at that moment the sun dropped down behind the Cévennes.

Madame Bellarmine roused herself from her dreaming. "Heavens!" she cried. "The sun has set! I am a person wicked beyond words! Beginning by stealing a few of Monsieur's roses, I have gone on to what is much the same as stealing all of them; and I have kept Monsieur standing upon an outrageous step-ladder—utterly away from the improving influences of philosophy—through hours of his valuable time. If Monsieur were not truly a philosopher, and therefore superior to human passions, he would curse me for the robber and the beggar and the trifler that I am! But I am grateful—I am very grateful—for these roses which I have begged and stolen: and I regret only"—her tone had become serious and she spoke not quite steadily—"that with all the care that I shall give them they so soon must wither and die."

To do Madame Bellarmine justice, the opening that she thus gave to Monsieur Alphonse was not given intentionally. To assert that she regretted having given it would be, perhaps, to press the point too far.

"These roses may wither less quickly than did those others—the roses which I gave thee long ago," he said slowly; and added: "May I bring thee more, when these are gone?" There was a note of strong entreaty in his tone.

"Monsieur already has forgotten my correction of his grammar. His misuse of pronouns is shocking in the extreme!"

"Angèle!"

"And even more shocking is his misuse of nouns! As a friend, I advise Monsieur to give up temporarily the study of philosophy and to enter for a term the junior form of the Lycée."

"May I bring thee more of my roses?" Monsieur Alphonse persisted, speaking still more earnestly.

"But probably Monsieur would find association with very little boys disagreeable. Certainly, for a philosopher, his position at the Lycée would be anomalous."

"I beseech thee——"

"And, therefore, it remains that the task of correcting his errors must be undertaken by his friends. Being one of his friends, it is my duty to assist in this good work; and the fulfilment of my duty—since his errors, to be corrected, must be observed—necessarily involves occasional conversations with him. If Monsieur sees fit to recompense me with roses for the trouble that

his tuition will give me—let us say at the rate of one rose for each corrected slip—I shall be charmed to receive them. I have a passion for roses, as Monsieur knows. He is at liberty to begin his course of instruction at his convenience. I am at his disposition on almost any afternoon."

"For example, to-morrow?"

"But yes. For example, to-morrow. In treating so extreme a case of retarded grammatical development it is well that time should not be lost. Again I thank Monsieur for his superb roses, and again I wish him good-night."

And then Madame Bellarmine really did carry into execution her previously announced, but temporarily restrained, intention to fly homeward. Bearing her roses with her, she went onward up the lane.

V

Obviously, in his statement to Marie of the afternoon's occurrences Monsieur Alphonse had economized veracity. But again I say that much might be forgiven him for making so wide an offing from the coasts of truth. That Marie—who had no illusions—took so charitable a view of the matter is improbable. When she returned, presently, bringing a glass of crême de menthe in which the ice scrupulously had been reduced to minute fragments, she continued to bear herself with the haughty erectness of a second-year conscript, while her general demeanour was suggestive of a justly incensed elderly thunder-cloud lowering over the peaks of the Cévennes. "Monsieur is served," she said frigidly, and set the glass precisely before him with an exaggerated show of care.

Monsieur Alphonse raised the glass and sipped his crême de menthe with satisfaction. "I thank thee, Marie," he said. "There now is a probability that my life will be preserved. This is excellent. The ice is a miracle of fineness. An angel from heaven could not have prepared it with a greater skill."

Marie made no reply to this handsome compliment. She stood stiffly, with folded arms. Her silence was oppressive.

"In the matter of the soufflet," he resumed, continuing his effort to soften her severity, "I admit that I did thee great injustice. I was annoyed, and I spoke petulantly. It was a soufflet that might have emerged from a dream!"

So far from accepting Monsieur Alphonse's tendered olive branch in the spirit in which it was offered, Marie seized upon it only to pervert it cleverly into a weapon of offense. There was a biting quality in her tone—a tone that he knew and dreaded—as she answered: "So Monsieur, in effect, already has told me. 'As heavy as a bad dream' was his description of it. No doubt it was what he has declared it to be; and, also, no doubt Monsieur was quite right in adding that I have grown useless because I have grown old."

Actually, there was so much truth in this statement—although it had been made lightly, and without malice—that Monsieur Alphonse was altogether conscience-stricken. "Animal that I am!" he cried earnestly. "To think that I should have pained thee with my thoughtless words! I must beg thee to forgive me, my good Marie."

At that moment, however, the good Marie was in anything but a forgiving mood. To resume the simile of the hovering storm-cloud, Monsieur Alphonse's kindly apology was neither more nor less than a lightning-rod—that tempted the thunderbolts to descend.

"Yes," she continued, "as Monsieur truly says, I am but a useless old woman. It is high time that some light young widow should be called in to rule his household in my place. He remembers no longer how I have served him faithfully his whole life long; how I cared for him when he was a little boy; how I washed him and dressed him and combed his hair——"

"I distinctly remember thy combing my hair," Monsieur Alphonse put in with acerbity. "When in one of thy tempers, as now, it was thy habit to pull it till I cried!" Justly, he was nettled. Marie had mentioned no names, but her allusion to a light young widow was too obvious to be misconstrued.

"Monsieur's memory being so good, perhaps he remembers some other things—for example, what passed while he was doing his three years? However, in order to be any sort of a widow, one first must be some sort of a wife. And, also, what matters a little thing like a broken pledge between a boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen?"

"Silence, Marie! Thy words pass all bounds!" Monsieur Alphonse himself of a sudden had become a thunder-cloud. But Marie, regardless of electrical conditions other than her own, paid no attention to his order and continued her discharge.

"And Monsieur—who gives away our superb roses as though they were cabbages—

perhaps remembers another gift of roses that he made in that long-past time. It was I who carried his gift, and Monsieur—who in those days did not treat me as though I were a beast of the fields—confided to me its meaning. He sent it on the very morning that he went away to do his three years." Marie paused for a moment, and then added: "But they withered soon, those roses. They were quite dead, he will remember, when he came home on his second-year leave. And now, although he is of an age, and by this time should have acquired wisdom, he again is giving his roses to this same person—just as he gave them when he was a foolish boy! Oh, la, la!"

Having thus freed her mind, Marie stood with her hands on her hips awaiting the explosion which she confidently expected was about to occur. She even expected it with a grim gladness—being just then wholly in a battling mood. However, it did not occur. For some seconds Monsieur Alphonse was silent. Then he said, speaking without passion but in a tone of finality that barred appeal:

"Thou art an impossible old woman, Marie. For a long while I have tried to make a pleasantry of thy ill tempers, believing that even in the worst of them thou hadst no thought of real ill-will. But now we have got beyond the terms of pleasantry—it is quite time that we should part. Thou shalt go to thy nephew on the estate—it is the house in which thy father lived and in which thou wert born—and I shall see to it that thou hast thy little pension and that thou art well cared for there. But I advise thee—I very earnestly advise thee—to be more sparing with thy nephew than thou hast been with me, of the rough side of thy tongue. He is not likely to try, as I have tried, to make a jest of it—that brave man! Now thou mayest leave me. It is my desire to be alone."

Marie was awed into silence by the resolute manner of Monsieur Alphonse's deliverance, but beyond silence her awe did not extend. In point of fact, the sentence passed upon her by way of punishment—that she should take her retreat, quite like an official of the government, and live upon a pension in the very place that she most loved—was one that only the occasion and the terms of its pronouncement distinguished from a reward. Precisely as a reward, she had been looking forward to it for years. Naturally, therefore, her bearing as she left the apartment was that of a technically defeated general who retires with his colours and his drums.

On the side of Monsieur Alphonse undoubtedly was substantial victory—but he had purchased it at a price! That he definitely had delivered himself from Marie's ill-tempered tyranny was a cause for rejoicing; but there was no cause for rejoicing in the reflection that he had won his freedom by the sacrifice of a cook whose cooking was inspired! The subject was too painful to dwell upon: he put it from him, and passed on to the consideration of other matters—a kaleidoscopic mingling of Positive philosophy, and step-ladders, and parasols filled with crimson roses, and very bright black eyes. The effect was of a brilliancy—but over it all was cast a sinister shadow by the memory, touched upon by Marie with such malignant coarseness, of those other roses which had withered in a long-past time. Therefore it was that Monsieur Alphonse chewed the cud of bitter fancies, as well as of sweet fancies, as he sat smoking more cigarettes than were good for him, while the night wore on. In a mood of gloomy doubt, that put scandal upon his normal Positivism, he went at last to bed.

VI

In the flooding sunshine of early morning in the Midi somber thought is impossible. As Monsieur Alphonse sat at the little round table on the terrace and drank his coffee—served by Marie with a chill dignity—he had within him the elate feeling of a hero to whom the subduing of dragons is a pastime and to whom the conquest of giants is a matter of course. They are not half-hearted down there in the South. With them the tide always is at dead ebb or full flow. Usually it is at full flow.

His brave feeling held by him well as the day advanced—in spite of the fact that the idle hours went slowly. As to employing himself in his normal manner—that is to say, in ministering to his roses or in wrestling with some of the more abstruse phases of Positivism—it was quite out of the question. Rather, indeed, was he disposed to jettison his entire cargo of Positivism and have done with it for good and all! Instead, therefore, of passing his morning in his garden in company with his roses or in his cabinet in company with Monsieur Comte, he betook himself to the "Robinson" to pass it in company with cigarettes and glowing thoughts.

As he approached the ladder that led

upward to that retreat among the branches he perceived his late master lying forlornly among the cucumber vines—all the worse for the kick that had sent him deeper into them, and sadly bedraggled with dew. A snail of perverted tastes had attached itself to the volume. Monsieur Alphonse was not a believer in the Pythagorean Doctrine, but the fancy occurred to him that the soul which but lately had animated his own body—and which, having given place to a soul of a very different sort, certainly animated it no longer—had passed by transmigration into the body of that snail. The snail was quite welcome to it, he said to himself smilingly—and he even felt an inconsequent glow of gratitude to Pythagoras as he mounted to the seat in the tree-top whence he could overlook Madame Bellarmine's abode.

There, as he smoked his cigarettes, he continued to play with his fancy—applying his trained powers of analysis to the matter, and arriving at the conclusion that the soul of which the snail had become possessed had begun to loosen itself in readiness for transmigration precisely two months earlier: that is to say, on the very day of Madame Bellarmine's arrival at the Villa Prentegarde. For many years preceding that day, thanks to the philosophy that he had taken to at first medicinally and subsequently as an agreeable mental exercise, Madame Bellarmine had been to him only a memory that was held prisoned in the sealed chambers of his mind. When this memory had succeeded in escaping, as had happened now and then, the fact that he had no certain knowledge of her—that she merely existed, vague and unobtainable, out in the world somewhere—had helped him to catch it again and to put it back in ward. But this line of treatment had to be abandoned in a hurry when—suddenly ceasing to be remotely phantasmal, and also ceasing to be hopelessly unobtainable—she became an aggressively delightful reality at his very door. That was a situation far too vivid to be dealt with effectively in a philosophical and abstract way; and therefore, being deserted by—or, perhaps, deserting—his philosophy, he had dealt with it in the merely human fashion which of necessity had led on to the crisis that had arrived. And so, with a rather startling celerity—and also, as it seemed to him, with a nice appropriateness—his late soul had left him to find a more fitting habitation in the body of the snail. The fact will be observed, however, that Monsieur Alphonse, although bereft of the substance of his philosophy, retained its forms: a simple, everyday lover could not thus have weighed his passion so nicely, nor would he have been likely to reduce it to such terms.

His abstract reflections were ended abruptly by the concrete appearance of the subject of them. Clad in a loose white robe which suggested comfort, yet which was chic to a degree, Madame Bellarmine came out upon her own terrace and stood for some moments viewing with apparent approval the world at large. Then she nestled herself into a cushion-lined wicker chair, over which a wide-spreading sun-umbrella cast an agreeable shade. She had with her a yellow-covered book, but she did not read it. Presently a trim maid-servant brought out a great vase filled with crimson roses and placed it on a little table beside her—whereat the heart of Monsieur Alphonse gave a bound! The maid-servant having retired, she drew the roses closer to her and bent over them. It seemed to Monsieur Alphonse that she kissed them. Then she took from the vase a single rose and fastened it upon her breast. After that she sat quietly, her book lying unopened in her lap beneath her folded hands.

What more she did or did not do that morning was unseen by Monsieur Alphonse. Being a gallant gentleman, he recognized the fact that spying upon her in that way was outside the rules. By a mighty effort, he set his respect above his devotion and descended from the tree. It was a retreat quite as heroic as would have been his assault single-handed upon a battery of guns!

During the remainder of the morning he paced the walks of his garden with the wearying persistence of a wild animal resentful of captivity; and also, when breakfast-time came, manifested a captive wild animal's repugnance to food. Marie—whose ill temper had suffered amelioration, and who had cooked a breakfast for him that might have betrayed Saint Anthony—regarded with a lively concern his loss of appetite; until her feminine intuition prompted a keen guess at the cause of it, and so induced a fresh hardening of her heart. In her removal of the untouched dishes she exhibited the stately resentment of a battlemented tower.

The afternoon went better for him. He had occupation: first in cutting a basketful of roses superior to those of the Mexican miracle, and then in exchanging the garments suitable to the varied pursuits of rose-

culture and of philosophy—of which the characteristics were great age and extreme shabbiness—for others more in keeping with the matter that he had in hand. In a way, there was a touch of pathos in the care that Monsieur Alphonse bestowed upon his dress. With it went a curious feeling that he was a boy of twenty again; and this feeling was all the more real to him because of the memories which were stirring, below the depth that had been reached by his philosophy, in certain deep chambers of his heart. He was a personable figure of a man when his dressing was ended; and not a man conspicuously superannuated. After all, one still has left some remnants of youthful vigour even at the age of forty-one.

VII

"I have the honour to avail myself of Madame's offer to amend my imperfect grammatical education. I also have the pleasure to present to Madame her stipulated honorarium." As he spoke these words Monsieur Alphonse bowed with a great propriety to Madame Bellarmine and then, again bowing with a propriety, placed the basket of roses at her feet.

She was seated in the wicker chair, as he had seen her from the "Robinson" in the morning; but in place of the easy garment of white she wore a symphony in silk that had pearl-gray for its under-note, and for its over-note certain touches of crimson which culminated in the crimson rose upon her breast. In some other respects the effect had changed. The sun had moved so far westward that all the terrace was in shadow; the umbrella was gone from above her chair—in which silk cushions, also of a pearl-gray with crimson touches, made a nest for her; and the chair itself had been moved nearer to the white wall of the villa—perhaps not in total disregard of the artistic fact that under certain conditions, which there chanced to be realized, a white wall in shadow is a rather tellingly effective background. On the little table beside her stood the great vase filled with crimson roses—a tremendous dash of strong colour that was as pleasing as it was bold. In front of her, below the terrace, lay the sun-bright, flower-filled garden; and beyond the garden—with Monsieur Alphonse's own dwelling in the foreground—was the view down the olive-clad hillside to the gleaming white walls of the Nimes houses, and far away over the city to the chain of low mountains which there borders the eastern bank of the Rhone. The maid-servant who had introduced him into this little nook in paradise—a discreet person—had closed the door behind her as she retired into the villa. They were quite alone. Save their own voices, the only sound that broke the afternoon stillness was the loud humming among the flowers in the garden of honey-seeking bees.

Madame Bellarmine leaned forward in her chair and smiled graciously as he bowed and made his decorously formal speech—whereof the formality a little was qualified by the look that was in his eyes. However, she ignored his look and answered his words: "Monsieur's grammar to-day is absolutely irreproachable. I congratulate him upon his so-marked improvement—although, of course, since he needs no correction, I must refuse the magnificent honorarium that he offers me. It would be quite of a piece with my theft of yesterday were I to accept as a gift that to which I am entitled only as a fee. Monsieur will do me the favour to be seated?"

With a polite gesture she placed at his disposition the one other chair upon the terrace—which stood quite on the other side of the little table and therefore was rather bleakly isolated. Fortunately it was so light a chair, being also of wicker, that he was able to move it to a more advantageous position without any very excessive outlay of strength. He did not venture to bring it nearer to her, being satisfied for the moment to place it in such a way that the table no longer intervened between them as a wall. Madame Bellarmine could not, in common politeness, make protest against his arrangement of her furniture. It even is conceivable that she was not unfavourably impressed by the spirited promptness with which he thus carried the first of her outworks by assault.

"Surely thou wilt not refuse my roses?" he said entreatingly.

"My hopes for Monsieur's educational improvement," Madame Bellarmine replied with an air of melancholy, "already are blighted! Alas, in telling him that his grammar was irreproachable I was both precipitate and premature! To at least one of these superb roses—because of his slip in the use of pronouns—I now fairly am entitled," and she bent down over the basket. "But upon my faith," she continued, "they all are so beautiful that it is quite impossible to arrive at a choice!"

"Then take them all! And with them take——"

"To produce roses of such magnificence,

Monsieur must have given a great deal of his valuable time to a study of their cultivation," she put in hurriedly. "Almost as much, perhaps, as he has given to his study of philosophy?"

"More," Monsieur Alphonse answered dryly; and added: "Madame may remember that she herself had a liking for roses some years—for example, twenty years—ago; but I scarcely can expect her to remember that she then was good enough to encourage me to form a similar taste. It is a fact, however, that my liking for roses was an outgrowth of her own. Later, her likings changed. Mine did not." He paused, as though to afford opportunity for comment upon this statement. No comment being forthcoming, he continued: "Madame would be more correct, therefore, were she to note that more of what she is pleased to call my valuable time has been devoted to roses than to philosophy. The latter devotion, indeed, was the direct result of the former: since, as she may be interested in knowing, I essayed the study of philosophy because a certain one of my ventures in roses went wrong. Does Madame, by any chance—now that her memory so wondrously has improved—remember the ill-ending venture to which I refer?"

Seemingly, Madame did not. Certainly, she made no reply. She sat deep back among her cushions, her head bent forward a little and her regard fixed not upon Monsieur Alphonse — although he was seated directly in front of her—but far beyond him, out over the sunny garden and the olive orchards and the gleaming city, upon the distant low mountains bordering the Rhone. He could not even be certain that she was listening to him. It was possible that she was listening to the bees—their humming, in that alert silence, was sounding in his own ears almost as the roll of far-off drums. Her eyes—perhaps because they were strained a little by fixedly gazing at a distant object—were less brilliant than usual. Over them seemed to hang a mist, that made the look in them—for all that it was so strictly impersonal—rather thrillingly soft. She was very still: save that her hands—folded, and holding between them the rose that she had taken from the basket—twitched a little, and that there was a slightly tremulous movement of the crimson rose upon her breast.

"Madame may not have observed that I have asked her a question?" Monsieur Alphonse resumed—at the same time partly rising and moving nearer to her his chair. His action roused Madame Bellarmine from her reverie—if it were a reverie—and caused her to sit erect, as though with the intention of moving her own chair backward and so balancing his advance. However, her intention did not materialize. In a moment she leaned back again among her cushions, her look still fixed upon the distant hills.

"It is unfair, I own," Monsieur Alphonse continued, "to expect Madame to remember so small a matter that happened so long ago. I should explain, perhaps, that the incident has remained fixed in my own memory because to me it was not a small matter. In effect, it was the most important matter of my whole life. I have referred to it only because it explains the seemingly inconsequent connection between my roses and my philosophy—in regard to which I had the temerity to fancy that Madame took an interest."

"And it was because of—of that incident that Monsieur has devoted himself to roses and to philosophy through all these years?" Madame Bellarmine's gaze continued to be fixed upon the remote mountains as she asked this question. She spoke in so low a tone that her words barely were audible above the humming of the bees.

"Assuredly, Madame," Monsieur Alphonse answered, and again he a little advanced his chair.

"No doubt Monsieur was well advised," Madame Bellarmine resumed, speaking meditatively and with more distinctness. "His roses have returned worthily the loving care that he has bestowed upon them. One has only to look at them"—she glanced downward at the basket—"to perceive that they have repaid his devotion by blooming with the splendour of the roses of Paradise! And as they worthily have filled his heart, so also, no doubt, his philosophy worthily has filled his mind. Decidedly, Monsieur has been well advised. Had there been another ending to the—the incident to which he refers, it is possible that neither his heart nor his mind would have been so well satisfi d."

"It is *not* possible!" Monsieur Alphonse responded with energy; and added: "Neither the cultivation of roses nor the study of philosophy has satisfied me at all. What was necessary to my happiness when I was young still is necessary to my happiness now that I am old. Without it, I am but a broken old man."

"Monsieur forgets that he is but three years my senior. He implies that I am but a broken old woman—and that is an asser-

tion which I positively deny!" Madame Bellarmine attempted a light tone and an accompanying light smile, but in neither of these attempts did she achieve a marked success. Moreover, she lost another point by suffering her eyes to encounter for a moment the eyes of Monsieur Alphonse. Being conscious that her eyes said something quite unlike what was said by her lips, she hastily diverted them to the distant hills.

Monsieur Alphonse answered her lips in the spirit of her eyes: "For me, Angèle, thou never canst be old. I love thee now as I loved thee long ago—only more!"

This speech fairly knocked the buttons off their foils. Madame Bellarmine drew a short breath, and for a full minute was silent—while she nerved herself to go on with sharpened swords. Then she said, speaking slowly, "It is conceivable, Monsieur, that a very young girl sometimes may be a fool."

To this proposition Monsieur Alphonse was not prepared to make an offhand answer. The truth of it was obvious, but its immediate application was less so. To agree with it might be impolitic, and certainly—because of the implied personal note—would be impolite. Rapidly reviewing these several facts, and rapidly coming to a conclusion, he discreetly held his tongue. For some seconds, therefore—while Madame Bellarmine gazed dreamily at the mountains, and while Monsieur Alphonse gazed by no means dreamily in precisely the opposite direction—the only sound upon the terrace, coming rumblingly through the warm air from the sunlit garden below them, was the loud humming of the bees. Then, as no comment was made upon her broad statement of fact, Madame Bellarmine herself again took up the word.

"And being precisely a fool," she resumed, "it therefore is conceivable that a very young girl—too young to know rightly her own heart—may commit an act of folly that will make her whole life go wrong."

"That depends," Monsieur Alphonse answered judicially, but with an unjudicial quaver in his voice, "upon what she may do later to correct her act of—of folly. The possibility is conceivable that corrective action of a positive sort, being applied in good time, may make her life go right again; and, also, if by chance her act of folly has made another life go wrong in much the same way, it farther is conceivable that the same timely corrective action which makes her own life go right again may make that other life go right again as well—filling it, indeed, with a happiness too great to be told in words!"

"When correction can be 'applied in good time,' as Monsieur cautiously observes, I admit that such fortunate results sometimes may be secured. But it is a truth which is recognized by philosophers generally, and therefore will be recognized by Monsieur particularly, that the errors of our youth cannot be corrected when we are old."

"Assuming, merely for argument's sake, that Madame might be disposed to apply her impersonal generalizations personally to herself, I beg to draw her attention to the fact that she is *not* old. It follows, logically, that should she desire to correct any errors of her youth—for example, an error that did make another life go wrong—she has abundant time in which her good intentions may be realized."

"Monsieur forgets that he repeatedly has commented—yesterday directly, to-day by implication—upon my advanced age."

"Madame forgets that on each of those occasions she perverted the meaning of my words and then denied her own perversion in set terms. She will observe, therefore, that I am but echoing her own statement of fact, as well as stating my own conviction, when I repeat my assertion that she still has ample time in which to correct that error of her earlier youth which made another life go wrong."

Monsieur Alphonse had endeavoured to maintain the merely argumentative tone suitable to the discussion of abstractions. His endeavour, which had not been conspicuously successful, at this point quite quite broke down. In a tone that had nothing in common with either arguments or abstractions he added: "But oh, remember how long I have waited—and correct that error now, this very day!"

His last move forward had brought him close beside her. As he spoke he clasped her hand.

Madame Bellarmine, clearly worsted in the argument, made no reply: half admitting her defeat by suffering Monsieur Alphonse to retain her hand in his possession; half denying it by still giving her eyes to the far-off hills.

"Wilt thou accept my roses—all of them, Angèle?"

Then Madame Bellarmine gave her eyes also to Monsieur Alphonse as she said, very softly: "Yes, I will accept thy roses"—and added, with a delectable inconsequence: "We have lost twenty years!"

The Beginnings of Banking

I. GREECE, BABYLONIA, INDIA AND CHINA

The funny thing about a bank is that it's glad to lend money to anybody who doesn't really need it. What I'm waiting for is for somebody to start a bank for the purpose of lending money to those who are in urgent need of it. SIMEON FORD.

IT MEANT A HEAP

The word "bank" is derived from the public loans made by the Italian cities rather than the business of banking as understood in later times. The usual Italian name of a public loan was *monte*, signifying a joint-stock fund. The Germans were influential in Italy during the Middle Ages, especially about the time when a forced loan of one per cent. was levied by the city of Venice in 1171 upon the property of all citizens. Their name for a joint-stock fund was *banck*, meaning a heap or mound, which the Italians converted into *banco* and employed for an accumulation of either stock or money. The definition of a bank given in an Italian dictionary in 1659 was "Monte, a standing Bank, or Mount, of money, as they have in divers cities in Italy." . . . . The word was adopted into English, meaning indifferently public loans or stocks of money. CHARLES A. CONANT.

AN ANCIENT LINEAGE

The term "bank" . . . first appears in low Latin about the beginning of the thirteenth century, when it seems to have been brought into Italy by the Norsemen, and where it displaced the Roman *mensa*, as applied to the bench, table, counter, or counting-table, or board upon which the dealer in money sorted and counted his coins. The Greek words for a banker or dealer in moneys were *trapezeta* and *collybista*, both of which were adopted by Roman writers. Roman terms . . . in successive ages . . . were *mensarius*, a sorter and counter of coins; *nummularius*, a money changer; *fœnator*, a lender of money on interest; *negotiator*, a lender of money in the provinces, where the usury laws did not prevail . . .

The counting-table is still employed, chiefly in national mints. It consists of a wooden board with a hundred or a thousand circular holes, cavities or depressions, suitable to the size of the coins to be counted. A large heap of such coins is thrown upon the board, one end is then raised so as to form an incline, when the holes are at once filled; the surplus coins roll off; and thus the counting of a thousand coins is done in a moment.

It is perhaps owing to the absence of the term "bank" or "banker" in classical works that banks are commonly supposed to be of mediæval or modern origin. This is so far from the truth that the necessity for their adoption has resulted in their establishment in all ages and counties where the government was sufficiently powerful to protect their funds from pillage, and sufficiently just to permit and protect the exercise of their necessary and lawful functions. The earliest governments of this character were pontifical, the sovereign being both king and high priest; for example, the Brahminical sovereigns of India. In the "Gentoo," or Brahminical code, a translation of which Governor Warren Hastings presented to the East India Company, there occur allusions to Bundhoos, or bankers, and to lenders of money other than pawnbrokers, coupled with the names of several sorts of money—gold, silver, copper and cowrie shells. The governor alludes to this code as of "the remotest antiquity." *The Americana.*

THIS PROMISSORY NOTE WAS A BAKED BRICK

Unto Sin-idinnam say:—

"Thus saith Hammurabi. Ilisu-ibi, the . . . merchant, hath informed me, saying, 'I lent thirty gur of corn to Sin-magir, the governor, and I hold his receipt for the same; for three years I have besought him and he will not repay the corn.' After this manner

he hath informed me. I have beheld his tablet, and Sin-magir shall pay the corn and the interest thereon, and thou shalt give it unto Ilisu-ibi."

Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi (2200 B.C.). (KING.)

DEPOSITS MUST BE WITNESSED 4,000 YEARS AGO

If a man store grain in the house of another, he shall pay storage at the rate of five ka of grain per gur each year.

If a man give to another silver, gold or anything else on deposit, whatever he gives he shall show to witnesses and he shall arrange the contracts and then he shall make the deposit.

If a man give on deposit without witnesses or contracts, and at the place of deposit they dispute with him (*i. e., deny the deposit*), that case has no penalty.

Code of Hammurabi. (HARPER.)

AN INTEREST-BEARING NOTE OF 500 B. C.

One and a half mana of money which Ittimardukbalatu, the son of Nabuahiddin, the son of Ababatila, is to receive from Labashi, the son of Ziria, the son of Naba; in the month Marcheshwan, he will give it. If in the month Marcheshwan he does not give it, every month at the rate of upon 1 mana 1 shekel of money against him it shall increase.

Witnesses: Rimutbel, the son of Belmarduk, the son of Shamma.
Beleter, the son of Nabushumusur, the son of Tammanushumusur.
Suka, the son of Kalba, the son of Babutu.
and the scribe Baniummagu, the son of Belahiddinna, the son of Sirdishbit,
Babylon, in the month Ululu, on the 6th day, in the 13th year of
Nabuna'id, King of Babylon.

A Tablet in the N. Y. Metropolitan Museum of Art. (MOLDENKE.)

THE GREEK BANKER HAD A GOOD LAWYER

(*Phormio was a slave of Pasion, the banker, and on the latter's death Phormio received, according to the will, Pasion's wife, and with her a certain marriage portion. Pasion's two sons received, the one a shield factory and the other the bank. Apollodorus, the son who received the shield factory, brings this action against Phormio, eighteen years after the death of Pasion, to recover "a sum of banking stock, alleged to have been left by Pasion in the bank, and to have been fraudulently appropriated by Phormio to his own use."*

We learn elsewhere that Demosthenes' speech for the defense made such an impression on the jury that they would not hear a word that Apollodorus had to say, and the verdict passed against him by so large a majority, that he had to pay the Epobelia, or a sixth of the damages.)

Men of Athens . . . . you must hear and understand, in what way Pasion came to owe the eleven talents to the bank. He owed that sum not on account of poverty, but on account of his industry in business. For the landed property of Pasion was about twenty talents, and, in addition to that, he had money of his own lent at interest, amounting to more than fifty talents. With these fifty talents there were eleven talents from the deposits of the bank profitably invested. When Phormio therefore became lessee of the bank business, and received the deposits, seeing that, while he did not enjoy the rights of Athenian citizenship, he should not be able to get in the monies that Pasion had lent on land and lodging-houses, he chose that Pasion himself should owe him those sums rather than the other debtors to whom he lent them. And so on this account Pasion was set down in the lease as owing eleven talents, as you have heard stated in evidence. . . .

With respect to Phormio's affluence, Apollodorus, and his having got it from your father's estate, and the questions which you said you would put, how Phormio has acquired his property—you of all men, Apollodorus, are the least entitled to talk in this way. For Pasion your father did not acquire his property, any more than Phormio did, by good luck or by inheritance from his father; but while he was with his masters, Antisthenes and Archestratus, the bankers, he gave proof that he was honest and just in his dealings, and won their confidence. In the commercial world and the money market it is thought a wonderful thing, when the same person shows himself to be both honest and diligent. Pasion did not derive this quality from his masters, for he was honest by nature: no more

did Phormio derive it from your father; for, had it been in your father's power, he would have made you honest in preference to Phormio. If you are ignorant of this, that trustworthiness is the best capital for money-getting, you must be ignorant of everything. . . . For other bankers, not paying rents, but trafficking on their own account, have all come to ruin; while the defendant, paying you a rent of two talents and forty minas, maintained the bank. . . . Another thing too you must hear. It has been read to you, men of Athens, that he (Phormio) has acquired such a heap of money as neither he nor anyone else possesses. Yet Phormio has credit with those that know him for this and for a greater amount, and by means of such credit he benefits both himself and you. . . . It is not right, men of Athens, that you should abandon such a man to the mercy of the plaintiff.

The Oration for Phormio. DEMOSTHENES (CHARLES RANN KENNEDY).

BANK IDENTIFICATIONS IN ATHENS

Lycon the Heracleote, men of the jury, the person mentioned by the plaintiff, was a customer of my father's bank, like the other merchants; a friend of Aristonous of Decelea and Archebiades of Lampra, and an intelligent man. When he was about to set out on a voyage to Libya, he cast up his account with my father, in the presence of Archebiades and Phrasias, and directed my father to pay the money which he left (it was sixteen minas forty drachms, as I shall show you very clearly), to Cephisiades; stating that this Cephisiades was his partner, a resident in Scyrus, but at that time abroad on some other mercantile enterprise. He directed Archebiades and Phrasias to introduce and make him known to my father, when he returned from his travels. It is the custom with all bankers, when any private individual deposits a sum of money with direction to pay it to any person, first to write down the name of the party depositing and the sum, then to enter in the margin that "it is to be paid to this or that person"; and if they know the face of the person to whom they are to pay, they do only that, write down to whom they are to pay; but if they don't know it, they add the name of him who is to introduce and make known the person who is to receive the money. A misfortune happened to this Lycon: as soon as he had sailed round the Argolic bay, his ship was captured by some pirate vessels, his goods were conveyed to Argos, and he himself was killed by a bowshot. Immediately afterwards Callippus the plaintiff comes to the bank, and asks whether they know Lycon the Heracleote. Phormio, who is here in court, replied that they did know him. "And did he bank with you?"—"He did"—said Phormio—"but why do you ask?"—"Why?"—said he—"I will tell you. He is dead, and I am the state-friend of the Heracleotes. I therefore request you to show me the bank-book, that I may see if he has left any money; for I am bound to look after the affairs of all the Heracleotes." When Phormio heard this, men of the jury, he showed him the book instantly; and the book being put before him, he read it with his own eyes, and there saw the following entry—"Lycon of Heraclea, sixteen hundred and forty drachms; to be paid to Cephisiades; Archebiades will introduce Cephisiades." Having perused this, he went away in silence, and for more than five months took no further notice. Cephisiades afterwards arrived in Athens, came to the bank, and demanded the money. There were present Archebiades and Phrasias, men of the jury, the persons whom Lycon brought to my father and requested to identify Cephisiades upon his arrival; there were present also some others; and Phormio, whom you see here, counted out and paid him the sixteen minas and forty drachms.

Appolodorus *vs.* Callippus, 360 B. C. *Orations of Demosthenes* (KENNEDY).

A WARRIOR-AUTHOR SPEAKS FOR A GREEK "LIBERTY LOAN"

At present the citizens can acquire no gains so creditable as those from what they may contribute for this fund (*a public fund for equipping naval galleys*); for to him whose contribution shall be ten minæ, about the fifth part will return as interest from the fleet, as he will receive three oboli a day; and to him whose contribution shall be five minæ, there will be a return of more than the third. The most of the Athenians, assuredly, will receive annually more than they have contributed; for those who contribute a mina will have an income of almost two minæ, and will have it in the city, being an income, too, that appears the safest and most durable of human things.

(A mina was equal to six hundred oboli, or £4 1s 3d, the obolus being equal to three halfpence and half a farthing. . . . Each contributor was to give according to his means, and all to receive the same remuneration.) XENOPHON (WATSON).

A Banking Incident in Ancient Greece

The trapezitæ, at whose hands Charicles had to receive the greatest part of his patrimony, were very different individuals. Diotimos, a man now advanced in years, bore, universally, a reputation for the highest integrity. . . .

Diotimos was just engaged in paying a sum of money to a man, apparently a foreigner. Upon the table, from which he swept up the coin, after having found it right, lay a slip of paper, being his bond for the amount. "You have received from me the sum, in ready cash, and all correct," said the banker; "and you leave nothing for it but a small piece of paper, that perhaps cost you two chalcus. But remember that the law is on my side, and will defend my right." The man asseverated his wish to fulfill all the terms of the contract, and then departed. Diotimos then reached his ledger, wrote a few words in it, deposited the paper in a box containing several others, and then turned to a second individual, who was waiting in company with a very common-looking personage. "I have purchased," said the first, "from this man here a slave for two minæ. By reference to my account-book I find there must be seven hundred drachmæ lying with you in my name. Pay the man his money." The trapezites again looked in his book. "In the main," said he, "you are right in your calculations; except that you forget the agio on three hundred and fifty Æginetan drachmæ which I paid to Paseas for the ivory you bought." This the man could not dispute; the two minæ were paid, and the men went away.

Now for the first time, Diotimos regarded the young men, who had remained somewhat apart. "Who are you?" he enquired of Charicles, who now stepped forward, "and what do you want?" "I am Charicles, the son of Charinos, and am returned from Syracuse. For my credentials, behold here my father's signet-ring, which is well known to you. I come, as his heir, to require back the money that still remains in your hands." "So Charinos is dead?" exclaimed the banker. "We have placed his ashes in Sicilian earth," said the youth, "until his most faithful servant shall have brought them here, to deposit them in the tomb of his forefathers." The old man covered his face and wept. "According to my father's will," said Charicles after a while, when the other had become more composed, "you must still have in your possession one talent and four thousand drachmæ, which in all probability, I shall soon require." "It is not exactly as you say," replied Diotimos; "but certainly, your father could not possibly know that. It is only lately that three thousand drachmæ more were paid to me on his account; and, besides that, the capital has grown much larger by interest. You will have more than two talents and a half to receive from me."

He then explained to the youth how he had, by degrees, sometimes with difficulty, and not until after some years, contrived to get in all the moneys which were owing to his father by foreign merchants. From one man, only, at Andros, he had obtained nothing, since he had not been to Athens for several years, and Diotimos himself was too old to undertake a sea-voyage. "You will do best," said he, "to go thither yourself, unless you wish to leave the two thousand drachmæ in the lurch. Moreover," he continued, "your father, before the disaster which befell him, had ordered some statues, which he intended for the Acropolis. They are still at the artist's, in the Street of the Sculptors. It is to be hoped you will act in the spirit of your father, and not withhold from the gods those honours which he had destined for them."

Charicles thanked the worthy man for the fidelity with which he had transacted his father's concerns, and did not scruple to entrust to him the two thousand darics contained in the casket, until he had use for them. From thence he went, accompanied by Ctesiphon, to a second trapezites. This man was a stranger to him, and his business with him was of a singular nature. . . .

Seated behind his table, Charicles found a gloomy man of an unhealthy shrivelled appearance. Beside him lay the scales, with which he had just weighed a lot of silver coins that had been paid him. On the other side, his hand rested on a quantity of papers, apparently yellow with age. Before him he had a counting-table, being probably engaged in reckoning the interest due upon one of the bonds. With some repugnance Charicles walked up to this man, and briefly explained his business. At the mention of the Syracusan,

the trapezites contracted his brows more than ever. "I did not know," said he, "that Sosthenes had so large a claim upon me. Has he forgotten that I have had to disburse eight hundred drachmæ for him, to the Heracleote? Look here at my book. What stands there? Sosthenes, son of Phorion, of Syracuse, has deposited two talents. Out of these, eight hundred drachmæ to be paid to Phrynion, the Heracleote, who will be introduced by Epicrates the Piræan. You see there remain only four thousand drachmæ." "Quite right," answered Charicles; "Sosthenes also mentioned that to me; but in the month of Elaphebolion, on his return from Pontus, he paid you afresh two talents, and two thousand drachmæ, so that he wants three talents from you." The trapezites was evidently confused, and tried to conceal it by the vehemence of his speech. "What are you to me?" said he abusively. "How do I know who you are? Any sycophant might come and demand money in another person's name." "You have not given me time," said the youth, "to present you my credentials. Here is the letter of Sosthenes. Do you know his seal?" "It seems to be his signet," said the money-changer sullenly. "And here is the symbolon inside, which will doubtless be familiar to you." "Perhaps a forged one," muttered the other, as he ill-humouredly opened the letter, and read it half aloud. But when he came to Phorion's name he became silent, and stared gloomily before him, as though meditating some way of escape. "Lycon," interrupted Ctesiphon at this juncture, "don't be inventing any new tricks. It is still fresh in people's memories how, not long ago, you bubbled the Byzantine merchant, when he came to require the money deposited with you. The whole city knows how you got out of the way the only slave who was acquainted with the fact, and then, not only denied the claim, but also suborned witnesses to prove that your creditor had borrowed six talents of you. The man, however, obtained his rights by the aid of Phorion, whose name now threatens you a second time; so take warning."

The trapezites seemed desirous of giving an angry answer, but, suddenly, his eye became fixed on an object in the distance. In fact he saw Phorion himself, coming towards the money-changers' tables. "Who wants to deny anything?" said he in embarrassment. "But I have not got the sum at hand, nor, were I to go round to all the tables, could I find any one to lend me three talents. Come hither again on the morrow, Charicles, and I will take care that you shall have the money." "Very well; and I will bring Phorion along with me to dispel all doubts as to my identity." "Oh! there will be no need for that," rejoined the money-changer hastily; "the symbolon is right; you will receive the money."

Charicles. WILHELM ADOLF BECKER.

A TRAVELER'S LETTER OF CREDIT, 45 B.C.

As to my son, it seems high time now (i. e. that he should go abroad and travel); but I want to know whether he can get a draft for his allowance changed at Athens or whether he must take it with him; and as regards the whole matter please consider how and when you think he ought to go. . . .

(*Three days later he has heard from Atticus apparently that the letter of credit is feasible, and writes*)—See that he is provided with a bill of exchange for as much as is necessary.

Letter to Atticus. CICERO (WINSTEDT).

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT WAS A BANK

The history of banking in this country is lost in the mist of obscurity of the past. The system of banking is very ancient; the use of bills of exchange is as old as the art of printing in China; and the needs of this great Empire led to the riches of the trading class. Italian merchants learned in China the art of book-keeping, as combined with banking. China was several centuries ahead of Europe in the art of banking. . . . So far as could be ascertained, banking operations were carried on in this country on a large scale, principally by the Government, ever since the ninth century A. D. . . . Especially in the eleventh century, the Government was a great bank, and the officials were anxious to profit as much as possible from the banking operations of the Government. The situation became so intolerable that in the reign of Shen Tsung, Chang Fang-p'ing stated in the memorial to the Throne:

"To employ money as bribe, to engage the people to work for the State is to inflict injury on the administration. If I take, as an example, the seven district cities round the

metropolis, they contain 67,000 families. They produce by their labour 152,000 piculs of rice and wheat, and 4,000 pieces of silk, and give it to the Government. Such is the fruit of field and silk culture in the old way. The additional taxes in money yield to the State 113,000 strings of copper cash. When copper cash is wanting, millet and silk stuff are given instead. The house tax amounting to 5,000 strings is, however, always collected in cash. Such is the old system of taxation transmitted to us from our ancestors during 2,000 years. Under the five dynasties which succeeded the Tang period, there was still no change in the system, but now personal service to the State is rendered in money each year, and the amount of cash collected is 75,300 strings. The system which has lasted so long is now thought to be unwise and it is proposed to distribute among the farmers 83,000 strings of cash with the intention of securing a profit of 16,600 strings. This amount, however, could not be collected, only 3,000 strings having been actually received. Another measure proposed by Wang An-shi was to withdraw the edict which forbade the export of copper cash. This was to encourage the sale of copper and allow it to become the property of foreign nations. This policy is a mistaken one, because the Imperial cash will be melted down in large quantities; few new cash will be made and a scarcity of copper currency will be felt. It is the duty of the state to provide currency in order to stimulate trade and promote the revenue in a legitimate way."

. . . These commodities had to be exchanged and re-exchanged; naturally the Government had to do a sort of banking business. SRINAVAS R. WAGEL.

"MARCO MILLIONS" LIKED THE IDEA OF MAKING MONEY FROM MULBERRY BARK

Now that I have told you in detail of the splendour of this City of the Emperor's, I shall proceed to tell you of the Mint which he hath in the same city, in the which he hath his money coined and struck, as I shall relate to you. And in doing so I shall make manifest to you how it is that the Great Lord may well be able to accomplish much more than I have told you, or am going to tell you, in this Book. For, tell it how I might, you never would be satisfied that I was keeping within truth and reason!

The Emperor's Mint then is in this same City of Cambaluc, and the way it is wrought is such that you might say he hath the Secret of Alchemy in perfection, and you would be right! For he makes his money after this fashion:

He makes them take of the bark of a certain tree, in fact of the Mulberry Tree, the leaves of which are the food of the silkworms. . . . This they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black. When these sheets have been prepared they are cut up into pieces of different sizes. All these pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and authority as if they were of pure gold or silver; and on every piece a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names, and to put their seals. And when all is prepared duly, the chief officer deputed by the Kaan smears the Seal entrusted to him with vermilion, and impresses it on the paper, so that the form of the Seal remains upon it in red; the Money is then authentic. Any one forging it would be punished with death. And the Kaan causes every year to be made such a vast quantity of this money, which costs him nothing, that it must equal in amount all the treasure in the world.

With these pieces of paper, made as I have described, he causes all payments on his own account to be made; and he makes them to pass current universally over all his kingdoms and provinces and territories, and whithersoever his power and sovereignty extends. And nobody, however important he may think himself, dares to refuse them on pain of death. And indeed everybody takes them readily, for wheresoever a person may go throughout the Great Kaan's dominions he shall find these pieces of paper current, and shall be able to transact all sales and purchases of goods by means of them just as well as if they were coins of pure gold. . . .

When any of those pieces of paper are spoilt—not that they are so very flimsy neither—the owner carries them to the Mint, and by paying 3 per cent. on the value he gets new pieces in exchange. . . .

Now you have heard the ways and means whereby the Great Kaan may have, and in fact *has*, more treasure than all the Kings in the World; and you know all about it and the reason why. MARCO POLO (SIR HENRY YULE).

(*To be continued*)

The Return of Agamemnon

By F. ANSTEY

Yours very truly
Anstey Guthrie

IT WAS ten years since Agamemnon, the mighty Argive monarch, had left his kingdom (somewhat suddenly, and after a stormy interview with the Queen, as those said who had the best opportunities of knowing), with the avowed intention of going to assist at the siege of Troy.

He had never written once since, but so many reports of his personal daring and his terrible wounds had reached the palace that Clytemnestra would often observe, with a touch of annoyance, that, if not actually dead by that time, he must be nearly as full of holes as a fishing-net.

So that she was scarcely surprised when they broke the intelligence to her one day that he really had gone at last, having fallen, fighting desperately, against the most fearful odds, upon the Trojan plain; and when, a little later, she formally announced to her faithful subjects her betrothal to Ægisthus, her youngest and favourite courtier, *they* were not surprised in their turn.

They told one another, with ribald facetiousness, that they had rather expected something of the kind.

They were celebrating their Queen's betrothal day with the wildest enthusiasm, for they were a simple affectionate people, and foresaw an impetus to local trade. It had been but a dull time for Argos during those weary ten years, and the city had become well-nigh deserted, as, one by one, all her bravest and her best had left her, to seek, as they poetically put it, "a soldier's tomb."

Several married men, in whom no such patriotic enthusiasm had ever been previously suspected, found out that their country required their services, left their wives and their little ones, and started for the field of battle. There were many pushing Argive tradesmen, too, who abandoned their business and sought—not ostentatiously, but with the self-effacement of true heroism—the seat of war upon which their sovereign had been sitting so long; while the real extent of their devotion was seldom appreciated until long after their departure, when it was generally discovered that, in their eagerness, they had left their affairs in the greatest confusion.

And very soon almost the only young men left were mild, unwarlike youths, who were respectable and wore spectacles, while the rest of the male population was composed of equal parts of prattling infants and doddering octogenarians.

This was a melancholy state of things—but then the absent ones wrote such capital letters home, containing such graphic descriptions of camp life and the fiercer excitements of night attacks and forlorn hopes, that the recipients ought to have been amply consoled.

They were not; they only remarked it seemed rather odd that the writers should so persistently forget to give their addresses, and that it was a singular circumstance that while each letter purported to come direct from the Grecian lines, every envelop somehow bore a different postmark. And often would the older married women (and their mothers, too) wish with infinite pathos that they could only just get the missing ones home and talk to them a little—that was all!

But all anxiety was forgotten in the celebration of the bethrothal, for the Argives were determined to do the thing really well. So in the principal streets they had erected triumphal arches, typifying the chief local manufactures, which were (as it is scarcely necessary to inform the scholar) soda-water and cane-bottomed chairs; and from these arches chairs and bottles were constantly dropping, like a gentle dew, upon the happy crowd which passed beneath. All the public fountains

spouted a cheap dinner sherry like water—"*very* like water," said some disaffected persons; householders were graciously invited to exhibit flags and illuminations at their own expense, and in the marketplace a fowl was being roasted whole for the populace.

All was gaiety, therefore, at sunset, when the citizens assembled in groups about the square in front of the palace, prepared to cheer the royal pair with enthusiasm when they deigned to show themselves upon the balcony.

The well-meaning old gentlemen who formed the Chorus (for in those days every house of any position in society maintained a chorus, and even shabby-genteel families kept a semi-chorus in buttons) were twittering in a corner, prepared to come forth by-and-by with the ill-timed allusions, melancholy and depressing forebodings, and unnecessary advice, which were all that was expected of them, and the Mayor and Corporation were fussing about distractedly with a brass band and the inevitable address.

All at once there was a stir in the crowd, and the eyes of everyone were strained towards a tall and swaying scaffold on the royal house-top, where a small black figure, outlined sharply against the saffron sky, could be seen gesticulating wildly.

"Look at the watchman!" they whispered excitedly; "what *can* be the matter with him?"

Now, before Agamemnon left he had had fires laid upon all the mountain tops in a straight line between Argos and Troy, arranging to light the pile at the Troy end of the chain when it should become necessary to let them know at home that they might expect him back shortly.

The watchman had been put up on a scaffold to look out for the beacon, and had been there for years day and night, without being once allowed to quit his post—even on his birthday. It was expected that Clytemnestra would have let him come down for good when she was informed of Agamemnon's death on such excellent authority, but she would not hear of such a thing. She knew people would think it very foolish and sentimental of her, she said, but to take the watchman down would seem so like giving up all hope! So she kept him up, a proof of her conjugal devotion which touched everyone—except perhaps the watchman himself.

Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, who had happened to come out while all this excitement was at its height, found themselves absolutely ignored. "Not a single cap off—not one solitary hurray," cried the Queen with majestic anger. "*What* have you been doing to make yourself so unpopular with my loyal Argives?" she demanded suspiciously.

"I don't think it's anything to do with *me*, really," protested Ægisthus, feebly. "They're only looking the other way just now, and—can't you see why?" he added suddenly, "*they've lit the beacon on the top of Arachnæus!*"

Clytemnestra looked, and started violently, as on the mountain-top in question a red tongue of flame shot up through the gathering dusk: "What does it mean?" she whispered, clutching him convulsively by the arm.

"Well," said Ægisthus, "it looks to me, do you know, rather as if your late lamented husband has changed his mind about dying, and is on his way to your arms."

"Then he is not dead!" exclaimed Clytemnestra. "He is coming home. I shall look upon that face, hear that voice, press that hand once again! How excessively annoying!"

"Confounded nuisance!" he agreed heartily, but his irritation sounded slightly overdone, somehow. "Well, it's all over with the betrothal after this; don't you think it would be as well to get all the arches, and fireworks, and things out of the way? We shan't want them *now*, you know."

"Why not?" said the Queen; "they will all do for him; *he* won't know. Ye gods!" she cried, stretching out her arms with a tragic groan. "Must *I*, too, do for him?"

"Anyway," said Ægisthus, with an attempted ease, "you won't want *me* any longer, and so, if you will kindly excuse me, I—I think I'll retire to some quiet spot whither I can drag myself with my broken heart and bleed to death, like a wounded deer, don't you know!"

"You can do all that just as well here," she replied. "I wish you to stay. Who knows what may happen?"—she added, with a sinister smile, "We may be happy yet!"

Clytemnestra's sinister smiles always made Ægisthus feel exactly as if something was disagreeing with him—so he stayed.

By this time the populace had also realized the turn affairs had taken, but they very sensibly determined that it was their plain duty to persevere with the

merriment. They were, as has been mentioned before, a simple and affectionate people, and fond of their king; so, as his return would be even more beneficial to trade than the betrothal, they rejoiced on, and there was nothing in the least strained or hollow in their revelry.

And presently there was a fresh stir in the crowd, and then a rumbling of wheels as the covered chariot from the station rolled, amidst faint cheering, up to the palace gates, and was saluted by the one aged sentinel who stood on guard.

"It *is* Agamemnon," gasped the Queen; "he has come already—he must not find me unprepared. I will go within."

She had just time to retire hastily, followed by Ægisthus, before a short, stout man in faded regimentals and a cocked hat with a moulting plume descended from the vehicle.

The Chorus, finding it left to them to do the honours, advanced in a row, singing the ode of welcome, which they had had in rehearsal ever since the first year of the war.

"O King," they chanted in their cracked old trebles, "offspring of Atreus, and sacker of Troy!"

"Will you kindly count the boxes?" interrupted the monarch, who hated sentiment; "there should be four—a tin cocked-hat box, two camel-hair trunks, and a carpet bag."

But a Greek chorus was not easily suppressed, and they broke out again all together, "Nay, but with bursting hearts would we bid thee thrice hail!"

"Once is ample, thank you," said the King, with regal politeness; "and I should be really distressed if any of you were to burst on my account. Has anybody such a thing as half a drachma about him?"

He heard no more of the ode, and the Mayor thought it advisable to roll up his address and take his Corporation home.

Agamemnon had succeeded in borrowing the drachma, and had just turned his back to pay the driver as Clytemnestra glided down the broad steps to the courtyard, and, striking an attitude, addressed nobody in particular in tones of rapturous joy.

"O happy day!" she cried very loudly, "on which my hero husband returns to me after a long absence, quite unexpectedly. Henceforth shall his helmet rust upon the hat-stand, and his spear repose innocuous amongst the umbrellas, and his breastplate shall he replace by a chest-protector; for a shield he shall have a sunshade, and instead of his sword he shall carry a spud. But now let me, as an exceptionally faithful wife, greet him before ye all with—Agamemnon, *will* you have the goodness to tell me who that young person is in the chariot?" was her abrupt and somewhat lame conclusion.

"Oh, there you are, eh?" said Agamemnon, turning round and presenting a forefinger. "How de do, my love; how de do?" ("I shan't give you another obol!" he said to the driver, who seemed still unsatisfied.) "So, you're quite well, eh?" he resumed to his wife; "plenty to say for yourself, as usual. Gad, I feel as if I hadn't been away a week—till I look at you. . . . Well, we can't expect to be always young, can we? So you want to know my little friend here? Allow me to present her to you. One moment."

And bustling up to the chariot, he assisted from it a maiden with a pale face, great, wild, roving eyes, and hair of tawny gold, and led her back to his wife.

"The Princess Cassandra of Troy—my wife, Queen Clytemnestra. They tell me this young lady can prophesy very prettily, my dear," he remarked.

Clytemnestra bowed coldly, and said she was sure it would be vastly amusing. Did the Princess intend giving any public entertainments?

"She is our visitor," Agamemnon put in warningly; while Cassandra smiled satirically, and said nothing at all.

Clytemnestra hoped she might be able to induce her to stay longer, a week was such a *very* short time.

"She has kindly consented to stay on a little longer, my love," said Agamemnon—"all her life, in fact."

The Queen was charmed to hear it; it was so very nice and kind of her, particularly as strangers were apt to find the neighbourhood an unhealthy one.

And as Ægisthus joined them just then, she presented him to the King, with the remark that he had been the most faithful and devoted of courtiers during the whole period of the King's absence; to which Agamemnon replied, with the slightest of scowls, that he was delighted to make the acquaintance of Mr. Ægisthus; and after that no one seemed to know exactly what to say for a minute or two.

At last Ægisthus hazarded a supposition that the royal warrior had found it warm over at Troy.

"It varied, sir," said the monarch, uncomfortably; "the climate varied. I used to get very warm fighting sometimes."

Ægisthus agreed that a battle must be

hot work, and Clytemnestra suddenly exclaimed that her husband was wearing the very same dear shabby old uniform he had on when he went away.

"The very same," said Agamemnon, smiling. "I wore it all through the campaign. Your true warrior is no dandy!"

"We were given to understand you were wounded," remarked Ægisthus.

"Oh," said the King, "yes; I was considerably wounded—all over the chest and arms. But what cared I?"

"Exactly," said Ægisthus; "and, curiously enough, the weapons don't seem to have pierced your coat at all. I observe there are no patches."

"No," the King replied; "so you noticed that, eh? Well, the reason of that is that those fellows out there have a peculiar sort of way of cutting and slashing, so as to——"

And he explained this by some elaborate illustrations with his sheathed sword, until Ægisthus said that he thought he understood how it was done.

But Clytemnestra suddenly, with a kitten-like girlishness that sat but ill upon her, pounced playfully upon the weapon. "I want to see it drawn," she cried; "I want to look upon the keen flashing blade which has penetrated the inmost recesses of so many of our country's foes. Oh, it won't come out," she added, as she attempted to pull it out of the scabbard; "*do* make it come out!"

The King tried, but the blade stuck half way, and what was visible of it seemed thickly coated with rust; but Agamemnon said it was gore, and his orderly must have forgotten to clean his accoutrements after the fall of Troy. He added that it was the effect of the sea air.

"Troy really has fallen then?" asked Ægisthus. "I suppose you stayed to see the thing out?"

"I did, sir," answered the monarch proudly; "I sacked the most fashionable quarters myself. I expect my booty will be forwarded—shortly. Didn't you *know* Troy was taken?" he asked suspiciously. "Couldn't you see the beacon I lighted just before I started?"

The courtier murmured that it was wonderful to find so long and tedious a journey accomplished in such capital time.

"What do you mean by that? How do you know how long it took?" demanded Agamemnon.

"Don't you see?" said Clytemnestra. "Why, you say you had the fire lighted at Ida when you started; then, of course, they would see it directly over at Lemnos, and light theirs; and then at Athos, and then——"

"You are not a time-table, my love," interrupted the monarch, coldly. "I won't trouble you for all these details. Come to the point."

"The point is," she explained sweetly, "that we have only just seen the beacon flame arrive here at Arachnæus, after leaping from height to height across lake and plain; so that you, my dearest, must have made the distance with almost equal celerity!"

"I came *with* the beacon," said Agamemnon, coughing; "perhaps that disposes of the difficulty?"

"Perhaps," said the Queen; "I mean *quite*. And now," she continued, after a rapid exchange of glances with Ægisthus, "you will come indoors, and have a nice cup of coffee and a warm bath before you do anything else, won't you?"

He almost thought he would, he said; fighting for ten long years without intermission was a dusty, tiring occupation, and he was accordingly about to enter, when his eye fell on the awnings and flags and the red stair carpet, which had been prepared for the betrothal festivities, and he frowned.

"Now, my dear, this sort of thing is all very well, no doubt; but I don't care about it. I'm a plain, honest ruler of men, and I hate flummery and flattery—particularly when it all comes out of *my* pocket! Why, you've laid down the drugget from the Throne-Room over all this gravel. Take it up directly; I decline to walk over it. Do you hear? This wasteful extravagance is positively sinful. Take it up!"

Clytemnestra assured him earnestly that they had had no intention of annoying him with it—which was literally true; and suggested meekly that for the King to stay out in the court-yard until all the decorations were removed might be a tedious and even a ridiculous proceeding. "If," she added, "he was merely unwilling to spoil the drugget, he might easily remove his boots, which were extremely muddy—for a monarch's."

"Well, well, my dear, be it so," said the King; "I did not intend to chide you. It is only that I have grown so accustomed to the frugal, hardy life of a camp, that I have imbibed a soldier's contempt for luxury."

And, removing his boots, he followed the Queen into the Palace, as she led the way with a baleful expression upon her dark and inscrutable face.

As the pair passed up the steps and between the lofty pillars, the hounds howled from the royal kennels at the back of the Palace, and—a stranger portent still—a meteor shot suddenly through the growing gloom and burst in a rain of coloured stars above the housetop, while, shortly after, a staff fell from above upon the head of one of the Chorus—and was shivered to fragments!

. . . . . .

Ægisthus had strolled away under the colonnade, and Cassandra was left alone with the Chorus. She stood apart, mystic, moody, and impenetrable, letting down her flowing back hair.

"You prophesy, do you not?" said the kind old men at length, wishing to make her feel at home; "might we beg you to favour us with a prediction—just a little one?"

Cassandra made excuses at first, as was proper: she had a cold, and was feeling the effects of the journey. She was really not inspired just then, she protested, and besides, she had not touched a tripod for ages.

But, upon being pressed, she gave way at last, after declaring with a little giggle that she was perfectly certain nobody would believe a single word she said.

"I see before me," she began, in a weird, sepulchral tone which she found it impossible to keep up for many sentences, "a proud and stately pile—but enter not. See ye yon ghoul among the chimney-pots, yon amphisbœna in the back garden? And the scent of gore pervades it!"

"It is no happy home that is thus described!" the Chorus threw in professionally.

"But the Finger of Fate is slowly unwound, and the Hand of Destiny steps in to pace the marble halls with heavy tramp. And know, old men, that the Inevitable is not wholly unconnected with the Probable!"

At this even their politeness could not restrain a gesture of incredulity, but she heeded it not, and continued:

"Who is this that I see next—this regal warrior bounding over the blazing battlements in brazen panoply?"

("That must be Agamemnon," cried the Chorus; "the despatches mentioned him bounding like that. Wonderful!")

"I see him," she resumed, "pale and prostrate—a prey to the pangs within him, scanning the billows from his storm-tossed ship. Now he has reached his native city. Hark! how they greet him! And, behold, a stately matron meets him with a honeyed smile, inviting him to enter. He yields. And then——"

Here Cassandra stopped, with the remark that that was all—as there were limits even to the marvelous faculty of second-sight.

The Chorus were not unimpressed, for they had never seen a prediction and its literal fulfilment in quite such close conjunction before, and their own attempts always came wrong; but although they were agreed that the prophecy was charming as far as it went, they began to feel slightly afraid of the prophetess, and were secretly relieved when Ægisthus happened to come up shortly afterwards with an offer to show her such places of interest as Argos boasted.

But they were great authorities upon all points of etiquette and morality, and they all remarked (when she had gone) that she displayed an unbecoming readiness in accepting the escort of a courtier who had not been formally introduced to her. "That may be the custom in *Troy*," they said, wagging their beards, "but if she means to behave like that here—*well!*"

And now the last gleam of the sunset had faded, and the stars straggled out in the pale green sky, whilst the Chorus walked up and down to keep warm, for the evening was growing chilly.

Suddenly a loud cry broke the silence—a scream as of a strong man in mortal agony! It struck all of them that the voice was uncommonly like Agamemnon's, but none liked to say so, and they only observed with a forced composure that really the cats were becoming quite a nuisance.

The cry came again, louder this time, and more distinct; it seemed to come from the direction of the royal bathroom. "Hi, here, somebody—help! *They've turned on the hot water, and I can't turn it off again!*"

After this there could be no possible doubt that there was something the matter far more serious than cats. Agamemnon, the king of men, was apparently in difficulties, and it was only too probable that this was Clytemnestra's fell work.

They all ran about and fell over one another in the general flurry and confusion, and then as they recovered their presence of mind they began to consult upon the best course to pursue under the circumstances. Some were of opinion that it would not be a quite unpardonable breach of court etiquette if they were to rush into the bathroom and pull the royal sufferer out; others, more cautious, asked for precedents in a case of such delicacy, and they almost quarreled, until the wisest of them all reminded his fellows that, at all events, it was

too late to interfere then, as the monarch must certainly be hard-boiled by that time—which relieved them from all responsibility in the happiest manner.

At this point the Queen appeared at the head of the marble steps, down which she glided cautiously and came towards them, evidently in a condition of suppressed excitement.

"What a beautiful evening!" said the Chorus in unison, for they considered it better taste not to appear to have noticed anything at all unusual.

"Agamemnon is with his ancestors," she replied in a fierce whisper; "I sewed up the sleeves of his bathing-gown and I drugged his coffee, and then from afar I turned on the hot water. And he is boiled, and it serves him right, and I'm glad of it—so now! But tell me, ye aged ones," she added with one of her quick transitions, "have I done well?"

Now the Chorus were distinctly disgusted at her want of tact and reserve, and would have greatly preferred not to be admitted into confidences of so purely domestic a description, but they were not the men to flinch from their duty.

"In our opinion, O Queen," they replied coldly, "the deed was a hasty one, and accomplished without sufficient consideration."

"Ha!" she exclaimed angrily, "so ye would rate me like a girl! Am I not your sovereign mistress? Guard, seize these insolents!"

And the superannuated old sentinel left his box and tottered up to seize as many of them as he could lay hold of at once, telling the remainder to consider themselves under arrest, which they did directly.

"Summon the populace," Clytemnestra next commanded, and the Argives left the fireworks obediently and assembled before the steps.

"Citizens! Argives!" she cried in a loud clear voice, "I am sure you will all be very sorry and disappointed to hear that your beloved sovereign, so lately restored to us" (here she broke down with the naturalness of a great artist)—"that our beloved sovereign is—by a most deplorable and unaccountable lack of precaution——"

"*Alive!*" interrupted a voice from behind the Queen, and someone pushed aside the hangings before the door of the Palace, and began to descend the steps. It was Agamemnon himself.

Clytemnestra shrieked as she turned slowly, and confronted him in silence for some moments; the situation was intensely dramatic, and the Argives, a simple and affectionate people, fully appreciated this, and never once regretted the fireworks they had abandoned.

The Queen was the first to speak: "So," she said, pale and panting, "you—you've—had your bath?"

"Well—no," said Agamemnon mildly; "I happened to observe that someone had thoughtfully sewn up the armholes of my dressing-gown, and that the coffee had a particularly nasty smell in it, and so, somehow, I thought I would rather wait. And then the boiling water came rushing in, and I saw there had been a little mistake somewhere. So it occurred to me that I too would dissemble and see what came of it,and I shouted for help. I think I see it all now."

And then he took a higher moral tone; his manner was no longer cynical; he was not angry even—only deeply wounded, and there was something fine and striking in the stern sadness of his brow.

"So this," he said, "was to have been my fate? I was to return, a war-worn warrior, to the hearth and home from which I had been absent so long—so long—to be ruthlessly parboiled the very moment after my arrival, by the partner of my throne! Was this kind—was this wifely, Clytemnestra?"

"That comes so well from you, does it not?" she retorted.

"Why—why—what do you mean?" he stammered.

"You know very well what I mean," she said. "Bah! why play the hypocrite with me?"

"Is it possible," he cried, "that you can suspect me of not having been near Troy all this time—tell me, Clytemnestra—is this monstrous thing possible?"

"Quite," she replied; "I *know* you haven't!"

"What—when I tell you that there is a poet, a fellow called Homer or something, who has got a sort of reputation already by putting the campaign into verses, rather long, but quite readable (you must order them); well, there's a lot about *me* in them."

"Did Homer *see* you there?"

"Now, that's a most ridiculous question," he protested, with a feeling that she was coming round, and that he should convince her directly; "the poet's blind, Clytemnestra, quite blind. But I will not argue—you must be content with a warrior's assurance."

She laughed. "I'm afraid," she said,

"that even a warrior's assurance will find it difficult to account satisfactorily for this—and this—and these!" And as she spoke, she handed him a variety of articles: a folding hat, a guide to Corinth, a conversation manual, several unused tourist tickets, one or two theater programmes, a green veil, some supper bills, a correct card for the Olympian races, with the names of probable starters, and three little jointed wooden dolls.

Agamemnon took them all helplessly; all his virtuous indignation had evaporated, and he looked very red and foolish as he said with a kind of nervous laugh, "You've been looking in my pockets!"

"I have," she said, "and now what have you to say for yourself? I don't believe there is any such place as Troy."

"There is indeed," he pleaded; "I can show it to you on the map!"

"Well," she said, "if there is, *you* never went near it!"

"Send those people away," he said, "and I will tell you all!"

And when they had gone, he confessed everything, explaining that he really had meant to go to Troy at first, and how, as he got nearer, he found himself less and less inclined for fighting—until at last he determined to travel about and see life instead, and, as he expressed it, "pick up a little character."

"Well," said Clytemnestra, "I will have no little characters in *my* palace, Agamemnon."

But he protested that she had not understood him. "And if I have erred, my love," he suggested humbly, "excuse me, but I cannot help thinking that the means devised for my correction were unnecessarily severe!"

"They were nothing of the sort," she said; "you deserved it all—and worse!"

Upon this Agamemnon made haste to assure her that she had shown a very proper spirit, and he respected her the more for it. "And now," he put it to her, "why not let bygones *be* bygones?" But Clytemnestra's reply was that she would be quite willing to permit this when they *were* bygones, which, at present, she added, they were very far from being.

The King was in despair, until beneficent nature came to his assistance; a faint chirrup was heard from a neighbouring bush, a circumstance which he turned to admirable account.

"You hear it?" he asked tenderly, "the dulcet strain? Know ye the note? Ah, Clytemnestra, 'tis the owl—the blithe and tuneful owl! Owls sang on our bridal night—can you hear their melody now and be unmoved? No, I did but wrong ye . . . a tear trembles on that eyelash, a smile flickers upon that lip! I am pardoned. Clytemnestra—wife, embrace me . . . we both have much to forgive!"

This speech (which was not unlike some he had heard in thrilling dramas at the "Hæmabronteion," in Corinth, where the prophetess Cassandra had been greatly admired in her impersonations of persecuted and distracted heroines) touched Clytemnestra's heart, in which, hard as it was, there was a strain of sentiment—and she fell sobbing into her husband's arms.

And so all was forgotten and forgiven in the most satisfactory manner, the Chorus (who had been considering themselves arrested until the intellectual strain had proved almost too much for them) were released, while it was found on inquiry that both Ægisthus and Cassandra were missing, and no trace of either of them was ever found again; but it was generally understood that, with a delicate unselfishness, they had been unwilling to remain where their presence would lead to inevitable complications.

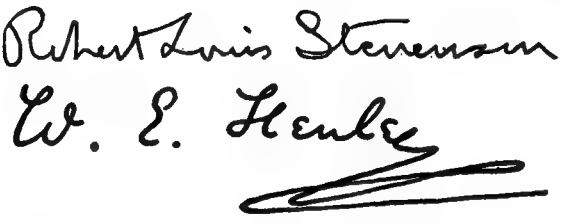
And from that night—until the fatal day, some six short weeks afterwards, when each, by an unfortunate oversight, partook of a mixture which had been carefully prepared for the other—there was not a happier royal couple in all Argos than Clytemnestra and Agamemnon.

Dawn—By JOHN B. TABB

BEHOLD, as from a silver horn,
The sacerdotal Night
Outpours upon his latest born
The chrism of the light;
And bids him to the altar come,
Whereon for sacrifice
(A lamb before his shearers, dumb)
A victim shadow lies.

Macaire

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY



PERSONS REPRESENTED

ROBERT MACAIRE.
BERTRAND.
DUMONT, *Landlord of the* Auberge des Adrets.
CHARLES, *a Gendarme,* DUMONT'S *supposed Son.*
GORIOT.
THE MARQUIS, *Charles' father.*
THE BRIGADIER *of Gendarmerie.*
THE CURATE.
THE NOTARY.
A WAITER.
ERNESTINE, *Goriot's daughter.*
ALINE.
MAIDS, PEASANTS (*Male and Female*), GENDARMES.

The Scene is laid in the Courtyard of the *Auberge des Adrets,* on the frontier of France and Savoy. The time, 1820. The action occupies an interval of from twelve to fourteen hours: from four in the afternoon till about five in the morning.

NOTE.—*The time between the acts should be as brief as possible, and the piece played, where it is merely comic, in a vein of patter.*

ACT I

The Stage represents the courtyard of the "Auberge des Adrets." It is surrounded by the buildings of the inn, with a gallery on the first story, approached, C., by a straight flight of stairs. L. C., the entrance doorway. A little in front of this, a small grated office, containing business table, brass-bound cabinet, and portable cash-box. In front, R. and L., tables and benches; one, L., partially laid for a considerable party.

SCENE I

ALINE *and* MAIDS; *to whom* FIDDLERS; *afterwards* DUMONT *and* CHARLES. *As the curtain rises, the sound of the violins is heard approaching.* ALINE *and the inn servants, who are discovered laying the table, dance up to door L. C., to meet the* FIDDLERS, *who enter likewise dancing to their own music. Air: "Haste to the Wedding." The* FIDDLERS *exeunt playing into house, R. U. E.* ALINE *and* MAIDS *dance back to table, which they proceed to arrange.*

ALINE—Well, give me fiddles: fiddles and a wedding feast. It tickles your heart till your heels make a runaway match of it. I don't mind extra work, I don't, so long as there's fun about it. Hand me up that pile of plates. The quinces there, before the bride. Stick a pink in the Notary's glass: that's the girl he's courting.

DUMONT (*entering; with* CHARLES)—Good girls, good girls! Charles, in ten minutes from now what happy faces will smile around that board!

CHARLES—Sir, my good fortune is complete; and most of all in this, that my happiness has made my father happy.

DUMONT—Your father? Ah, well, upon that point we shall have more to say.

CHARLES—What more remains that has not been said already? For surely, sir, there are few sons more fortunate in their father: and, since you approve of this marriage, may I not conceive you to be in that sense fortunate in your son?

DUMONT—Dear boy, there is always a variety of considerations. But the moment is ill chosen for dispute; to-night, at least, let our felicity be unalloyed. (*Looking off L. C.*) Our guests arrive: here is our good Curate, and here our cheerful Notary.

CHARLES—His old infirmity, I fear.

DUMONT—But Charles—dear boy!—at your wedding feast! I should have taken it unneighbourly had he come strictly sober.

SCENE II

To these, by the door L. C., the CURATE *and the* NOTARY, *arm in arm; the latter owl-like and titubant.*

CURATE—Peace be on this house!

NOTARY (*singing*)—"Prove an excuse for the glass."

DUMONT—Welcome, excellent neighbours! The Church and the Law.

CURATE—And you, Charles, let me hope your feelings are in solemn congruence with this momentous step.

NOTARY (*digging* CHARLES *in the ribs*)—Married? Lovely bride? Prove an excuse!

DUMONT (*to* CURATE)—I fear our friend? perhaps? as usual? eh?

CURATE—Possibly; I had not yet observed it.

DUMONT—Well, well, his heart is good.

CURATE—He doubtless meant it kindly.

NOTARY—Where's Aline?

ALINE—Coming, sir! (NOTARY *makes for her.*)

CURATE (*capturing him*)—You will infallibly expose yourself to misconstruction. (*To* CHARLES.) Where is your commanding officer?

CHARLES—Why, sir, we have quite an alert. Information has been received from Lyons that the notorious malcfactor, Robert Macaire, has broken prison, and the Brigadier is now scouring the country in his pursuit. I myself am instructed to watch the visitors to our house.

DUMONT—That will do, Charles: you may go. (*Exit* CHARLES.) You have considered the case I laid before you?

NOTARY—Considered the case?

DUMONT—Yes, yes. Charles, you know, Charles. Can he marry? under these untoward and peculiar circumstances, can he marry?

NOTARY—Now, lemme tell you: marriage is a contract to which there are two contracting parties. That being clear, I am prepared to argue categorically that your son Charles—who, it appears, is not your son Charles—I am prepared to argue that one party to a contract being null and void, the other party to a contract cannot by law oblige or constrain the first party to contract or bind himself to any contract, except the other party be able to see his way clearly to contract himself with him. I donno if I make myself clear?

DUMONT—No.

NOTARY—Now, lemme tell you: by applying justice of peace might possibly afford relief.

DUMONT—But how?

NOTARY—Ay, there's the rub.

DUMONT—But what am I to do? He's not my son, I tell you: Charles is not my son.

NOTARY—I know.

DUMONT—Perhaps a glass of wine would clear him?

NOTARY—That's what I want. (*They go out, L. U. E.*)

ALINE—And now, if you've done deranging my table, to the cellar for the wine, the whole pack of you. (*Manet sola, considering table.*) There: it's like a garden. If I had as sweet a table for my wedding, I would marry the Notary.

SCENE III

The Stage remains vacant. Enter, by door L. C., MACAIRE, *followed by* BERTRAND *with the bundle; in the traditional costume.*

MACAIRE—Good! No police.

BERTRAND (*looking off L. C.*)—Sold again!

MACAIRE—This is a favoured spot, Bertrand: ten minutes from the frontier: ten minutes from escape. Blessings on that frontier line! The criminal hops across, and lo! the reputable man. (*Reading*) "*Auberge des Adrets*, by John Paul Dumont." A table set for company; this is fate: Bertrand, are we the first arrivals? An office; a cabinet; a cash-box—aha! and a cash-box, golden within. A money-box is like a Quaker beauty: demure without, but what a figure of a woman! Outside gallery: an architectural feature I approve; I count it a convenience both for love and war: the troubadour—twang-twang; the craftsman—(*Makes as if turning key.*) The kitchen window: humming with cookery; truffles, before Jove! I was born for truffles. Cock your hat: meat, wine, rest, and occupation; men to gull, woman to fool, and still the door open, the great unbolted door of the frontier!

BERTRAND—Macaire, I'm hungry.

MACAIRE—Bertrand, excuse me, you are a sensualist. I should have left you in the

stone-yard at Lyons, and written no passport but my own. Your soul is incorporate with your stomach. Am I not hungry, too? My body, thanks to immortal Jupiter, is but the boy that holds the kite-string; my aspirations and designs swim like the kite, sky-high, and overlook an empire.

BERTRAND—If I could get a full meal and a pound in my pocket I would hold my tongue.

MACAIRE—Dreams, dreams! We are what we are; and what are we? Who are you? who cares? Who am I? myself. What do we come from? an accident. What's a mother? an old woman. A father? the gentleman who beats her. What is crime? discovery. Virtue? opportunity. Politics? a pretext. Affection? an affectation. Morality? an affair of latitude. Punishment? this side the frontier. Reward? the other. Property? plunder. Business? other people's money— not mine, by God! and the end of life to live till we are hanged.

BERTRAND—Macaire, I came into this place with my tail between my legs already, and hungry besides; and then you get to flourishing, and it depresses me worse than the chaplain in the gaol.

MACAIRE—What is a chaplain? A man they pay to say what you don't want to hear.

BERTRAND—And who are you after all? and what right have you to talk like that? By what I can hear, you've been the best part of your life in quod; and as for me, since I've followed you, what sort of luck have I had? Sold again! A boose, a blue fright, two years' hard, and the police hot-foot after us even now.

MACAIRE—What is life? A boose and the police.

BERTRAND—Of course, I know you're clever; I admire you down to the ground, and I'll starve without you. But I can't stand it, and I'm off. Good-bye: good luck to you, old man! and if you want the bundle——

MACAIRE—I am a gentleman of a mild disposition and, I thank my Maker, elegant manners; but rather than be betrayed by such a thing as you are, with the courage of a hare, and the manners, by the Lord Harry, of a jumping-jack—— (*He shows his knife.*)

BERTRAND—Put it up, put it up: I'll do what you want.

MACAIRE—What is obedience? fear. So march straight, or look for mischief. It's not *bon ton*, I know, and far from friendly. But what is friendship? convenience. But we lose time in this amiable dalliance. Come, now, an effort of deportment: the head thrown back, a jaunty carriage of the leg; crook gracefully the elbow. Thus. 'Tis better. (*Calling.*) House, house here!

BERTRAND—Are you mad? We haven't a brass farthing.

MACAIRE—Now!—But before we leave!

SCENE IV

To these, DUMONT

DUMONT—Gentlemen, what can a plain man do for your service?

MACAIRE—My good man, in a roadside inn one cannot look for the impossible. Give one what small wine and what country fare you can produce.

DUMONT—Gentlemen, you come here upon a most auspicious day, a red-letter day for me and my poor house, when all are welcome. Suffer me, with all delicacy, to inquire if you are not in somewhat narrow circumstances?

MACAIRE—My good creature, you are strangely in error; one is rolling in gold.

BERTRAND—And very hungry.

DUMONT—Dear me, and on this happy occasion I had registered a vow that every poor traveler should have his keep for nothing, and a pound in his pocket to help him on his journey.

MACAIRE—A pound in his pocket?
BERTRAND—Keep for nothing?
MACAIRE—Bitten!
BERTRAND—Sold again!
} *Aside*

DUMONT—I will send you what we have: poor fare, perhaps, for gentlemen like you.

SCENE V

MACAIRE, BERTRAND; *afterwards* CHARLES, *who appears on the gallery, and comes down.*

BERTRAND—I told you so. Why will you fly so high?

MACAIRE—Bertrand, don't crush me. A pound: a fortune! With a pound to start upon—two pounds, for I'd have borrowed yours—three months from now I might have been driving in my barouche with you behind it, Bertrand, in a tasteful livery.

BERTRAND (*seeing* CHARLES)—Lord, a policeman!

MACAIRE—Steady! What is a policeman? Justice's blind eye. (*To* CHARLES). I think, sir, you are in the force?

CHARLES—I am, sir, and it was in that character——

MACAIRE—Ah, sir, a fine service!

CHARLES—It is, and if your papers——

MACAIRE—You become your uniform. Have you a mother? Ah, well, well!

CHARLES—My duty, sir——

MACAIRE—They tell me one Macaire—is not that his name, Bertrand?—has broken gaol at Lyons?

CHARLES—He has, sir, and it is precisely for that reason——

MACAIRE—Well, good-bye. (*Shaking* CHARLES *by the hand and leading him toward the door, L. U. E.*)—Sweet spot, sweet spot. The scenery is . . . (*kisses his fingertips. Exit* CHARLES). And now, what is a policeman?

BERTRAND—A bobby.

SCENE VI

MACAIRE, BERTRAND; *to whom* ALINE *with tray; and afterwards* MAIDS.

ALINE (*entering with tray, and proceeding to lay table, L.*)—My men, you are in better luck than usual. It isn't every day you go shares in a wedding feast.

MACAIRE—A wedding? Ah, and you're the bride?

ALINE—What makes you fancy that?

MACAIRE—Heavens, am I blind?

ALINE—Well, then, I wish I was.

MACAIRE—I take you at the word: have me.

ALINE—You will never be hanged for modesty.

MACAIRE—Modesty is for the poor when one is rich and nobly born, 'tis but a clog. I love you. What is your name?

ALINE—Guess again, and you'll guess wrong. (*Enter the other servants with wine baskets.*) Here, set the wine down. No, that is the old Burgundy for the wedding party. These gentlemen must put up with a different bin. (*Setting wine before* MACAIRE *and* BERTRAND, *who are at table, L.*)

MACAIRE (*drinking*)—Vinegar, by the supreme Jove!

BERTRAND—Sold again!

MACAIRE—Now, Bertrand, mark me. (*Before the servants he exchanges the bottle for the one in front of* DUMONT'S *place at the head of the other table.*) Was it well done?

BERTRAND—Immense.

MACAIRE (*emptying his glass into* BERTRAND'S)—There, Bertrand, you may finish that. Ha! music?

SCENE VII

To these, from the inn, L. U. E., DUMONT, CHARLES, *the* CURATE, *the* NOTARY *jigging: from the inn, R. U. E.,* FIDDLERS *playing and dancing; and through door L. C.,* GORIOT, ERNESTINE, PEASANTS, *dancing likewise. Air: "Haste to the Wedding." As the parties meet, the music ceases.*

DUMONT—Welcome, neighbours! welcome, friends! Ernestine, here is my Charles, no longer mine. A thousand welcomes. O the gay day! O the auspicious wedding! (CHARLES, ERNESTINE, DUMONT, GORIOT, CURATE, *and* NOTARY *sit to the wedding feast;* PEASANTS, FIDDLERS, *and* MAIDS, *grouped at back, drinking from the barrel.*) O, I must have all happy around me.

GORIOT—Then help the soup.

DUMONT—Give me leave: I must have all happy. Shall these poor gentlemen upon a day like this drink ordinary wine? Not so; I shall drink it. (*To* MACAIRE, *who is just about to fill his glass.*) Don't touch it, sir! Aline, give me that gentleman's bottle and take him mine: with old Dumont's compliments.

MACAIRE—What?

BERTRAND—Change the bottle?

MACAIRE—Bitten!

BERTRAND—Sold again! } *Aside.*

DUMONT—Yes, all shall be happy.

GORIOT—I tell 'ee, help the soup!

DUMONT (*begins to help soup. Then, dropping ladle*)—One word: a matter of detail: Charles is not my son. (*All exclaim.*) O no, he is not my son. Perhaps I should have mentioned it before.

CHARLES—I am not your son, sir?

DUMONT—O no, far from it.

GORIOT—Then who the devil's son be he?

DUMONT—O, I don't know. It's an odd tale, a romantic tale: it may amuse you. It was twenty years ago, when I kept the *Golden Head* at Lyons: Charles was left upon my doorstep in a covered basket, with sufficient money to support the child till he should come of age. There was no mark upon the linen, nor any clue but one: an unsigned letter from the father of the child, which he strictly charged me to preserve. It was to prove his identity: he, of course, would know the contents, and he only; so I keep it safe in the third compartment of my cash-box, with the ten thousand francs I've saved for his dowry. Here is the key; it's a patent key. To-day the poor boy is twenty-one, to-morrow to be married. I did, perhaps, hope the father would appear: there was a Marquis coming; he wrote me for a room; I gave him the best, Number Thirteen, which you have all heard of: I

did hope it might be he, for a Marquis, you know, is always genteel. But no, you see. As for me, I take you all to witness I'm as innocent of him as the babe unborn.

MACAIRE—Ahem! I think you said the linen bore an M?

DUMONT—Pardon me: the markings were cut off.

MACAIRE—True. The basket white, I think?

DUMONT—Brown, brown.

MACAIRE—Ah! brown—a whitey-brown.

GORIOT—I tell 'ee what, Dumont, this is all very well; but in that case, I'll be danged if he gets my daater. (*General consternation.*)

DUMONT—O Goriot, let's have happy faces!

GORIOT—Happy faces be danged! I want to marry my daater; I want your son. But who be this? I don't know, and you don't know, and he don't know. He may be anybody; by Jarge, he may be nobody! (*Exclamations.*)

CURATE—The situation is crepuscular.

ERNESTINE—Father, and Mr. Dumont (and you too, Charles), I wish to say one word. You 'gave us leave to fall in love; we fell in love; and as for me, my father, I will either marry Charles, or die a maid.

CHARLES—And you, sir, would you rob me in one day of both a father and a wife?

DUMONT (*weeping*)—Happy faces, happy faces!

GORIOT—I know nothing about robbery; but she cannot marry without my consent, and that she cannot get.

DUMONT—O dear, O dear!
ALINE—What, spoil the wedding?
ERNESTINE—O father!
CHARLES—Sir, sir, you would not——
Together.

GORIOT (*exasperated*)—I wun't, and what's more I shan't.

NOTARY—I dunno if I make myself clear?

DUMONT—Goriot, do let's have happy faces!

GORIOT—Fudge! Fudge!! Fudge!!!

CURATE—Possibly on application to this conscientious jurist, light may be obtained.

ALL—The Notary; yes, yes; the Notary!

DUMONT—Now, how about this marriage?

NOTARY—Marriage is a contract, to which there are two contracting parties, John Doe and Richard Doe. I donno if I make myself clear?

ALINE—Poor lamb!

CURATE—Silence, my friend; you will expose yourself to misconstruction.

MACAIRE (*taking the stage*)—As an entire stranger in this painful scene, will you permit a gentleman and a traveler to interject one word? There sits the young man, full, I am sure, of pleasing qualities; here the young maiden, by her own confession bashfully consenting to the match; there sits that dear old gentleman, a lover of bright faces like myself, his own now dimmed with sorrow; and here—(may I be allowed to add?)—here sits this noble Roman, a father like myself, and like myself the slave of duty. Last you have me—Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest, the man of the world and the man of delicacy. I find you all—permit me the expression—gravelled. A marriage and an obstacle. Now, what is marriage? The union of two souls, and, what is possibly more romantic, the fusion of two dowries. What is an obstacle? the devil. And this obstacle? to me, as a man of family, the obstacle seems grave; but to me, as a man and a brother, what is it but a word? O my friend (*to* GORIOT), you whom I single out as the victim of the same noble failings with myself—of pride of birth, of pride of honesty—O my friend, reflect. Go now apart, with your dishevelled daughter, your tearful son-in-law, and let their plaints constrain you. Believe me, when you come to die, you will recall with pride this amiable weakness.

GORIOT—I shan't, and what's more I wun't. (CHARLES *and* ERNESTINE *lead him up stage, protesting. All rise, except* NOTARY.)

DUMONT (*front R., shaking hands with* MACAIRE)—Sir, you have a noble nature. (MACAIRE *picks his pocket.*) Dear me, dear me, and you are rich.

MACAIRE—I own, sir, I deceived you: I feared some wounding offer, and my pride replied. But to be quite frank with you, you behold me here, the Baron Henri Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest, and between my simple manhood and the infinite these rags are all.

DUMONT—Dear me, and with this noble pride, my gratitude is useless. For I, too, have delicacy: I understand you could not stoop to take a gift.

MACAIRE—A gift? a small one? never!

DUMONT—And I will never wound you by the offer.

MACAIRE—Bitten!
BERTRAND—Sold again!
Aside.

GORIOT (*taking the stage*)—But, look'ee here, he can't marry.

MACAIRE—Hey?
DUMONT—Ah!
ALINE—Heyday!
CURATE—Wherefore?
ERNESTINE—Oh!
CHARLES—Ah!
Together.

GORIOT—Not without his veyther's consent! And he hasn't got it; and what's more, he can't get it: and what's more, he hasn't got a veyther to get it from. It's the law of France.

ALINE—Then the law of France ought to be ashamed of itself.

ERNESTINE—O, couldn't we ask the Notary again?

CURATE—Indubitably you may ask him.

MACAIRE—Can't they marry?
DUMONT—Can't he marry?
ALINE—Can't she marry?
ERNESTINE—Can't we marry?
CHARLES—Can't I marry?
GORIOT—Bain't I right?
Together.

NOTARY—Constracting parties.

CURATE—Possibly to-morrow at an early hour he may be more perspicuous.

GORIOT—Ay, before he've time to get at it.

NOTARY—Unoffending jurisconsult overtaken by sorrow. Possibly by applying justice of peace might afford relief.

MACAIRE—Bravo!
DUMONT—Excellent!
CHARLES—Let's go at once!
ALINE—The very thing!
ERNESTINE—Yes, this minute!
Together.

GORIOT—I'll go. I don't mind getting advice, but I wun't take it.

MACAIRE—My friends, one word: I perceive by your downcast looks that you have not recognized the true nature of your responsibility as citizens of time. What is care? impiety. Joy? the whole duty of man. Here is an opportunity of duty it were sinful to forego. With a word, I could lighten your hearts; but I prefer to quicken your heads, and send you forth on your ingenuous errand with happy faces and smiling thoughts, the physicians of your own recovery. Fiddlers, to your catgut! Up, Bertrand, and show them how one foots it in society: forward, girls, and choose me every one the lad she loves. Dumont, benign old man, lead forth our blushing Curate; and you, O bride, embrace the uniform of your beloved, and help us dance in your wedding-day. (*Dance, in the course of which* MACAIRE *picks* DUMONT'S *pocket of his keys, selects the key of the cash-box, and returns the others to his pocket. In the end, all dance out: the wedding-party, headed by* FIDDLERS, *L. C.; the* MAIDS *and* ALINE *into the inn, R. U. E. Manet,* BERTRAND *and* MACAIRE.)

SCENE VIII

MACAIRE, BERTRAND, *who instantly takes a bottle from the wedding-table, and sits with it, L.*

MACAIRE—Bertrand, there's a devil of a want of a father here.

BERTRAND—Ay, if we only knew where to find him.

MACAIRE—Bertrand, look at me: I am Macaire; I am that father.

BERTRAND—You, Macaire? you a father?

MACAIRE—Not yet, but in five minutes. I am capable of anything. (*Producing key.*) What think you of this?

BERTRAND—That? Is it a key?

MACAIRE—Ay, boy, and what besides? my diploma of respectability, my patent of fatherhood. I prigged it—in the ardour of the dance I prigged it; I change it beyond recognition, thus (*twists the handle of the key*); and now . . .? Where is my long-lost child? produce my young policeman! show me my gallant boy!

BERTRAND—I don't understand.

MACAIRE—Dear innocence, how should you? Your brains are in your fists. Go and keep watch. (*He goes into the office and returns with the cash-box.*) Keep watch, I say.

BERTRAND—Where?

MACAIRE—Everywhere. (*He opens box.*)

BERTRAND—Gold!

MACAIRE—Hands off! Keep watch. (BERTRAND *at back of stage.*) Beat slower, my paternal heart! The third compartment; let me see.

BERTRAND—S'st! (MACAIRE *shuts box.*) No; false alarm.

MACAIRE—The third compartment. Ay, here ——

BERTRAND—S'st! (*Same business.*) No: fire away.

MACAIRE—The third compartment: it must be this.

BERTRAND—S'st! (MACAIRE *keeps box open, watching* BERTRAND.) All serene; it's the wind.

MACAIRE—Now, see here! (*He darts his knife into the stage.*) I will either be backed as a man should be, or from this minute out I'll work alone. Do you understand? I said alone.

BERTRAND—For the Lord's sake, Macaire!——

MACAIRE—Ay, here it is. (*Reading*

letter.) "Preserve this letter secretly; its terms are known only to you and me: hence when the time comes, I shall repeat them, and my son will recognize his father." Signed: "Your Unknown Benefactor." (*He hums it over twice and replaces it. Then, fingering the gold.*) Gold! The yellow enchantress, happiness ready-made and laughing in my face! Gold: what is gold? The world; the term of ills; the empery of all; the multitudinous babble of the 'Change, the sailing from all ports of freighted argosies; music, wine, a palace; the doors of the bright theater, the key of consciences, and love—love's whistle! All this below my itching fingers; and to set this by, turn a deaf ear upon the siren present, and condescend once more, naked, into the ring with fortune—Macaire, how few would do it! But you, Macaire, you are compacted of more subtile clay. No cheap immediate pilfering: no retail trade of petty larceny; but swoop at the heart of the position, and clutch all!

BERTRAND (*at his shoulder*)—Halves!

MACAIRE—Halves? (*He locks the box.*) Bertrand, I am a father. (*Replaces box in office.*)

BERTRAND (*looking after him*)—Well, I —am—damned!

DROP

ACT II

When the curtain rises, the night has come. A hanging cluster of lighted lamps over each table, R. and L. MACAIRE, *R., smoking a cigarette;* BERTRAND, *L., with a churchwarden: each with a bottle and glass.*

SCENE I

MACAIRE, BERTRAND

MACAIRE—Bertrand, I am content: a child might play with me. Does your pipe draw well?

BERTRAND—Like a factory chimney. This is my notion of life: liquor, a chair, a table to put my feet on, a fine clean pipe, and no police.

MACAIRE—Bertrand, do you see these changing exhalations? do you see these blue rings and spirals, weaving their dance, like a round of fairies, on the footless air?

BERTRAND—I see 'em right enough.

MACAIRE—Man of little vision, expound me these meteors! what do they signify, O wooden-head? Clod, of what do they consist?

BERTRAND—Damned bad tobacco.

MACAIRE—I will give you a little course of science. Everything, Bertrand (much as it may surprise you), has three states: a vapour, a liquid, a solid. These are fortune in the vapour: these are ideas. What are ideas? the protoplasm of wealth. To your head—which, by the way, is a solid, Bertrand—what are they but foul air? To mine, to my prehensile and constructive intellect, see, as I grasp and work them, to what lineaments of the future they transform themselves: a palace, a barouche, a pair of luminous footmen, plate, wine, respect, and to be honest!

BERTRAND—But what's the sense in honesty?

MACAIRE—The sense? You see me: Macaire: elegant, immoral, invincible in cunning; well, Bertrand, much as it may surprise you, I am simply damned by my dishonesty.

BERTRAND—No!

MACAIRE—The honest man, Bertrand, that's God's noblest work. He carries the bag, my boy. Would you have me define honesty? the strategic point for theft. Bertrand, if I'd three hundred a year, I'd be honest to-morrow.

BERTRAND—Ah! Don't you wish you may get it!

MACAIRE—Bertrand, I will bet you my head against your own—the longest odds I can imagine—that with honesty for my spring-board, I leap through history like a paper hoop, and come out among posterity heroic and immortal.

SCENE II

To these, all the former characters, less the NOTARY. *The fiddlers are heard without, playing dolefully. Air: "O dear, what can the matter be?" in time to which the procession enters.*

MACAIRE—Well, friends, what cheer?
ALINE—No wedding, no wedding!
GORIOT—I told 'ee he can't, and he can't.
DUMONT—Dear, dear me!
ERNESTINE—They won't let us marry.
CHARLES—No wife, no father, no nothing!
Together.

CURATE—The facts have justified the worst anticipations of our absent friend, the Notary.

MACAIRE—I perceive I must reveal myself.

DUMONT—God bless me, no!

MACAIRE—My friends, I had meant to preserve a strict incognito, for I was ashamed (I own it!) of this poor accoutrement; but when I see a face that I can render happy, say, my old Dumont, should I hesitate to work the change? Hear me, then,—and you (*to the others*), prepare a smiling countenance. (*Repeating.*) "Preserve this letter secretly; its terms are known only to you and me; hence when the time comes, I shall repeat them, and my son will recognize his father.—Your Unknown Benefactor."

DUMONT—The words! the letter! Charles alas! it is your father!

CHARLES—Good Lord! (*General consternation.*)

BERTRAND (*aside: smiting his brow*)—I see it now; sublime!

CURATE—A highly singular eventuality.

GORIOT—Him? O well, then, I wun't. (*Goes up.*)

MACAIRE—Charles, to my arms! (*Business.*) Ernestine, your second father waits to welcome you. (*Business.*) Goriot, noble old man, I grasp your hand. (*He doesn't.*) And you, Dumont, how shall your unknown benefactor thank you for your kindness to his boy? (*A dead pause.*) Charles, to my arms!

CHARLES—My father, you are still something of a stranger. I hope—er—in the course of time—I hope that may be somewhat mended. But I confess that I have so long regarded Mr. Dumont——

MACAIRE—Love him still, dear boy, love him still. I have not returned to be a burden on your heart, nor much, comparatively, on your pocket. A place by the fire, dear boy, a crust for my friend, Bertrand. (*A dead pause.*) Ah, well, this is a different home-coming from that I fancied when I left the letter: I dreamed to grow rich. Charles, you remind me of your sainted mother.

CHARLES—I trust, sir, you do not think yourself less welcome for your poverty.

MACAIRE—Nay, nay—more welcome, more welcome. O, I know your—(*business*) backs! Besides, my poverty is noble. Political . . . Dumont, what are your politics?

DUMONT—A plain old republican, my lord.

MACAIRE—And yours, my good Goriot?

GORIOT—I be a royalist, I be, and so be my daater.

MACAIRE—How strange is the coincidence! The party that I sought to found combined the peculiarities of both: a patriotic enterprise in which I fell. This humble fellow . . . have I introduced him? You behold in us the embodiment of aristocracy and democracy. Bertrand, shake hands with my family. (BERTRAND *is rebuffed by one and the other in dead silence.*)

BERTRAND—Sold again!

MACAIRE—Charles, to my arms! (*Business.*)

ERNESTINE—Well, but now that he has a father of some kind, cannot the marriage go on?

MACAIRE—Angel, this very night: I burn to take my grandchild on my knees.

GORIOT—Be you that young man's veyther?

MACAIRE—Ay, and what a father!

GORIOT—Then all I've got to say is, I shan't and I wun't.

MACAIRE—Ah, friends, friends, what a satisfaction it is, what a sight is virtue! I came among you in this poor attire to test you; how nobly have you borne the test! But my disguise begins to irk me: who will lend me a good suit? (*Business.*)

SCENE III

To these, the MARQUIS, *L. C.*

MARQUIS—Is this the house of John Paul Dumont, once of Lyons?

DUMONT—It is, sir, and I am he, at your disposal.

MARQUIS—I am the Marquis Villers-Cotterêts de la Chérte de Médoc. (*Sensation.*)

MACAIRE—Marquis, delighted, I am sure.

MARQUIS (*to* DUMONT)—I come, as you perceive, unfollowed; my errand, therefore, is discreet. I come (*producing notes from breast-pocket*) equipped with thirty thousand francs; my errand, therefore, must be generous. Can you not guess?

DUMONT—Not I, my lord.

MARQUIS (*repeating*)—"Preserve this letter," *etc.*

MACAIRE—Bitten!
BERTRAND—Sold again! } (*Aside.*) (*Pause.*)

ALINE—Well, I never did!

DUMONT—Two fathers!

MARQUIS—Two? Impossible.

DUMONT—Not at all. This is the other.

MARQUIS—This man?

MACAIRE—This is the man, my lord; here stands the father. Charles, to my arms! (CHARLES *backs.*)

DUMONT—He knew the letter.

MARQUIS—Well, but so did I.

CURATE—The judgment of Solomon.

GORIOT—What did I tell 'ee? he can't marry.

ERNESTINE—Couldn't they both consent?

MARQUIS—But he's my living image.

MACAIRE—Mine, Marquis, mine.

MARQUIS—My figure, I think?

MACAIRE—Ah, Charles, Charles!

CURATE—We used to think his physiognomy resembled Dumont's.

DUMONT—Come to look at him, he's really like Goriot.

ERNESTINE—O papa, I hope he's not my brother.

GORIOT—What be talking of? I tell 'ee, he's like our Curate.

CHARLES—Gentlemen, my head aches.

MARQUIS—I have it: the involuntary voice of nature. Look at me, my son.

MACAIRE—Nay, Charles, but look at me.

CHARLES—Gentlemen, I am unconscious of the smallest natural inclination for either.

MARQUIS—Another thought: what was his mother's name?

MACAIRE—What was the name of his mother by you?

MARQUIS—Sir, you are silenced.

MACAIRE—Silenced by honour. I had rather lose my boy than compromise his sainted mother.

MARQUIS—A thought: twins might explain it: had you not two foundlings?

DUMONT—Nay, sir, one only; and, judging by the miseries of this evening, I should say, thank God!

MACAIRE—My friends, leave me alone with the Marquis. It is only a father that can understand a father's heart. Bertrand, follow the members of my family. (*They troop out, L. U. E. and R. U. E., the fiddlers playing. Air: "O dear, what can the matter be?"*)

SCENE IV

MACAIRE, MARQUIS

MARQUIS—Well, sir?

MACAIRE—My lord, I feel for you. (*Business. They sit R.*)

MARQUIS—And now, sir?

MACAIRE—The bond that joins us is remarkable and touching.

MARQUIS—Well, sir?

MACAIRE (*touching him on the breast*)—You have there thirty thousand francs.

MARQUIS—Well, sir?

MACAIRE—I was but thinking of the inequalities of life, my lord: that I who, for all you know, may be the father of your son, should have nothing; and that you who, for all I know, may be the father of mine, should be literally bulging with bank notes . . . Where do you keep them at night?

MARQUIS—Under my pillow. I think it rather ingenious.

MACAIRE—Admirably so! I applaud the device.

MARQUIS—Well, sir?

MACAIRE—Do you snuff, my lord?

MARQUIS—No, sir, I do not.

MACAIRE—My lord, I am a poor man.

MARQUIS—Well, sir? and what of that?

MACAIRE—The affections, my lord, are priceless. Money will not buy them; or, at least, it takes a great deal.

MARQUIS—Sir, your sentiments do you honour.

MACAIRE—My lord, you are rich.

MARQUIS—Well, sir?

MACAIRE—Now follow me, I beseech you. Here am I, my lord; and there, if I may so express myself, are you. Each has the father's heart, and there we are equal; each claims yon interesting lad, and there again we are on a par. But, my lord—and here we come to the inequality, and what I consider the unfairness of the thing—you have thirty thousand francs, and I, my lord, have not a rap. You mark me? not a rap, my lord! My lord, put yourself in my position: consider what must be my feelings, my desires; and—hey?

MARQUIS—I fail to grasp . . .

MACAIRE (*with irritation*)—My dear man, there is the door of the house; here am I; there (*touching* MARQUIS *on the breast*) are thirty thousand francs. Well, now?

MARQUIS—I give you my word of honour, sir, I gather nothing; my mind is quite unused to such prolonged exertion. If the boy be yours, he is not mine; if he be mine, he is not yours; and if he is neither of ours, or both of ours . . . in short, my mind . . .

MACAIRE—My lord, will you lay those thirty thousand francs upon the table?

MARQUIS—I fail to grasp . . . but if it will in any way oblige you. . . . (*Does so.*)

MACAIRE—Now, my lord, follow me: I take them up; you see? I put them in my pocket; you follow me? This is my hat; here is my stick; and here is my—my friend's bundle.

MARQUIS—But that is my cloak.

MACAIRE—Precisely. Now, my lord, one more effort of your lordship's mind. If I were to go out of that door, with the full intention—follow me close—the full

intention of never being heard of more, what would you do?

MARQUIS—I!—send for the police.

MACAIRE—Take your money! (*Dashing down the notes.*) Man, if I met you in a lane! (*He drops his head upon the table.*)

MARQUIS—The poor soul is insane. The other man, whom I suppose to be his keeper, is very much to blame.

MACAIRE (*raising his head*)—I have a light! (*To* MARQUIS.) With invincible oafishness, my lord, I cannot struggle. I pass you by; I leave you gaping by the wayside; I blush to have a share in the progeny of such an owl. Off, off, and send the tapster!

MARQUIS—Poor fellow!

SCENE V

MACAIRE, *to whom* BERTRAND. *Afterwards* DUMONT.

BERTRAND—Well?

MACAIRE—Bitten!

BERTRAND—Sold again!

MACAIRE—Had he the wit of a lucifer match! But what can gods or men against stupidity? Still, I have a trick. Where is that damned old man?

DUMONT (*entering*)—I hear you want me.

MACAIRE—Ah, my good old Dumont, this is very sad.

DUMONT—Dear me, what is wrong?

MACAIRE—Dumont, you had a dowry for my son?

DUMONT—I had; I have: ten thousand francs.

MACAIRE—It's a poor thing, but it must do. Dumont, I bury my old hopes, my old paternal tenderness.

DUMONT—What? is he not your son?

MACAIRE—Pardon me, my friend. The Marquis claims my boy. I will not seek to deny that he attempted to corrupt me, or that I spurned his gold. It was thirty thousand.

DUMONT—Noble soul!

MACAIRE—One has a heart . . . He spoke, Dumont, that proud noble spoke, of the advantages to our beloved Charles; and in my father's heart a voice arose, louder than thunder. Dumont, was I unselfish? The voice said no; the voice, Dumont, up and told me to begone.

DUMONT—To begone? to go?

MACAIRE—To begone, Dumont, and to go. Both, Dumont. To leave my son to marry, and be rich and happy as the son of another; to creep forth myself, old, penniless, broken-hearted, exposed to the inclemencies of heaven and the rebuffs of the police.

DUMONT—This is what I had looked for at your hands. Noble, noble man!

MACAIRE—One has a heart . . . and yet, Dumont, it can hardly have escaped your penetration that if I were to shift from this hostelry without a farthing, and leave my offspring to wallow—literally—among millions, I should play the part of little better than an ass.

DUMONT—But I had thought . . . I had fancied . . .

MACAIRE—No, Dumont, you had not; do not seek to impose upon my simplicity. What you did think was this, Dumont: for the sake of this noble father, for the sake of this son whom he denies for his own interest—I mean, for his interest—no, I mean for his own—well, anyway, in order to keep up the general atmosphere of sacrifice and nobility, I must hand over this dowry to the Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest.

DUMONT—Noble, O noble!
BERTRAND—Beautiful, O beautiful!
Together: each shaking him by the hand.

DUMONT—Now Charles is rich he needs it not. For whom could it more fittingly be set aside than for his noble father? I will give it you at once.

BERTRAND—At once, at once!

MACAIRE (*aside to* BERTRAND)—Hang on. (*Aloud.*) Charles, Charles, my lost boy! (*He falls weeping at, L., table.* DUMONT *enters the office, and brings down cash-box to table, R. He feels in all his pockets:* BERTRAND *from behind him making signs to* MACAIRE, *which the latter does not see.*)

DUMONT—That's strange. I can't find the key. It's a patent key.

BERTRAND (*behind* DUMONT, *making signs to* MACAIRE).—The key, he can't find the key.

MACAIRE—O yes, I remember. I heard it drop. (*Drops key.*) And here it is before my eyes.

DUMONT—That? That's yours. I saw it drop.

MACAIRE—I give you my word of honour, I heard it fall five minutes back.

DUMONT—But I saw it.

MACAIRE—Impossible. It must be yours.

DUMONT—It is like mine, indeed. How came it in your pocket?

MACAIRE—Bitten! (*Aside.*)

BERTRAND—Sold again! (*aside*) . . . You forget, Baron, it's the key of my valise; I gave it you to keep in consequence of the hole in my pocket.

MACAIRE—True, true; and that explains.

DUMONT—O, that explains. Now, all we have to do is to find mine. It's a patent key. You heard it drop.

MACAIRE—Distinctly.

BERTRAND—So I did: distinctly.

DUMONT—Here, Aline, Babette, Goriot, Curate, Charles, everybody, come here and look for my key!

SCENE VI

To these, with candles, all the former characters, except FIDDLERS, PEASANTS, *and* NOTARY. *They hunt for the key.*

DUMONT—It's bound to be here. We all heard it drop.

MARQUIS (*with* BERTRAND'S *bundle*)—Is this it?

ALL (*with fury*)—No.

BERTRAND—Hands off, that's my luggage. (*Hunt resumed.*)

DUMONT—I heard it drop, as plain as ever I heard anything.

MARQUIS—By the way (*all start up*), what are we looking for?

ALL (*with fury*)—O! !

DUMONT—Will you have the kindness to find my key? (*Hunt resumed.*)

CURATE—What description of a key——

DUMONT—A patent, patent, patent, patent key!

MACAIRE—I have it. Here it is!

ALL (*with relief*)—Ah ! !

DUMONT—That? What do you mean? That's yours.

MACAIRE—Pardon me.

DUMONT—It is.

MACAIRE—It isn't.

DUMONT—I tell you it is: look at that twisted handle.

MACAIRE—It can't be mine, and so it must be yours.

DUMONT—It is not. Feel in your pockets. (*To the others.*) Will you have the kindness to find my patent key?

ALL—Oh! ! (*Hunt resumed.*)

MACAIRE—Ah, well, you're right. (*He slips key into* DUMONT'S *pocket.*) An idea: suppose you felt in your pocket?

ALL (*rising*)—Yes! Suppose you did!

DUMONT—I will not feel in my pockets. How could it be there? It's a patent key. This is more than any man can bear. First, Charles is one man's son, and then he's another's, and then he's nobody's, and be damned to him! And then there's my key lost; and then there's your key! What is your key? Where is your key? Where isn't it? And why is it like mine, only mine's a patent? The long and short of it is this: that I'm going to bed, and that you're all going to bed, and that I refuse to hear another word upon the subject or upon any subject. There!

MACAIRE—Bitten!
BERTRAND—Sold again! } *Aside.*

(ALINE *and* MAIDS *extinguish hanging lamps over tables, R. and L. Stage lighted only by guests' candles.*)

CHARLES—But, sir, I cannot decently retire to rest till I embrace my honoured parent. Which is it to be?

MACAIRE—Charles, to my——

DUMONT—Embrace neither of them; embrace nobody; there has been too much of this sickening folly. To bed! ! ! (*Exit violently, R. U. E. All the characters troop slowly upstairs, talking in dumb show.* BERTRAND *and* MACAIRE *remain in front, C., watching them go.*)

BERTRAND—Sold again, captain?

MACAIRE—Ay, they will have it.

BERTRAND—It? What?

MACAIRE—The worst, Bertrand. What is man?—a beast of prey. An hour ago, and I'd have taken a crust, and gone in peace. But no: they would trick and juggle, curse them; they would wriggle and cheat! Well, I accept the challenge: war to the knife.

BERTRAND—Murder?

MACAIRE—What is murder? A legal term for a man dying. Call it Fate, and that's philosophy; call me Providence, and you talk religion. Die? Why, that is what man is made for; we are full of mortal parts; we are all as good as dead already, we hang so close upon the brink: touch a button, and the strongest falls in dissolution. Now, see how easy: I take you—(*grappling him.*)

BERTRAND—Macaire—O no!

MACAIRE—Fool! would I harm a fly, when I had nothing to gain? As the butcher with the sheep, I kill to live; and where is the difference between man and mutton? pride and a tailor's bill. Murder? I know who made that name—a man crouching from the knife! Selfishness made it—the aggregated egotism called society; but I meet that with a selfishness as great. Has he money? Have I none—great powers, none? Well, then, I fatten and manure my life with his.

BERTRAND—You frighten me. Who is it?

MACAIRE—Mark well. (*The* MARQUIS *opens the door of Number Thirteen, and the rest, clustering round, bid him good night.*

As they begin to disperse along the gallery he enters and shuts the door.) Out, out, brief candle! That man is doomed.

DROP

ACT III

As the curtain rises, the Stage is dark and empty. Enter MACAIRE, *L. U. E., with lantern. He looks about.*

SCENE I

MACAIRE, BERTRAND

MACAIRE (*calling off*)—S'st!

BERTRAND (*entering, L. U. E.*)—It's creeping dark.

MACAIRE—Blinding dark; and a good job.

BERTRAND—Macaire, I'm cold; my very hair's cold.

MACAIRE—Work, work will warm you: to your keys.

BERTRAND—No, Macaire, it's a horror. You'll not kill him; let's have no bloodshed.

MACAIRE—None: it spoils your clothes. Now, see: you have keys and you have experience; up that stair, and pick me the lock of that man's door. Pick me the lock of that man's door.

BERTRAND—May I take the light?

MACAIRE—You may not. Go. (BERTRAND *mounts the stairs, and is seen picking the lock of Number Thirteen.*) The earth spins eastward, and the day is at the door. Yet half an hour of covert, and the sun will be afoot, the discoverer, the great policeman. Yet half an hour of night, the good, hiding, practicable night; and lo! at a touch the gas-jet of the universe turned on; and up with the sun gets the providence of honest people, puts off his night-cap, throws up his windows, stares out of house—and the rogue must skulk again till dusk. Yet half an hour and, Macaire, you shall be safe and rich. If yon fool—my fool—would but miscarry, if the dolt within would hear and leap upon him, I could intervene, kill both, by heaven—both!—cry murder with the best, and at one stroke reap honour and gold. For, Bertrand dead——

BERTRAND (*from above*)—S'st, Macaire!

MACAIRE—Is it done, dear boy? Come down. (BERTRAND *descends.*) Sit down beside this light: this is your ring of safety, budge not beyond—the night is crowded with hobgoblins. See ghosts and tremble like a jelly if you must; but remember men are my concern; and at the creak of a man's foot, hist! (*Sharpening his knife upon his sleeve.*) What is a knife? A plain man's sword.

BERTRAND—Not the knife, Macaire; O, not the knife!

MACAIRE—My name is Self-Defense. (*He goes upstairs and enters Number Thirteen.*)

BERTRAND—He's in. I hear a board creak. What a night, what a night! Will he hear him? O Lord, my poor Macaire! I hear nothing, nothing. The night's as empty as a dream: he must hear him; he cannot help but hear him; and then—O Macaire, Macaire, come back to me. It's death and it's death, and it's death. Red, red: a corpse. Macaire to kill, Macaire to die? I'd rather starve, I'd rather perish, than either: I'm not fit, I'm not fit for either: Why, how's this? I want to cry. (*A stroke, and a groan, from above.*) God Almighty, one of them's gone! (*He falls with his head on table, R.* MACAIRE *appears at the top of the stairs, descends, comes airily forward and touches him on the shoulder.* BERTRAND, *with a cry, turns and falls upon his neck.*) O, O, and I thought I had lost him! (*Day breaking.*)

MACAIRE—The contrary, dear boy. (*He produces notes.*)

BERTRAND—What was it like?

MACAIRE—Like? Nothing. A little blood, a dead man.

BERTRAND—Blood! . . . Dead! (*He falls at table, sobbing.* MACAIRE *divides the notes into two parts; on the smaller he wipes the bloody knife, and folding the stains inward, thrusts the notes into* BERTRAND'S *face.*)

MACAIRE—What is life without the pleasures of the table?

BERTRAND (*taking and pocketing notes*)—Macaire, I can't get over it.

MACAIRE—My mark is the frontier, and at top speed. Don't hang your jaw at me. Up, up, at the double; pick me that cash-box; and let's get the damned house fairly cleared.

BERTRAND—I can't. Did he bleed much?

MACAIRE—Bleed? Must I bleed you? To work, or I'm dangerous.

BERTRAND—It's all right, Macaire; I'm going.

MACAIRE—Better so: an old friend is nearly sacred. (*Full daylight: lights up.* MACAIRE *blows out lantern.*)

BERTRAND—Where's the key?

MACAIRE—Key? I tell you to pick it.

BERTRAND (*with the box*)—But it's a patent lock. Where is the key? You had it.

MACAIRE—Will you pick that lock?

BERTRAND—I can't: it's a patent. Where's the key?

MACAIRE—If you will have it, I put it back in that old ass's pocket.

BERTRAND—Bitten, I think. (MACAIRE *dancing mad.*)

SCENE II

To these, DUMONT

DUMONT—Ah, friends, up so early? Catching the worm, catching the worm?

MACAIRE—Good-morning, good morning! } *Both sitting on the table and dissembling box.*

BERTRAND—Early birds, early birds. }

DUMONT—By the way, very remarkable thing: I found that key.

MACAIRE—No!

BERTRAND—O!

DUMONT—Perhaps a still more remarkable thing: it was my key that had the twisted handle.

MACAIRE—I told you so.

DUMONT—Now, what we have to do is to get the cash-box. Hallo! what's that you're sitting on?

BERTRAND—Nothing.

MACAIRE—The table! I beg your pardon.

DUMONT—Why, it's my cash-box!

MACAIRE—Why, so it is!

DUMONT—It's very singular.

MACAIRE—Diabolishly singular.

BERTRAND—Early worms, early worms!

DUMONT (*blowing in key*)—Well, I suppose you are still willing to be gone?

MACAIRE—More than willing, my dear soul: pressed, I may say, for time; for though it had quite escaped my memory, I have an appointment in Turin with a lady of title.

DUMONT (*at box*)—It's very odd. (*Blows in key.*) It's a singular thing (*blowing*), key won't turn. It's a patent. Some one must have tampered with the lock (*blowing*). It's strangely singular, it's singularly singular! I've shown this key to commercial gentlemen all the way from Paris: they never saw a better key! (*more business*). Well (*giving it up and looking reproachfully on key*), that's pretty singular.

MACAIRE—Let me try. (*He tries, and flings down the key with a curse.*) Bitten!

BERTRAND—Sold again!

DUMONT (*picking up key*)—It's a patent key.

MACAIRE (*to* BERTRAND)—The game's up: we must save the swag. (*To* DUMONT.) Sir, since your key, on which I invoke the blight of Egypt, has once more defaulted, my feelings are unequal to a repetition of yesterday's distress, and I shall simply pad the hoof. From Turin you shall receive the address of my banker, and may prosperity attend your ventures. (*To* BERTRAND.) Now, boy! (*To* DUMONT.) Embrace my fatherless child! farewell! (MACAIRE *and* BERTRAND *turn to go off, and are met in the door by the* GENDARMES.)

SCENE III

To these, the BRIGADIER *and* GENDARMES

BRIGADIER—Let no man leave the house.

MACAIRE—Bitten! } *Aside.*

BERTRAND—Sold again! }

DUMONT—Welcome, old friend!

BRIGADIER—It is not the friend that comes; it is the Brigadier. Summon your guests: I must investigate their passports. I am in pursuit of a notorious malefactor, Robert Macaire.

DUMONT—But I was led to believe that both Macaire and his accomplice had been arrested and condemned.

BRIGADIER—They were, but they have once more escaped for the moment, and justice is indefatigable. (*He sits at table R.*) Dumont, a bottle of white wine.

MACAIRE (*to* DUMONT)—My excellent friend, I will discharge your commission, and return with all speed. (*Going.*)

BRIGADIER—Halt!

MACAIRE (*returning: as if he saw* BRIGADIER *for the first time*)—Ha! a member of the force? Charmed, I'm sure. But you misconceive me: I return at once, and my friend remains behind to answer for me.

BRIGADIER—Justice is insensible to friendship. I shall deal with you in due time. Dumont, that bottle.

MACAIRE—Sir, my friend and I, who are students of character, would grasp the opportunity to share and—may one add?—to pay the bottle. Dumont, three!

BERTRAND—For God's sake! (*Enter* ALINE *and* MAIDS.)

MACAIRE—My friend is an author: so, in a humbler way, am I. Your knowledge of the criminal classes naturally tempts one to pursue so interesting an acquaintance.

BRIGADIER—Justice is impartial. Gentlemen, your health.

MACAIRE—Will not these brave fellows join us?

BRIGADIER—They are on duty; but what matters?

MACAIRE—My dear sir, what is duty? duty is my eye.

BRIGADIER (*solemnly*)—And Betty Martin. (GENDARMES *sit at table.*)

MACAIRE (*to* BERTRAND)—Dear friend, sit down.

BERTRAND (*sitting down*)—O Lord!

BRIGADIER (*to* MACAIRE)—You seem to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence.

MACAIRE—I fear, sir, you flatter. One has lived, one has loved, and one remembers: that is all. One's *Lives of Celebrated Criminals* has met with a certain success, and one is ever in quest of fresh material.

DUMONT—By the way, a singular thing about my patent key.

BRIGADIER—This gentleman is speaking.

MACAIRE—Excellent Dumont! he means no harm. This Macaire is not personally known to you?

BRIGADIER—Are you connected with justice?

MACAIRE—Ah, sir, justice is a point above a poor author.

BRIGADIER (*with glass*)—Justice is the very devil.

MACAIRE—My dear sir, my friend and I, I regret to say, have an appointment in Lyons, or I could spend my life in this society. Charge your glasses: one hour to madness and to joy! What is to-morrow? the enemy of to-day. Wine? the bath of life. One moment: I find I have forgotten my watch. (*He makes for the door.*)

BRIGADIER—Halt!

MACAIRE—Sir, what is this jest?

BRIGADIER—Sentry at the door. Your passports.

MACAIRE—My good man, with all the pleasure in life. (*Gives papers. The* BRIGADIER *puts on spectacles, and examines them.*)

BERTRAND (*rising, and passing round to* MACAIRE'S *other side*)—It's life and death: they must soon find it.

MACAIRE (*aside*)—Don't I know? My heart's like fire in my body.

BRIGADIER—Your name is?

MACAIRE—It is; one's name is not unknown.

BRIGADIER—Justice exacts your name.

MACAIRE—Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest.

BRIGADIER—Your profession?

MACAIRE—Gentleman.

BRIGADIER—No, but what is your trade?

MACAIRE—I am an analytical chemist.

BRIGADIER—Justice is inscrutable. Your papers are in order. (*To* BERTRAND.) Now, sir, and yours?

BERTRAND—I feel kind of ill.

MACAIRE—Bertrand, this gentleman addresses you. He is not one of us; in other scenes, in the gay and giddy world of fashion, one in his superior. But to-day he represents the majesty of law; and as a citizen it is one's pride to do him honour.

BRIGADIER—Those are my sentiments.

BERTRAND—I beg your pardon, I—— (*Gives papers.*)

BRIGADIER—Your name?

BERTRAND—Napoleon.

BRIGADIER—What? In your passport it is written Bertrand.

BERTRAND—It's this way: I was born Bertrand, and then I took the name of Napoleon, and I mostly always call myself either Napoleon or Bertrand.

BRIGADIER—The truth is always best. Your profession?

BERTRAND—I am an orphan.

BRIGADIER—What the devil! (*To* MACAIRE.) Is your friend an idiot?

MACAIRE—Pardon me, he is a poet.

BRIGADIER—Poetry is a great hindrance to the ends of justice. Well, take your papers.

MACAIRE—Then we may go?

SCENE IV

To these, CHARLES, *who is seen on the gallery going to the door of Number Thirteen. Afterwards all the characters but the* NOTARY *and the* MARQUIS.

BRIGADIER—One glass more. (BERTRAND *touches* MACAIRE, *and points to* CHARLES, *who enters Number Thirteen.*)

MACAIRE—No more, no more, no more.

BRIGADIER (*rising and taking* MACAIRE *by the arm*)—I stipulate!

MACAIRE—Engagement in Turin!

BRIGADIER—Turin?

MACAIRE—Lyons, Lyons!

BERTRAND—For God's sake . . .

BRIGADIER—Well, good-bye!

MACAIRE—Good-bye, good——

CHARLES (*from within*)—Murder! Help! (*Appearing.*) Help here! The Marquis is murdered.

BRIGADIER—Stand to the door. A man up there. (*A* GENDARME *hurries up staircase into Number Thirteen,* CHARLES *following him. Enter on both sides of gallery the remaining characters of the piece, except the* NOTARY *and the* MARQUIS.)

MACAIRE—Bitten, by God!
BERTRAND—Lost! } *Aside.*

BRIGADIER (*to* DUMONT)—John Paul Dumont, I arrest you.

DUMONT—Do your duty, officer. I can answer for myself and my own people.

BRIGADIER—Yes, but these strangers?

DUMONT—They are strangers to me.

MACAIRE—I am an honest man: I stand upon my rights: search me; or search this person, of whom I know too little. (*Smiting his brow.*) By heaven, I see it all! This morning—— (*To* BERTRAND.) How, sir, did you dare to flaunt your booty in my very face? (*To* BRIGADIER.) He showed me notes; he was up ere day; search him, and you'll find. There stands the murderer.

BERTRAND—O, Macaire! (*He is seized and searched and the notes are found.*)

BRIGADIER—There is blood upon the notes. Handcuffs!

(MACAIRE *edging towards the door.*)

BERTRAND—Macaire, you may as well take the bundle. (MACAIRE *is stopped by sentry, and comes front, R.*)

CHARLES (*reappearing*)—Stop, I know the truth. (*He comes down.*) Brigadier, my father is not dead. He is not even dangerously hurt. He has spoken. There is the would-be assassin!

MACAIRE—Hell! (*He darts across to the staircase, and turns on the second step, flashing out the knife.*) Back, hounds! (*He springs up the stair, and confronts them from the top.*) Fools, I am Robert Macaire! (*As* MACAIRE *turns to flee, he is met by the Gendarme coming out of Number Thirteen; he stands an instant checked, is shot from the stage, and falls headlong backward down the stair.* BERTRAND, *with a cry, breaks from the gendarmes, kneels at his side, and raises his head.*)

BERTRAND—Macaire, Macaire, forgive me. I didn't blab; you know I didn't blab.

MACAIRE—Sold again, old boy. Sold for the last time; at least, the last time this side of death. Death—what is death? (*He dies.*)

CURTAIN

To-morrow I'll Be Wise—*Old French Song*

THAT I'll be wise, each day I swear,
And follow reason's maxims cold,
That though the fairest face is near,
I'll look as Cato look'd of old.
The evening comes, my love I see,
And pleasure takes me by surprise,
Yes,—folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

To-morrow comes,—I swear once more,
But find I cannot keep my vow;
I see the girl whom I adore,
And oh,—can I resist her now?
A hurried kiss she gives to me,
And swiftly all my wisdom flies,—
Yes,—folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

Who, when a charming girl is nigh,
Can hope to act as he has sworn?
A tender glance—a smile—a sigh,
And lo! his heart away is borne.
Vainly we try from you to flee,
For you alone our life we prize;
Oh!—folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

To-morrow, then, is wisdom's day,—
To-morrow's sun will never shine;
Quick, take my mistress' charms away,—
The fault is hers—it is not mine;
Those eyes, that shine so wickedly,
That smile, that causes many sighs,—
Take all, in short, that maddens me,
And then to-morrow I'll be wise.

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

Firemen were called to North Tenth Street between Main and Blondeau Streets this morning where an automobile had caught fire from a crossed wife in the car. *Keokuk (Iowa) paper.*

Archduke Francis, who is a possible pretender to the Hungarian throne. He is related to the Italian royal house. Archduke Otto, hair apparent, is still under age. It is proposed to give Archduke Francis the title of Paladine King Ottos. *California paper.*

The grandfather died when he was seven weeks old. *San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle.*

FORMER MONTANAN DIES

Special to *The Tribune.*

POPULAR, March 28.—Miss Fannie Cutlip and Fred Anweiler, both of Akron, Ohio, were married Saturday, March 5. Mr. Anweiler was formerly a resident of Poplar. *Great Falls (Mont.) Tribune.*

Cheyenne, June 28.—(AP)—Governor Frank C. Emerson and State Engineer John A. Whiting will leave early next week for Washington to confer with Secretary of Interior Hubert Work on the Rock Creek conversation project.

Billings (Wyo.) Gazette.

The memorial day procession will form at 1:30 on Sunday and led by Mayor Grant and Commander Zimmerman, will proceed to the place of services.

The *Times* urges that all citizens absent the day.

Saint Thomas Times
(Pembina County, N. Dak.).

A car owned by Charles Hultman, Upton, Me., gave birth to triplets. Last year she had twins.

Halifax (N. S.) paper.

TODAY'S ROADS AND WEATHER OVER STATE

Des Moines—Good; cloudy.
Keokuk—Good; cloudy.
Burlington—Good; part cloudy.
Ottumwa—oGod; cloudy.

Ft. Dodge (Ia.) Messenger.

Mrs. K—— solved the problem. Instead of running directly forward and over the frightened man, and mayhap disconnecting his queue, she gave the steering wheel a spin and bumped up against the curbing. The impact jarred her a little, knocked off some paint. *Sacramento (Cal.) paper.*

Lee was a victim of cancer. For four months he has spent spare moment in the rear of his shop building his cancer. It is one of exceptional beauty, built of fine wood, covered with satin and fitted with silver ornaments. *Cincinnati (Ohio) Post.*

Friends of Shorty Graham will be sorry to hear that he underwent an operation at St. Mary's hospital Tuesday and is getting along as well as can be expected.

Grand Junction (Col.) Daily Sentinel.

—Our attention was attracted a few days ago to a photo in the display window of Northup's studio that is truly a work of art. It is an interior portrait of Mrs. Northup, taken in her home, sunlight and electric lights being used in combination with the splendid effect of work done under a studio skylight. This sort of work is becoming more and more popular in the larger cities, and Mr. Northup seems to know how it is done. It is a beautiful piece of work. *Griggsville (Ill.) Independent Press.*

President Coolidge's pastor this summer is Ralph Lium, twenty-year-old divinity student from Carleton College, at Northfield, Minn. He is conducting summer services at Hermosa, S. Dak., where the President attends church at $50 a month.

Sacramento (Cal.) Sunday Union.

The body of Walter A. Rapp, 50, a retired manufacturer, was found to-day in a lagoon in Forest Park, where he apparently had jumped after shooting himself to death. *Decatur (Ill.) Review.*

TORONTO, July 8.—(AP)—The feeding of glucose directly into the blood yesterday overcame a relapse suffered by Mrs. Hope Leontough of this city who has been in a hospital for some days in a critical condition following 55 days of feasting. She showed improvement.

Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

PICTURESQUE

Sitting majestically on that water wagon, all painted up with a gray body and red wheels, Jack Hanlon presents a most welcome sight these days as he cools the atmosphere and lays the dust along our busy streets. The oftener he passes by our place the happier we will be, and not alone because of his handsome face or his graceful figure.

Big Horn County (Wyo.) Rustler.

Dried or salted fish with the exception of trout may be taken out of the water by hook and line only and the nimrod must hold the pole in his hand while angling. *Colusa (Cal.) Daily Sun.*

Piloting a three-masted schooner in a hurricane, slipping through a triple British blockade in 1916, appearing mysteriously here and there upon the seas and capturing and sinking 18 allied ships, Count Felix von Luckner, famous German naval captain in the late war, is coming to Portland on a good-will visit. *Portland (Ore.) Daily Journal.*

When three young girls coming to have their fortunes told failed to gain admittance to the room of Mrs. Nanette Zendat, 70, 326 W. 40th St., an investigation by a neighbor disclosed the aged lying woman dead on the floor.
New York City paper.

Farmington has cried twenty years to take the place which Nature ordained her to be—biggest modern city between Denver and San Diego, with more resources than all else between. If you are willing that Farmington have this place, get out.
Farmington (N. Mex.) Republican.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank all those who helped in the getting of my divorce, especially those who testified to the meanness and cussedness of my late husband.
Sincerely, Ursula Perriman.
Texas paper.

THERE IS A LADY—In Danville, short heavy set, long hair, done up, a bad scar on the left side of face, running from point of nose to ear, looks like it has been a burn. Better make her word good inside of 3 days or there will be trouble made. Ed. Baker, Soldiers' home.
Danville (Ill.) Commercial-News.

The bridesgroom wore an old rose embroideried net and georgette crepe with hat, coat and accessories in harmony.
Quincy (Ill.) Herald-Whig and Journal.

Short little panties of pastel coloured voile, linen or silk, or of fancy figured material, gather into a yoke that fits snugly over the lips, buttoning on the side. *Springfield Daily News.*

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Loring are the proud parents of a baby boy born to them yesterday morning. You may be next. Why don't you buy some fire insurance? *Michigan paper.*

Alarmed by the odor of smoke, the minister stopped the auto and upon raising the hood of the car burst into flame. *Lima (Ohio) News.*

Miss Mary Taylor and Mrs. Wade Blanton are attending a hose party at the home of Miss Taylor's sister, Mrs. C. B. Adamson, at Elsa.
Mesquite (Tex.) Daily Times-Herald.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 24.—Diagnosing his own case of pneumonia as fatal Dr. Charles Kubicek, for twenty-five cents a leading physician of Austin, fired a bullet through his head today.
New Orleans (La.) Times-Picayune.

The taxicab swung into the street at high speed and gave birth to the approaching street car.
Unidentified paper.

WAVERLY, July 18.—One hundred dollars was the amount of the fine paid by John H. Shay of Pitney Street, South Waverly, Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock to Justice Clarence McCray on the charge of drowning an automobile while intoxicated.
Elmira (N. Y.) Star-Gazette.

CHESTER, July. (By *Herald* Correspondent)—A hailstorm an inch in diameter struck a section approximately three miles square on the Chester-Great Falls highway.
Rock Hill (S. C.) Evening Herald.

Catherine Daniels, ten, of Rutland, exploded Monday. A fragment of steel was badly injured when a toy cannon wounded her in one knee.
St. Albans (Vt.) Daily Messenger.

Joseph Murphy, of Philadelphia, paid a $20.85 fine and costs yesterday at Bloomsburg, for driving a car that cost him $19 recklessly according to the police of that town.
Hazleton (Pa.) Standard-Sentinel.

If you have a child born today it will eachtin nnnn n, a, ziy be t fuwini. *Des Moines (Iowa) News.*

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Aug. 2—James Eaton and his son, Eldrid, were on a joint honeymoon today, following their marriage to Miss Jane B. Greer.
Springfield (Mass.) Daily Republican.

(*First Day*)

Misses Clara Sauer, Pearl Shearer, Beulah Jertson and Golda Burns, with Mr. Sverdrup Sheldon, as chaperon, camped at Wildwood Lake several days last week.

(*Second Day*)

A CORRECTION

Yes. It happens in the best of regulated families. Of course we make them every week, but not as bad as the one last week. It was all the linotype's fault, because no one else wants the blame and the poor machine can't defend itself. It was not only its p's and q's that it didn't watch but its s's as well. You see folks, it was this way. Four of the young girls were camping at Wildwood Lake over the Fourth, and Mrs. Sverdrup Sheldon was with them. But doggone it, the paper said that Mr. Sheldon was the chaperon. You see what the machine did with the letter "s"? It left it off the Mr. We regret very much the mistake was made and we wish to state that Mrs. Sheldon was the one who enjoyed the outing with the girls.
Washburn (N. Dak.) Leader.

Several hundred feet of wife were attached to the device, and it is believed this was the mechanism used to wreck his home. *Florida Times-Union.*

Will Kistler, a well-known farmer living below Mooresville, had the misfortune of being bitten by his six-months-old dog last week and also his five children. *Charlotte (N. C.) paper.*

Egbert McWhorter left to-day for a visit with fiends in New York City.
Buckhannon (W. Va.) Delta.

The Three Low Masses

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

Alph. Daudet

Translated by Marian McIntyre

I

"TWO truffled turkeys, Garrigou?"

"Yes, *révérend*, two magnificent turkeys, stuffed with truffles. I should know something about them, for I myself helped to fill them. It seemed as if their skin must crack in roasting, they were so well-filled."

"*Jésus-Maria!* How I love truffles. Quick, Garrigou! bring me my surplice. And with the turkeys, did you see aught else in the kitchen?"

"Oh, all sorts of good things. Since noon we did nothing but pluck pheasants, hoopoes, pullets, and grouse; feathers were flying in every direction; then from the fish-pond were brought eels and golden carp, trout and——"

"How large were those trout, Garrigou?"

"As large as *that*, reverend father, enormous!"

"*Dieu!* methinks I see them at this moment. Have you filled the flagons with wine?"

"Yes, *révérend*, I have filled them with wine, but indeed it is no such wine as that you will drink immediately the midnight mass is over. If you could see all that is in the dining-hall of the castle, the decanters flaming with wine of all colours, and the silver plates, the carved épergnes, the flowers, the candelabra! Never again will the world see the like! Monsieur le Marquis has invited all the lords of the neighbourhood. There will be at least forty of you at table, without counting either the bailiff or the notary. Ah! you are fortunate indeed to be one of them, *révérend*. I merely caught a whiff of those fine turkeys, and the odour of the truffles follows me everywhere. *Meuh!*"

"Come, come, my son. Let us beware of the sin of gluttony, especially upon the Eve of the Nativity. Make haste to light the candles upon the altar, and ring the first bell for mass; for the hour of midnight approaches, and we must not be late."

This conversation took place in the Christmas-season of the year of grace one thousand six hundred—and it matters not how many years beside—between the Révérend Dom Balaguère, ancient prior of the Order of Barnabas, at that time chaplain of the Sires of Trinquelague, and his petty-clerk, Garrigou, or to be more exact, him whom the prior believed to be his clerk Garrigou; for you will see that the Evil One, on that evening, had assumed the round face and undecided features of the young sacristan, that he might the more easily lead the reverend father into temptation and force him to commit the frightful sin of gluttony. The self-styled Garrigou (*hum! hum!*) began to ring the bells of the seigniorial chapel with all his might; the reverend father at last invested himself with his chasuble in the small sacristy of the castle. But, his spirit already somewhat disturbed by all those gastronomic descriptions, he repeated to himself while donning his vestments,—

"Roast turkeys, golden carps, and trouts as big as *that!*" Without, the night-wind blew, scattering the music of the bells, and one after another, lights began to appear along the sides of Mont Ventoux, close to whose summit rose the ancient towers of Trinquelague. The neighbouring farmers were going to midnight mass in the castle. They climbed the hill in groups of five and six, singing as they went, the father leading, a lantern in his hands, the women wrapped in their great brown cloaks, in which their children too cuddled, and sought shelter. In spite of the lateness of the hour and the coldness of the night, all

these good people walked briskly, sustained by the one thought that after mass was done there would be, as had always been the yearly custom, a table spread for them in the kitchens below. From time to time, upon the rude ascent, some nobleman's carriage, preceded by torch-bearers, was sighted, the glass gleaming in the moonlight; or a mule would be seen trotting past, jingling its bells, and by the light of torches enveloped in vapour, the farmers recognized their bailiff, and saluted him as he passed by.

"Good-evening, good-evening, Master Arnoton."

"Good-evening, good-evening, my children."

The night was clear, the stars sparkled frostily, the wind nipped keenly, and the fine sleet which clung to garments without wetting them, preserved former traditions of a Christmas white with snow. Above, on the hill, loomed the castle, their visible goal, an enormous pile, with towers and gables, with the belfry of the chapel rising into the dark blue sky, and a host of tiny lights flashing, moving to and fro, waving at every window, and appearing not unlike sparks from a charred mass of paper, when seen against the somber background of the building. The drawbridge and the postern passed, the chapel must be entered by crossing the outer courtyard, full of coaches, lackeys, and sedan-chairs, brightly lighted by the torch-fires and the blaze from the kitchens; various sounds were heard, the jingling of spits as they turned, the clatter of saucepans, the clinking of glasses, and silver moved about in preparing the repast. There was wafted upward a warm vapour which smelt so deliciously of roast meat, of the savoury herbs used for sauces formed of various compounds, that the farmers, the chaplain, the bailiff, and every one else observed:

"What a feast there will be after mass is over!"

II

TING-A-LING! Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

The midnight mass has begun. In the chapel of the castle, a miniature cathedral, with its vaulted roof and oaken wainscoting reaching to the ceiling, all the tapestries have been hung, all the tapers lighted. And what an illustrious assemblage! what toilets! Chief and first of all, in the sculptured stall which surrounds the chancel, sits the Sire de Trinquelague, arrayed in salmon-coloured taffeta, and about him all the noble lords who are his invited guests. Opposite, upon a velvet prie-Dieu, the dowager marchioness takes her place, robed in flame-coloured brocade, and at her side the youthful Lady of Trinquelague, with a high lace head-dress, gauffered according to the latest fashion at the French court. Farther down sat two men clothed in black, with big pointed perruques and smooth-shaven faces. These were the bailiff, master Thomas Arnoton, and the petty-notary, master Ambroy, two dark notes in that bright-hued harmony of silks and figured damask. Below them sat fat major-domos, pages, huntsmen, stewards, and Dame Barbe herself, all her keys hanging at her side upon a fine silver ring. At the very end of the chapel, upon the benches, sat the lower servants and the farmers with their families; and, last of all, quite close to the door, which they opened and closed discreetly, came the lords of the kitchen, the scullions themselves, slipping out between the making of two sauces to catch what they could of the mass, bringing a whiff of the supper into the church, which wore a festive air, and was quite warm from the blaze of so many tapers. Was it the sight of those little white caps that so distracted the celebrant? More likely it was that bell of Garrigou's, that mad little bell, which tinkled at the foot of the altar with such infernal speed, and seemed to say every second: "We must hasten, hasten! The sooner we are through with this, the sooner we shall be seated at table." For it is a fact that every time that wicked little bell rang, the chaplain forgot the mass and thought only of the supper. He fancied he saw those bustling kitchens, the fires burning like those of a forge, the warm vapour rising when a pot-lid was uncovered, and in that vapour two magnificent turkeys, stuffed, distended, and mottled with truffles. And he seemed to see long rows of little pages pass, carrying big platters from which arose a tempting steam, and with them he entered the great hall prepared for the feast. Oh, how delicious! There stands an immense table, gleaming with lights, laden with good things, peacocks dressed with their feathers, pheasants spreading their golden-brown wings, decanters the colour of rubies, pyramids of fruit, shining amid green branches, and those marvelous fishes of which Garrigou had made mention (ah! was it Garrigou?) lying upon a bed of fennel, their scales as pearly as if they had just come out of the

water, and a bunch of odourous herbs in the monsters' nostrils. So vivid is the vision of these marvelous things that it seems to Dom Balaguère as if all those wonderful platters were placed before him upon the embroidered altar-cloth; and two or three times instead of the *Dominus Vobiscum* he finds himself almost repeating the *Benedicite*. Except for these slight mistakes, the worthy man gets through the service very conscientiously, without skipping a line, or omitting a single genuflection; all goes very well, and the end of the first mass is reached, for you remember that on Christmas-eve the same celebrant must say three consecutive masses.

"One is finished," whispered the chaplain with a sigh of relief, and then, without losing a moment he motions to his clerk, the person he supposed to be his clerk, and—

Ting-a-ling! Ling-a-ling-a-ling!

The second mass is beginning, and with it the sin of Dom Balaguère. "Quick, quick, let us hasten," cries Garrigou's bell, with its little shrill voice; and this time the wretched officiant, succumbing completely to the demon of gluttony, plunges into his missal, and devours its pages with all the avidity of his over-excited appetite. He bows frenetically, rises again, hurriedly makes the sign of the cross, the necessary genuflections, and curtails all his gestures that he may finish the sooner. He scarcely extends his arm when he reaches the Gospel, nor beats his breast at the Confiteor. There is a race between himself and his clerk to see which one can go the faster. Verses and responses rush headlong, tumbling over each other in their haste. Words are half pronounced through closed lips to save time, and nothing is heard save incomprehensible murmurs:—

"*Oremus ps . . . ps . . . ps . . .*"

"*Mea culpâ . . . pa . . . pa . . .*"

Like vintagers hastily crushing the contents of the vat, both of them plunge through the Latin of the mass, splashing fragments of it in every direction.

"*Dom . . . scum!*" says Balaguère.

"*Stutuo!*" Garrigou responds: and all the time that accursed little bell is there, tinkling in their ears like the little round bells hung about post-horses to spur them to a gallop. You can easily imagine that with that sound jingling in the ears, a low mass is celebrated with all possible expedition.

"Two!" says the chaplain, panting, and without taking time to regain his breath, red in the face and dripping with perspiration, he tumbles over the altar-steps, and—Ting-a-ling! Ling-a-ling-a-ling! The third mass begins. It is only the work of a few moments now, and then the dining-hall! But, alas! as the moment of the feast approaches, the unfortunate Balaguère is possessed by a perfect frenzy of impatience and gluttonous longing. The vision becomes more clearly defined, the golden carps and roast turkeys seem to be there, in that very spot! He touches them, he—oh! *Dieu!* the platters are steaming, the fragrance of the wines ascends, and that little bell cries out as if mad,—

"Quicker, quicker, quicker!"

But how is it possible to go more quickly? His lips scarcely move. He no longer pronounces a word. Unless he should cheat the good Lord completely and rob Him of His mass?—and that is what the wretched man does. Yielding to one temptation after another, he begins by omitting a verse, then two more. The Epistle is too long, he does not end it; he merely skims the Gospel, omits the Credo, skips the Pater Noster, salutes the *Prêface* at a distance, and with spasmodic jumps rushes into eternal damnation, followed in each movement by the infamous Garrigou (*vade retro, Satanas*); the latter seconds his efforts with marvelous understanding, relieves him of his chasuble, turns over the leaves, two at a time, upsets the reading-desk, overturns the flagons, and rings that bell incessantly, ever more and more loudly and rapidly.

The terror depicted on the faces of all that congregation cannot be described! Compelled to follow the pantomime of the priest, in that mass of which they understood not a word, some rose whilst others knelt, some were seated whilst others remained standing, and the various phases of this singular celebration resulted, upon the benches, in absolute confusion, in a multitude of diverse attitudes. The Star of Bethlehem, in its course among the paths of heaven, moving towards the lowly manger, paled with fright as it beheld this shameful sight.

"The abbé goes too fast. One cannot follow him," murmurs the aged dowager, with a bewildered shake of her head-dress. Master Arnoton, his huge steel-rimmed spectacles astride his nose, fumbles in his prayer-book, seeking to discover where the deuce they are. But at heart all these good people, who are also anticipating the midnight feast, are not at all sorry that the mass proceeds at such break-neck speed; and when Dom Balaguère turns with radiant

face towards his flock, crying with all his strength, "*Ite, missa est,*" all within the chapel answer, as with one voice, and with a *Deo gratias* so overjoyed, so full of enthusiasm, that one might well believe himself seated already at table, and responding to the first toast of the Christmas-eve feast.

III

Five minutes later that assemblage of noblemen were seated in the great hall, the chaplain in their midst. The castle, brilliantly lighted throughout, re-echoed with songs, cries, laughter, and uproar; the venerable Dom Balaguère planted his fork in the wing of a grouse, drowning remorse for his sin in draughts of good *vin du pape*, and fine meat-gravies. He ate and drank so much, this poor holy man, that he died during the night, after a terrible attack, and without having a single moment given him for repentance. When on the morrow he arrived in heaven, which was still ringing with rumours of the feasting of the preceding night, I leave you to imagine what was his reception

"Depart from my sight, thou faithless Christian," said the sovereign Judge and Master of us all, "for thy sin is so great that it blots out the memory of a whole life of virtue. Ah! thou hast robbed me of a midnight mass. Even so! thou shalt atone for this with three hundred masses in its stead, and into Paradise thou shalt not enter till thou hast celebrated within thine own chapel, and on Christmas-eve, three hundred masses, which shall be in the presence of all those who have sinned with thee and because of thy sin."

And that is the true legend of Dom Balaguère as it is told to this day in the land of olives. The castle of Trinquelague exists no longer now, but the chapel still rises erect as ever, by the summit of Mont Ventoux, amid a thicket of green oaks. The wind beats against its disjointed door, grass grows upon the threshold, birds nest about its altar and in the embrasures of its lofty windows whose coloured panes disappeared long ago. And yet it seems that every year, as often as Christmas-eve returns, an unearthly light wanders among those ruins, and on their way to mass or to some Christmas-eve merrymaking, the country-folk see that spectral chapel illumined with invisible tapers, which burn in the open air and cannot be quenched even by the snow or the wind. You may smile at this if you wish, but a vine-dresser of the neighbourhood, one Garrigue by name, and without doubt a descendant of Garrigou, assured me that one Christmas-eve, being a little light-headed after the revel of the evening, he was lost upon the mountain near Trinquelague, and this is what happened: up to one o'clock he saw nothing. All was silent, wrapped in darkness, inanimate. Suddenly, towards midnight, bells began to chime in the belfry above; it was an old, old carillon, that sounded as if ten leagues distant. Very soon, upon the ascent of the road, Garrigue saw torches flickering, waving to and fro, and borne by indistinct shadowy forms. Beneath the chapel-porch footsteps were heard, and voices whispered,—

"Good-evening, Master Arnoton."

"Good-evening, good-evening, my children."

When all had entered, my vine-dresser, being very brave, approached with soft steps, and beheld through the broken door a singular spectacle. All the forms he had seen pass were arranged about the choir, in the ruined nave, as if the ancient benches still existed. Fair ladies in brocade, and lace-covered coifs, noble lords, embroidered from head to foot, peasants in flowered coats such as our grandsires wore were there, and all looked old, faded, dust-stained, and weary. From time to time night-birds, the habitual guests of the chapel, awakened by all the lights, hovered about these candles, whose flame ascended straight towards heaven, but seemed indistinct as if seen burning through a film; what amused Garrigue vastly was a certain personage with great steel-rimmed spectacles, who shook his high black perruque from time to time,—one of those birds clinging to it firmly, and flapping its wings noiselessly.

In the farther end of the chapel was a little old man, of infantile appearance, on his knees in the midst of the choir and shaking desperately a little mute, tongueless bell, while a priest, robed in faded gold-cloth, went back and forth before the altar, reciting orisons of which none heard a single word. Surely this was Dom Balaguère, reciting his third low mass.

Jurgen was no more able to give up questioning the meaning of life than could a trout relinquish swimming: indeed, he lived submerged in a flood of curiosity and doubt, as his native element.

James Branch Cabell.

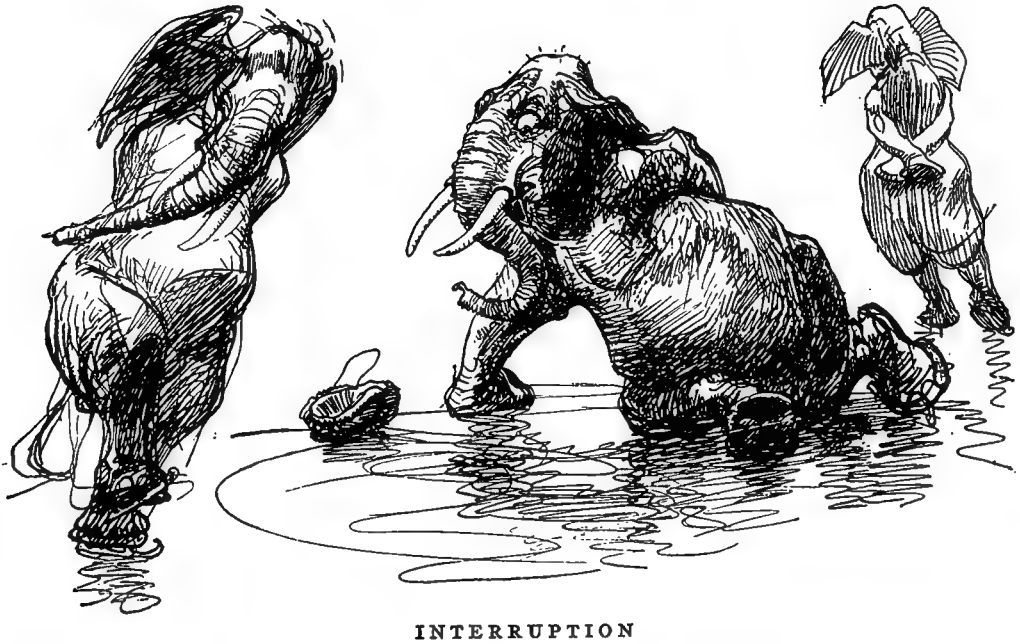
Winter Sports

A Series of Fantasies
by
Heinrich Kley

READY FOR THE START

"OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE"

THE POETRY OF MOTION



INTERRUPTION

THE SKIJÖRER'S DREAM

A SPRINT FOR THE FINISH

Remembered from the Play

"The House of Women"

Julia Shane—Any man who is worth a pinch of salt is savage sometimes.

By Louis Bromfield, New York, 1927.

"The Command to Love"

Marquis du Saint-Lac—Reputation is like all the other arts: the critic knows more about it than the artist himself.

The Foreign Minister—Truth no more parades stark-naked on the streets than do men.

Marquis du Saint-Lac—A cavalier has no memory.

By Rudolph Lothar and Fritz Gottwald, New York, 1927.

"Revelry"

Willis Markham—Poison? You wouldn't do a thing like that.

Edith Westervelt—Did you ever notice the instructions on the theatre programs: "Look for the nearest exit"? Well, when there's no other way out, it's always an exit, isn't it? And it's good to know where it is.

Tim Fosgate—Friendship in politics undermines more principles than fraud, and gratitude is a worse poison than graft.

By Maurine Watkins and Samuel Hopkins Adams, New York, 1927.

"Murray Hill"

Elizabeth Tweedie—I am happy I've found a nephew. It's the next best thing to a son, and a far better one than a husband. *By Leslie Howard, New York, 1927.*

"Four Walls"

Benny Horowitz—Life is a clock, ticking. You have got to be a mechanic to know how to take it apart. . . .

Bertha—. . . And to know how to put it together.

Benny Horowitz—Every man is his own jailer.

By Dana Burnet and George Abbott, New York, 1927.

"The Fairytale"

HASTINGS—Why don't you play tennis?
THE LORD—I find it extremely silly to try to throw back a ball when my opponent, with as much care and skill as he can only command, throws it in such a way that I should not be able to return it.

THE LORD—Isn't it sad that nowadays one does not like to admit that he is in love? People laugh at and ridicule the only thing that makes life worth while.

By Curt Goetz, Berlin, 1927.

"Gas"

BILLIONAIRE'S SON—I am alone—like all men who wish to give themselves to all men!

By George Kaiser, Berlin, 1921; Chicago, 1927.

"The Wild Man of Borneo"

MRS. MARSHALL—You're turning my head. . . .
DANIEL THOMPSON—If every compliment you've heard in your life had turned your head your neck would be a corkscrew now.

By Marc Connelly and Herman J. Mankiewicz, New York, 1927.

"My Maryland"

MRS. HUNTER—Ever since you fixed that chimney, it's smoking.
ZEKE BRAMBLE—Never mind it until it starts chewing.

By Dorothy Donnelly, New York, 1927.

"Women Go on Forever"

MABEL—My boss wanted me to go out with him. He fired me because I didn't want to go.
MRS. BOWMAN—Why, the nerve! The old fogey!
MABEL—They never get *that* old!

MINNIE—I am sorry for you, not because you're unhappy—but because you don't know how to try to be happy.

By Daniel N. Rubin, New York, 1927.

"The Shannons of Broadway"

MICKEY SHANNON—Do you call that an act? Why, man, it's as bad as a ship's concert!

By James Gleason, New York, 1927.

"The Rose of the Chorus"

WISEMAN—Can you lend me a hundred dollars?
GILBERT—Here you are.
WISEMAN—Thanks. I shall be eternally indebted to you.
GILBERT—That's what I am afraid of.

MARTIN—In my day, the young ladies used to darn their stockings.
CLAIRE—Very likely. But in the good old days they could put it where it didn't show.

By Schanzer and Wellisch, Vienna, 1927.

"The Love-Island"

HILDEGARD—Don't you know, my dear, that one never furnishes one's house for his own pleasure, but for the sake of his guests?

OTTOKAR—I attribute my career to the fact that I have never yet quarreled with anybody. When I start to talk with someone, I am always on his side. And when we cease to talk, he is always on my side.

By August Neidhart, Berlin, 1927.

Drawing by "Phiz"

Christmas Eve at Dingley Dell

Being a Famous Episode from "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club"

By CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens

AS BRISK as bees, if not altogether as light as fairies, did the four Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the twenty-second day of December, in the year of grace in which these, their faithfully-recorded adventures, were undertaken and accomplished. Christmas was close at hand, in all his bluff and hearty honesty; it was the season of hospitality, merriment, and open-heartedness; the old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him, and amidst the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and merry was the time, and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming.

And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first

joys of a future condition of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken!

We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their luster in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the sailor and the traveler, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

But we are so taken up and occupied with the good qualities of this saint Christmas, that we are keeping Mr. Pickwick and his friends waiting in the cold on the outside of the Muggleton coach, which they have just attained, well wrapped up in greatcoats, shawls, and comforters. The portmanteaus and carpet-bags have been stowed away, and Mr. Weller and the guard are endeavouring to insinuate into the fore-boot a huge cod-fish several sizes too large for it—which is snugly packed up, in a long brown basket, with a layer of straw over the top, and which has been left to the last, in order that he may repose in safety on the half-dozen barrels of real native oysters, all the property of Mr. Pickwick, which have been arranged in regular order at the bottom of the receptacle. The interest displayed in Mr. Pickwick's countenance is most intense, as Mr. Weller and the guard try to squeeze the cod-fish into the boot, first head first, and then tail first, and then top upwards, and then bottom upwards, and then side-ways, and then long-ways, all of which artifices the implacable cod-fish sturdily resists, until the guard accidentally hits him in the very middle of the basket, whereupon he suddenly disappears into the boot, and with him the head and shoulders of the guard himself, who, not calculating upon so sudden a cessation of the passive resistance of the cod-fish, experiences a very unexpected shock, to the unsmotherable delight of all the porters and bystanders. Upon this, Mr. Pickwick smiles with great good humour, and drawing a shilling from his waistcoat pocket, begs the guard, as he picks himself out of the boot, to drink his health in a glass of hot brandy-and-water; at which the guard smiles too, and Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman all smile in company. The guard and Mr. Weller disappear for five minutes—most probably to get the hot brandy-and-water, for they smell very strongly of it when they return; the coachman mounts to the box, Mr. Weller jumps up behind, the Pickwickians pull their coats round their legs and their shawls over their noses, the helpers pull the horse-cloths off, the coachman shouts out a cheery "All right," and away they go.

They have rumbled through the streets and jolted over the stones, and at length reach the wide and open country. The wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground; and the horses, bursting into a canter at a smart crack of the whip, step along the road as if the load behind them—coach, passengers, cod-fish, oyster-barrels and all—were but a feather at their heels. They have descended a gentle slope, and enter upon a level, as compact and dry as a solid block of marble, two miles long. Another crack of the whip, and on they speed at a smart gallop—the horses tossing their heads and rattling the harness as if in exhilaration at the rapidity of the motion; while the coachman, holding whip and reins in one hand, takes off his hat with the other, and resting it on his knees, pulls out his handkerchief, and wipes his forehead—partly because he has a habit of doing it, and partly because it's as well to show the passengers how cool he is, and what an easy thing it is to drive four-in-hand when you have had as much practice as he has. Having done this very leisurely (otherwise the effect would be materially impaired), he replaces his handkerchief, pulls on his hat, adjusts his gloves, squares his elbows, cracks the whip again, and on they speed, more merrily than before.

A few small houses, scattered on either side of the road, betoken the entrance to some town or village. The lively notes of the guard's key-bugle vibrate in the clear cold air, and wake up the old gentleman inside, who, carefully letting down the window-sash half-way, and standing sentry over the air, takes a short peep out, and then carefully pulling it up again, informs the other inside that they're going to change

directly; on which the other inside wakes himself up, and determines to postpone his next nap until after the stoppage. Again the bugle sounds lustily forth, and rouses the cottager's wife and children, who peep out at the house-door, and watch the coach till it turns the corner, when they once more crouch round the blazing fire, and throw on another log of wood against father comes home; while father himself, a full mile off, has just exchanged a friendly nod with the coachman, and turned round to take a good long stare at the vehicle as it whirls away.

And now the bugle plays a lively air as the coach rattles through the ill-paved streets of a country town; and the coachman, undoing the buckle which keeps his ribbons together, prepares to throw them off the moment he stops. Mr. Pickwick emerges from his coat collar, and looks about him with great curiosity; perceiving which the coachman informs Mr. Pickwick of the name of the town, and tells him it was market-day yesterday, both of which pieces of information Mr. Pickwick retails to his fellow-passengers; whereupon they emerge from their coat collars too, and look about them also. Mr. Winkle, who sits at the extreme edge, with one leg dangling in the air, is nearly precipitated into the street, as the coach twists round the sharp corner by the cheese-monger's shop, and turns into the market-place; and before Mr. Snodgrass, who sits next to him, has recovered from his alarm, they pull up at the inn yard, where the fresh horses, with cloths on, are already waiting. The coachman throws down the reins and gets down himself, and the other outside passengers drop down also—except those who have no great confidence in their ability to get up again—and they remain where they are, and stamp their feet against the coach to warm them, looking, with longing eyes and red noses, at the bright fire in the inn bar, and the sprigs of holly with red berries which ornament the window.

But the guard has delivered at the corn-dealer's shop the brown paper packet he took out of the little pouch which hangs over his shoulder by a leathern strap; and has seen the horses carefully put to; and has thrown on the pavement the saddle which was brought from London on the coach roof; and has assisted in the conference between the coachman and the hostler about the gray mare that hurt her off fore-leg last Tuesday; and he and Mr. Weller are all right behind, and the coachman is all right in front, and the old gentleman inside, who has kept the window down full two inches all this time, has pulled it up again, and the cloths are off, and they are all ready for starting, except the "two stout gentlemen," whom the coachman inquires after with some impatience. Hereupon the coachman, and the guard, and Sam Weller, and Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass, and all the hostlers, and every one of the idlers, who are more in number than all the others put together, shout for the missing gentlemen as loud as they can bawl. A distant response is heard from the yard, and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman come running down it quite out of breath; for they have been having a glass of ale apiece, and Mr. Pickwick's fingers are so cold that he has been full five minutes before he could find the sixpence to pay for it. The coachman shouts an admonitory, "Now then, gen'l'm'n!" the guard reëchoes it; the old gentleman inside thinks it a very extraordinary thing that people *will* get down when they know there isn't time for it; Mr. Pickwick struggles up on one side, Mr. Tupman on the other; Mr. Winkle cries "All right"; and off they start. Shawls are pulled up, coat collars are readjusted, the pavement ceases, the houses disappear, and they are once again dashing along the open road, with the fresh clear air blowing in their faces, and gladdening their very hearts within them.

Such was the progress of Mr. Pickwick and his friends by the Muggleton Telegraph, on their way to Dingley Dell; and at three o'clock that afternoon they all stood, high and dry, safe and sound, hale and hearty, upon the steps of the Blue Lion, having taken on the road quite enough of ale and brandy to enable them to bid defiance to the frost that was binding up the earth in its iron fetters, and weaving its beautiful network upon the trees and hedges. Mr. Pickwick was busily engaged in counting the barrels of oysters and superintending the disinterment of the cod-fish, when he felt himself gently pulled by the skirts of the coat. Looking round, he discovered that the individual who resorted to this mode of catching his attention was no other than Mr. Wardle's favourite page, better known to the readers of this unvarnished history by the distinguishing appellation of the fat boy.

"Aha!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Aha!" said the fat boy.

As he said it, he glanced from the cod-fish to the oyster-barrels, and chuckled joyously. He was fatter than ever.

"Well, you look rosy enough, my young friend," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I've been asleep, right in front of the taproom fire," replied the fat boy, who had heated himself to the colour of a new chimney-pot in the course of an hour's nap. "Master sent me over with the shay-cart, to carry your luggage up to the house. He'd ha' sent some saddle-horses, but he thought you'd rather walk, being a cold day."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily, for he remembered how they had traveled over nearly the same ground on a previous occasion. "Yes, we would rather walk.—Here, Sam!"

"Sir," said Mr. Weller.

"Help Mr. Wardle's servant to put the packages into the cart, and then ride on with him. We will walk forward at once."

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields, and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy confronted together for the first time. Sam looked at the fat boy with great astonishment, but without saying a word; and began to stow the luggage rapidly away in the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by, and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

"There," said Sam, throwing in the last carpet-bag—"there they are!"

"Yes," said the fat boy, in a very satisfied tone, "there they are!"

"Vell, young twenty stun," said Sam, "you're a nice specimen of a prize boy, you are!"

"Thank'ee," said the fat boy.

"You ain't got nothin' on your mind as makes you fret yourself, have you?" inquired Sam.

"Not as I knows on," replied the fat boy.

"I should rayther ha' thought, to look at you, that you was a-labourin' under an unrequited attachment to some young 'ooman," said Sam.

The fat boy shook his head.

"Vell," said Sam, "I'm glad to hear it. Do you ever drink anythin'?"

"I likes eating, better," replied the boy.

"Ah," said Sam, "I should ha' s'posed that; but what I mean is, should you like a drop of anythin' as 'd warm you? but I s'pose you never was cold, with all them elastic fixtures, was you?"

"Sometimes," replied the boy; "and I likes a drop of something, when it's good."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Sam; "come this way, then!"

The Blue Lion tap was soon gained, and the fat boy swallowed a glass of liquor without so much as winking; a feat which considerably advanced him in Mr. Weller's good opinion. Mr. Weller having transacted a similar piece of business on his own account, they got into the cart.

"Can you drive?" said the fat boy.

"I should rayther think so," replied Sam.

"There, then," said the fat boy, putting the reins in his hand, and pointing up a lane, "it's as straight as you can go; you can't miss it."

With these words the fat boy laid himself affectionately down by the side of the cod-fish, and placing an oyster-barrel under his head for a pillow, fell asleep instantaneously.

"Well," said Sam, "of all the cool boys ever I set my eyes on, this here young gen'l'm'n is the coolest. Come, wake up, young dropsy!"

But as young dropsy evinced no symptoms of returning animation, Sam Weller sat himself down in front of the cart, and starting the old horse with a jerk of the rein, jogged steadily on towards Manor Farm.

Meanwhile, Mr. Pickwick and his friends having walked their blood into active circulation, proceeded cheerfully on. The paths were hard; the grass was crisp and frosty; the air had a fine, dry, bracing coldness; and the rapid approach of the gray twilight (slate-coloured is a better term in frosty weather) made them look forward with pleasant anticipation to the comforts which awaited them at their hospitable entertainer's. It was the sort of afternoon that might induce a couple of elderly gentlemen, in a lonely field, to take off their greatcoats and play at leap-frog in pure lightness of heart and gaiety; and we firmly believe that had Mr. Tupman at that moment proffered "a back," Mr. Pickwick would have accepted his offer with the utmost avidity.

However, Mr. Tupman did not volunteer any such accommodation, and the friends walked on, conversing merrily. As they turned into a lane they had to cross, the sound of many voices burst upon their ears; and before they had even had time to form a guess as to whom they belonged, they walked into the very center of the party who were expecting their arrival—a fact which was first notified to the Pickwickians by the loud "Hurrah" which burst from old Wardle's lips when they appeared in sight.

First, there was Wardle himself, looking, if possible, more jolly than ever; then there were Bella and her faithful Trundle; and

lastly, there were Emily and some eight or ten young ladies, who had all come down to the wedding, which was to take place next day, and who were in as happy and important a state as young ladies usually are on such momentous occasions; and they were, one and all, startling the fields and lanes far and wide with their frolic and laughter.

The ceremony of introduction under such circumstances was very soon performed, or we should rather say that the introduction was soon over, without any ceremony at all; and in two minutes thereafter Mr. Pickwick was joking with the young ladies who wouldn't come over the stile while he looked—or who, having pretty feet and unexceptionable ankles, preferred standing on the top rail for five minutes or so, declaring that they were too frightened to move—with as much ease, and absence of reserve or constraint, as if he had known them for life. It is worthy of remark, too, that Mr. Snodgrass offered Emily far more assistance than the absolute terrors of the stile (although it was full three feet high, and had only a couple of stepping-stones) would seem to require; while one black-eyed young lady, in a very nice little pair of boots, with fur round the top, was observed to scream very loudly when Mr. Winkle offered to help her over.

All this was very snug and pleasant. And when the difficulties of the stile were at last surmounted, and they once more entered on the open field, old Wardle informed Mr. Pickwick how they had all been down in a body to inspect the furniture and fittings-up of the house, which the young couple were to tenant after the Christmas holidays; at which communication Bella and Trundle both coloured up as red as the fat boy after the taproom fire; and the young lady with the black eyes and the fur round the boots whispered something in Emily's ear, and then glanced archly at Mr. Snodgrass; to which Emily responded that she was a foolish girl, but turned very red, notwithstanding; and Mr. Snodgrass, who was as modest as all great geniuses usually are, felt the crimson rising to the crown of his head, and devoutly wished in the inmost recesses of his own heart that the young lady aforesaid, with her black eyes and her archness, and her boots with the fur round the top, were all comfortably deposited in the adjacent county.

But if they were social and happy outside the house, what was the warmth and cordiality of their reception when they reached the farm? The very servants grinned with pleasure at sight of Mr. Pickwick; and Emma bestowed a half-demure, half-impudent, and all-pretty look of recognition on Mr. Tupman, which was enough to make the statue of Bonaparte in the passage unfold his arms and clasp her within them.

The old lady was seated in customary state in the front parlour, but she was rather cross, and, by consequence, most particularly deaf. She never went out herself, and like a great many other old ladies of the same stamp, she was apt to consider it an act of domestic treason if anybody else took the liberty of doing what she couldn't. So, bless her old soul, she sat as upright as she could in her great chair, and looked as fierce as might be—and that was benevolent after all.

"Mother," said Wardle, "Mr. Pickwick. You recollect him?"

"Never mind," replied the old lady, with great dignity. "Don't trouble Mr. Pickwick about an old creetur like me. Nobody cares about me now, and it's very nat'ral they shouldn't." Here the old lady tossed her head, and smoothed down her lavender-coloured silk dress with trembling hands.

"Come, come, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can't let you cut an old friend in this way. I have come down expressly to have a long talk and another rubber with you; and we'll show these boys and girls how to dance a minuet before they're eight-and-forty hours older."

The old lady was rapidly giving way, but she did not like to do it all at once so she only said, "Ah, I can't hear him!"

"Nonsense, mother," said Wardle. "Come, come, don't be cross, there's a good soul. Recollect Bella; come, you must keep her spirits up, poor girl."

The good old lady heard this, for her lip quivered as her son said it. But age has its little infirmities of temper, and she was not quite brought round yet. So she smoothed down the lavender-coloured dress again, and turning to Mr. Pickwick said, "Ah, Mr. Pickwick, young people was very different when I was a girl."

"No doubt of that, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, "and that's the reason why I would make much of the few that have any traces of the old stock"—and saying this Mr. Pickwick gently pulled Bella towards him, and bestowing a kiss upon her forehead, bade her sit down on the little stool at her grandmother's feet. Whether the ex-

pression of her countenance, as it was raised towards the old lady's face, called up a thought of old times, or whether the old lady was touched by Mr. Pickwick's affectionate good-nature, or whatever was the cause, she was fairly melted; so she threw herself on her grand-daughter's neck, and all the little ill-humour evaporated in a gush of silent tears.

A happy party they were that night. Sedate and solemn were the score of rubbers in which Mr. Pickwick and the old lady played together, and uproarious was the mirth of the round table. Long after the ladies had retired did the hot elder wine, well qualified with brandy and spice, go round and round, and round again, and sound was the sleep and pleasant were the dreams that followed. It is a remarkable fact that those of Mr. Snodgrass bore constant reference to Emily Wardle, and that the principal figure in Mr. Winkle's visions was a young lady with black eyes, an arch smile, and a pair of remarkably nice boots, with fur round the tops.

Mr. Pickwick was awakened early in the morning by a hum of voices and pattering of feet sufficient to rouse even the fat boy from his heavy slumbers. He sat up in bed and listened. The female servants and female visitors were running constantly to and fro; and there were such multitudinous demands for warm water, such repeated outcries for needles and thread, and so many half-suppressed entreaties of "Oh, do come and tie me, there's a dear!" that Mr. Pickwick, in his innocence, began to imagine that something dreadful must have occurred, when he grew more awake, and remembered the wedding. The occasion being an important one, he dressed himself with peculiar care, and descended to the breakfast-room.

There were all the female servants in a brand-new uniform of pink muslin gowns, with white bows in their caps, running about the house in a state of excitement and agitation which it would be impossible to describe. The old lady was dressed out in a brocaded gown which had not seen the light for twenty years, saving and excepting such truant rays as had stolen through the chinks in the box in which it had been lain by during the whole time. Mr. Trundle was in high feather and spirits, but a little nervous withal. The hearty old landlord was trying to look very cheerful and unconcerned, but failing signally in the attempt. All the girls were in tears and white muslin, except a select two or three who were being honoured with a private view of the bride and bridesmaids upstairs. All the Pickwickians were in most blooming array, and there was a terrific roaring on the grass in front of the house, occasioned by all the men, boys, and hobbledehoys attached to the farm, each of whom had got a white bow in his button-hole, and all of whom were cheering with might and main, being incited thereunto, and stimulated therein, by the precept and example of Mr. Samuel Weller, who had managed to become mighty popular already, and was as much at home as if he had been born on the land.

A wedding is a licensed subject to joke upon, but there really is no great joke in the matter after all; we speak merely of the ceremony, and beg it to be distinctly understood that we indulge in no hidden sarcasm upon a married life. Mixed up with the pleasure and joy of the occasion are the many regrets at quitting home, the tears of parting between parent and child, the consciousness of leaving the dearest and kindest friends of the happiest portion of human life, to encounter its cares and troubles with others still untried and little known—natural feelings, which we would not render this chapter mournful by describing, and which we should be still more unwilling to be supposed to ridicule.

Let us briefly say, then, that the ceremony was performed by the old clergyman in the parish church of Dingley Dell, and that Mr. Pickwick's name is attached to the register, still preserved in the vestry thereof; that the young lady with the black eyes signed her name in a very unsteady and tremulous manner; that Emily's signature, as the other bridesmaid, is nearly illegible; that it all went off in very admirable style; that the young ladies generally thought it far less shocking than they had expected; and that although the owner of the black eyes and the arch smile informed Mr. Winkle that she was sure she could never submit to anything so dreadful, we have the very best reasons for thinking she was mistaken. To all this we may add that Mr. Pickwick was the first who saluted the bride, and that in so doing he threw over her neck a rich gold watch and chain, which no mortal eyes but the jeweller's had ever beheld before. Then the old church bell rang as gaily as it could, and they all returned to breakfast.

"Vere does the mince-pies go, young opium-eater?" said Mr. Weller to the fat boy, as he assisted in laying out such

articles of consumption as had not been duly arranged on the previous night.

The fat boy pointed to the destination of the pies.

"Wery good," said Sam; "stick a bit o' Christmas in 'em. T'other dish opposite. There! now we look compact and comfortable, as the father said ven he cut his little boy's head off to cure him o' squintin'."

As Mr. Weller made the comparison he fell back a step or two to give full effect to it, and surveyed the preparations with the utmost satisfaction.

"Wardle," said Mr. Pickwick, almost as soon as they were all seated, "a glass of wine in honour of this happy occasion!"

"I shall be delighted, my boy," said Wardle.—"Joe!—Damn that boy, he's gone to sleep."

"No, I ain't, sir," replied the fat boy, starting up from a remote corner, where, like the patron saint of fat boys—the immortal Horner—he had been devouring a Christmas pie, though not with the coolness and deliberation which characterized that young gentleman's proceedings.

"Fill Mr. Pickwick's glass."

"Yes, sir."

The fat boy filled Mr. Pickwick's glass, and then retired behind his master's chair, from whence he watched the play of the knives and forks, and the progress of the choice morsels from the dishes to the mouths of the company, with a kind of dark and gloomy joy that was most impressive.

"God bless you, old fellow!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Same to you, my boy," replied Wardle; and they pledged each other heartily.

"Mrs. Wardle," said Mr. Pickwick, "we old folks must have a glass of wine together in honour of this joyful event."

The old lady was in a state of great grandeur just then, for she was sitting at the top of the table in the brocaded gown, with her newly-married grand-daughter on one side and Mr. Pickwick on the other, to do the carving. Mr. Pickwick had not spoken in a very loud tone, but she understood him at once, and drank off a full glass of wine to his long life and happiness; after which the worthy old soul launched forth into a minute and particular account of her own wedding, with a dissertation on the fashion of wearing high-heeled shoes, and some particulars concerning the life and adventures of the beautiful Lady Tollinglower, deceased; at all of which the old lady herself laughed very heartily indeed, and so did the young ladies too, for they were wondering among themselves what on earth grandma was talking about. When they laughed, the old lady laughed ten times more heartily, and said that these always had been considered capital stories, which caused them all to laugh again, and put the old lady into the very best of humours. Then the cake was cut, and passed through the ring; and the young ladies saved pieces to put under their pillows to dream of their future husbands on; and a great deal of blushing and merriment was thereby occasioned.

"Mr. Miller," said Mr. Pickwick to his old acquaintance, the hard-headed gentleman, "a glass of wine?"

"With great satisfaction, Mr. Pickwick," replied the hard-headed gentleman, solemnly.

"You'll take me in?" said the benevolent old clergyman.

"And me," interposed his wife.

"And me, and me," said a couple of poor relations at the bottom of the table, who had eaten and drunk very heartily, and laughed at everything.

Mr. Pickwick expressed his heartfelt delight at every additional suggestion; and his eyes beamed with hilarity and cheerfulness.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly rising.

"Hear, hear! Hear, hear! Hear, hear!" cried Mr. Weller, in the excitement of his feelings.

"Call in all the servants," cried old Wardle, interposing to prevent the public rebuke which Mr. Weller would otherwise most indubitably have received from his master. "Give them a glass of wine each, to drink the toast in.—Now, Pickwick."

Amidst the silence of the company, the whispering of the women servants, and the awakward embarrassment of the men, Mr. Pickwick proceeded.

"Ladies and gentlemen—no, I won't say ladies and gentlemen; I'll call you my friends, my dear friends, if the ladies will allow me to take so great a liberty——"

Here Mr. Pickwick was interrupted by immense applause from the ladies, echoed by the gentlemen, during which the owner of the eyes was distinctly heard to state that she could kiss that dear Mr. Pickwick. Whereupon Mr. Winkle gallantly inquired if it couldn't be done by deputy; to which the young lady with the black eyes replied, "Go away"—and accompanied the request with a look which said as plainly as a look could do—"if you can."

"My dear friends," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "I am going to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom—God bless 'em (cheers and tears). My young friend, Trundle, I believe to be a very excellent and manly fellow; and his wife I know to be a very amiable and lovely girl, well qualified to transfer to another sphere of action the happiness which for twenty years she has diffused around her in her father's house. (Here the fat boy burst forth into stentorian blubberings, and was led forth by the coat collar by Mr. Weller.) I wish," added Mr. Pickwick—"I wish I was young enough to be her sister's husband (cheers), but, failing that, I am happy to be old enough to be her father; for being so, I shall not be suspected of any latent designs when I say that I admire, esteem, and love them both (cheers and sobs). The bride's father, our good friend there, is a noble person, and I am proud to know him (great uproar). He is a kind, excellent, independent-spirited, fine-hearted, hospitable, liberal man (enthusiastic shouts from the poor relations at all the adjectives, and especially at the two last). That his daughter may enjoy all the happiness even he can desire, and that he may derive from the contemplation of her felicity all the gratification of heart and peace of mind which he so well deserves, is, I am persuaded, our united wish. So let us drink their healths, and wish them prolonged life and every blessing!'

Mr. Pickwick concluded amindst a whirlwind of applause; and once more were the lungs of the supernumeraries, under Mr. Weller's command, brought into active and efficient operation. Mr. Wardle proposed Mr. Pickwick, and Mr. Pickwick proposed the old lady. Mr. Snodgrass proposed Mr. Wardle, and Mr. Wardle proposed Mr. Snodgrass. One of the poor relations proposed Mr. Tupman, and the other poor relation proposed Mr. Winkle; and all was happiness and festivity, until the mysterious disappearance of both the poor relations beneath the table warned the party that it was time to adjourn.

At dinner they met again, after a five-and-twenty mile walk, undertaken by the males at Wardle's recommendation, to get rid of the effects of the wine at breakfast. The poor relations had kept in bed all day, with the view of attaining the same happy consummation; but, as they had been unsuccessful, they stopped there. Mr. Weller kept the domestics in a state of perpetual hilarity, and the fat boy divided his time into small alternate allotments of eating and sleeping.

The dinner was as hearty an affair as the breakfast, and was quite as noisy, without the tears. Then came the dessert and some more toasts. Then came the tea and coffee; and then, the ball.

The best sitting-room at Manor Farm was a good long, dark-panelled room with a high chimney-piece, and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers, and the only harp in all Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses, and on all kinds of brackets, stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burnt bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and lighthearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

If anything could have added to the interest of this agreeable scene, it would have been the remarkable fact of Mr. Pickwick's appearing without his gaiters, for the first time within the memory of his oldest friends.

"You mean to dance?" said Wardle.

"Of course I do," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Don't you see I am dressed for the purpose?" Mr. Pickwick called attention to his speckled silk stockings and smartly-tied pumps.

"*You* in silk stockings!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, jocosely.

"And why not, sir—why not?" said Mr. Pickwick, turning warmly upon him.

"Oh, of course there is no reason why you shouldn't wear them," responded Mr. Tupman.

"I imagine not, sir, I imagine not," said Mr. Pickwick, in a very peremptory tone.

Mr. Tupman had contemplated a laugh, but he found it was a serious matter; so he looked grave, and said they were a very pretty pattern.

"I hope they are," said Mr. Pickwick, fixing his eyes upon his friend. "You see nothing extraordinary in these stockings, *as* stockings, I trust, sir?"

"Certainly not—oh, certainly not," replied Mr. Tupman. He walked away, and Mr. Pickwick's countenance resumed its customary benign expression.

"We are all ready, I believe," said Mr. Pickwick, who was stationed with the old

lady at the top of the dance, and had already made four false starts, in his excessive anxiety to commence.

"Then begin at once," said Wardle. "Now!"

Up struck the two fiddles and the one harp, and off went Mr. Pickwick into hands across, when there was a general clapping of hands and a cry of "Stop, stop!"

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Pickwick, who was only brought to by the fiddles and harp desisting, and could have been stopped by no other earthly power if the house had been on fire.

"Where's Arabella Allen?" cried a dozen voices.

"And Winkle?" added Mr. Tupman.

"Here we are!" exclaimed that gentleman, emerging with his pretty companion from the corner; as he did so, it would have been hard to tell which was the redder in the face—he, or the young lady with the black eyes.

"What an extraordinary thing it is, Winkle," said Mr. Pickwick, rather pettishly, "that you couldn't have taken your place before!"

"Not at all extraordinary," said Mr. Winkle.

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, with a very expressive smile, as his eyes rested on Arabella—"well, I don't know that it *was* extraordinary, either, after all."

However, there was no time to think more about the matter, for the fiddles and harp began in real earnest. Away went Mr. Pickwick—hands across—down the middle to the very end of the room, and half-way up the chimney, back again to the door—poussette everywhere—loud stamp on the ground—ready for the next couple—off again—all the figure over once more—another stamp to beat out the time—next couple, and the next, and the next again—never was such going! At last, after they had reached the bottom of the dance, and full fourteen couple after the old lady had retired in an exhausted state, and the clergyman's wife had been substituted in her stead, did that gentleman, when there was no demand whatever on his exertions, keep perpetually dancing in his place, to keep time to the music, smiling on his partner all the while with a blandness of demeanour which baffles all description.

Long before Mr. Pickwick was weary of dancing, the newly married couple had retired from the scene. There was a glorious supper downstairs, notwithstanding, and a good long sitting after it; and when Mr. Pickwick awoke, late the next morning, he had a confused recollection of having severally and confidentially, invited somewhere about five-and-forty people to dine with him at the George and Vulture, the very first time they came to London; which Mr. Pickwick rightly considered a pretty certain indication of his having taken something besides exercise on the previous night.

"And so your family has games in the kitchen to-night, my dear, has they?" inquired Sam of Emma.

"Yes, Mr. Weller," replied Emma; "we always have on Christmas Eve. Master wouldn't neglect to keep it up on any account."

"Your master's a wery pretty notion of keepin' anythin' up, my dear," said Mr. Weller; "I never see such a sensible sort of man as he is, or such a reg'lar gen'l'm'n."

"Oh, that he is!" said the fat boy, joining in the conversation; "don't he breed nice pork!" and the fat youth gave a semi-cannibalic leer at Mr. Weller as he thought of the roast legs and gravy.

"Oh, you've woke up at last, have you?" said Sam.

The fat boy nodded.

"I'll tell you what it is, young boa constructer," said Mr. Weller, impressively: "if you don't sleep a little less and exercise a little more, when you comes to be a man you'll lay yourself open to the same sort of personal inconwenience as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as wore the pigtail."

"What did they do to him?" inquired the fat boy, in a faltering voice.

"I'm a-goin' to tell you," replied Mr. Weller. "He was one o' the largest patterns as was ever turned out—reg'lar fat man, as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five-and-forty year."

"Lord!" exclaimed Emma.

"No, that he hadn't, my dear," said Mr. Weller; "and if you'd put an exact model of his own legs on the dinin' table afore him, he wouldn't ha' known 'em. Well, he always walks to his office with a wery handsome gold watch-chain hanging out about a foot and a quarter, and a gold watch in his fob pocket as was worth—I'm afraid to say how much, but as much as a watch can be—a large, heavy, round manafacter, as stout for a watch as he was for a man, and with a big face in proportion. 'You'd better not carry that 'ere watch,' says the old gen'l'm'n's friends; 'you'll be robbed on it,' says they. 'Shall I?' says he. 'Yes, will you,' says they. 'Vell,' says he, 'I should

like to see the thief as could get this here watch out, for I'm blest if *I* ever can, it's such a tight fit,' says he; 'and venever I wants to know what's o'clock, I'm obliged to stare into the bakers' shops,' he says. Well, then he laughs as hearty as if he was a-goin' to pieces, and out he walks again with his powdered head and pigtail, and rolls down the Strand vith the chain hangin' out furder than ever, and the great round watch almost bustin' through his gray kersey smalls. There warn't a pickpocket in all London as didn't take a pull at that chain; but the chain 'd never break, and the watch 'ud never come out, so they soon got tired o' dragging such a heavy old gen'l'm'n along the pavement, and he'd go home and laugh till the pigtail wibrated like the penderlum of a Dutch clock. At last one day the old gen'l'm'n was a-rollin' along, and he sees a pickpocket as he know'd by sight a-comin' up arm in arm vith a little boy vith a wery large head. 'Here's a game,' says the old gen'l'm'n to himself; 'they're a-goin' to have another try, but it won't do!' So he begins a-chucklin' wery hearty, wen all of a sudden the little boy leaves hold of the pickpocket's arm, and rushes headforemost straight into the old gen'l'm'n's stomach, and for a moment doubles him right up vith the pain. 'Murder!' says the old gen'l'm'n. 'All right, sir,' says the pickpocket, a-whisperin' in his ear. And wen he come straight agin, the watch and chain was gone, and what's worse than that, the old gen'l'm'n's digestion was all wrong ever artervards, to the wery last day of his life. So just you look about you, young feller, and take care you don't get too fat."

As Mr. Weller concluded this moral tale, with which the fat boy appeared much affected, they all three repaired to the large kitchen, in which the family were by this time assembled, according to annual custom on Christmas Eve, observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial.

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion; in the midst of which, Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry that would have done honour to a descendant of Lady Tollimglower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch, and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. The old lady submitted to this piece of practical politeness with all the dignity which befitted so important and serious a solemnity; but the younger ladies, not being so thoroughly imbued with a superstitious veneration for the custom, or imagining that the value of a salute is very much enhanced if it cost a little trouble to obtain it, screamed and struggled, and ran into corners, and threatened and remonstrated, and did everything but leave the room, until some of the less adventurous gentlemen were on the point of desisting, when they all at once found it useless to resist any longer, and submitted to be kissed with a good grace. Mr. Winkle kissed the young lady with the black eyes, and Mr. Snodgrass kissed Emily, and Mr. Weller, not being particular about the form of being under the mistletoe, kissed Emma and the other female servants just as he caught them. As to the poor relations, they kissed everybody, not even excepting the plainer portion of the young-lady visitors, who, in their excessive confusion, ran right under the mistletoe, as soon as it was hung up, without knowing it! Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction; and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use, and summarily devouring, a particularly fine mince-pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else.

Now the screaming had subsided, and faces were in a glow, and curls in a tangle, and Mr. Pickwick, after kissing the old lady as before mentioned, was standing under the mistletoe, looking with a very pleased countenance on all that was passing around him, when the young lady with the black eyes, after a little whispering with the other young ladies, made a sudden dart forward, and putting her arm round Mr. Pickwick's neck, saluted him affectionately on the left cheek; and before Mr. Pickwick distinctly knew what was the matter, he was surrounded by the whole body, and kissed by every one of them.

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pulled this way and then that, and first kissed on the chin, and then on the nose, and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side; but it was a still more pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick, blinded shortly afterwards with a silk handkerchief, falling up against the wall, and scrambling into corners, and going through all the mysteries of blindman's buff, with the utmost relish for the game, until at last he caught one of the poor

relations, and then had to evade the blind-man himself, which he did with a nimbleness and agility that elicited the admiration and applause of all beholders. The poor relations caught the people who they thought would like it, and when the game flagged got caught themselves. When they were all tired of blind-man's buff, there was a great game at snapdragon; and when fingers enough were burnt with that, and all the raisins were gone, they sat down by the huge fire of blazing logs to a substantial supper, and a mighty bowl of wassail, something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper, in which the hot apples were hissing and bubbling with a rich look and a jolly sound that were perfectly irresistible.

"This," said Mr. Pickwick, looking round him—"this is, indeed, comfort."

"Our invariable custom," replied Mr. Wardle. "Everybody sits down with us on Christmas Eve, as you see them now—servants and all; and here we wait, until the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in, and beguile the time with forfeits and old stories.—Trundle, my boy, rake up the fire."

Up flew the bright sparks in myriads as the logs were stirred. The deep red blaze sent forth a rich glow, that penetrated into the farthest corner of the room, and cast its cheerful tint on every face.

"Come," said Wardle, "a song—a Christmas song! I'll give you one, in default of a better."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fill up," cried Wardle. "It will be two hours good before you see the bottom of the bowl through the deep rich colour of the wassail; fill up all round, and now for the song."

Thus saying, the merry old gentleman, in a good, round, sturdy voice, commenced without more ado:——

A Christmas Carol

I care not for Spring; on his fickle wing
  Let the blossoms and buds be borne:
He woos them amain with his treacherous rain,
  And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,
  Nor his own changing mind an hour;
He'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,
  He'll wither your youngest flower.

Let the Summer sun to his bright home run,
  He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,
  And care not how sulky he be.
For his darling child is the madness wild
  That sports in fierce fever's train;
And when love is too strong, it don't last long,
  As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
  Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
  Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
  As it lieth beneath the tree;
So let Autumn air be never so fair,
  It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
  The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
  Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in with a merry din
  That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
  And in fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine honest pride he scorns to hide
  One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
  On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
  And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
  As the King of the Seasons all!

This song was tumultuously applauded—for friends and dependants make a capital audience—and the poor relations especially were in perfect ecstasies of rapture. Again was the fire replenished, and again went the wassail round.

"How it snows!" said one of the men, in a low tone.

"Snows, does it?" said Wardle.

"Rough, cold night, sir," replied the man; "and there's a wind got up that drifts it across the fields in a thick white cloud."

"What does Jem say?" inquired the old lady. "There ain't anything the matter, is there?"

"No, no, mother," replied Wardle; "he says there's a snowdrift, and a wind that's piercing cold. I should know that, by the way it rumbles in the chimney."

"Ah!" said the old lady, "there was just such a wind and just such a fall of snow a good many years back, I recollect—just five years before your poor father died. It was a Christmas Eve, too; and I remember that on that very night he told us the story about the goblins that carried away old Gabriel Grub."

"The story about what?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Wardle. "About an old sexton that the good people down here supposed to have been carried away by goblins."

"Suppose!" ejaculated the old lady. "Is there anybody hardy enough to disbelieve it? Suppose! Haven't you heard, ever

since you were a child, that he *was* carried away by the goblins, and don't you know he was?"

"Very well, mother, he was, if you like," said Wardle, laughing.—"He *was* carried away by goblins, Pickwick; and there's an end of the matter."

"No, no," said Mr. Pickwick, "not an end of it, I assure you; for I must hear how, and why, and all about it."

Wardle smiled, as every head was bent forward to hear; and filling out the wassail with no stinted hand, nodded a health to Mr. Pickwick, and began——

The World

By HENRY VAUGHAN

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his slights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece alone, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor despiséd Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But as I did their madness so discuss
One whisper'd thus,
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for His bride."

Dirty Work

By W. W. JACOBS

IT WAS nearly high-water, and the night-watchman, who had stepped aboard a lighter lying alongside the wharf to smoke a pipe, sat with half-closed eyes enjoying the summer evening. The bustle of the day was over, the wharves were deserted, and hardly a craft moved on the river. Perfumed clouds of shag, hovering for a time over the lighter, floated lazily towards the Surrey shore.

"There's one thing about my job," said the night-watchman, slowly, "it's done all alone by yourself. There's no foreman a-hollering at you and offering you a penny for your thoughts, and no mates to run into you from behind with a loaded truck and then ask you why you didn't look where you're going to. From six o'clock in the evening to six o'clock next morning I'm my own master."

He rammed down the tobacco with an experienced forefinger and puffed contentedly.

People like you 'ud find it lonely (he continued, after a pause); I did at fust. I used to let people come and sit 'ere with me of an evening talking, but I got tired of it arter a time, and when one chap fell overboard while 'e was showing me 'ow he put his wife's mother in 'er place, I gave it up altogether. There was three foot o' mud in the dock at the time, and arter I 'ad got 'im out, he fainted in my arms.

Arter that I kept myself to myself. Say wot you like, a man's best friend is 'imself. There's nobody else'll do as much for 'im, or let 'im off easier when he makes a mistake. If I felt a bit lonely I used to open the wicket in the gate and sit there watching the road, and p'r'aps pass a word or two with the policeman. Then something 'appened one night that made me take quite a dislike to it for a time.

I was sitting there with my feet outside, smoking a quiet pipe, when I 'eard a bit of a noise in the distance. Then I 'eard people running and shouts of "Stop, thief!" A man came along round the corner full pelt, and, just as I got up, dashed through the wicket and ran on to the wharf. I was arter 'im like a shot and got up to 'im just in time to see him throw something into the dock. And at the same moment I 'eard the other people run past the gate.

"Wot's up?" I ses, collaring 'im.

"Nothing," he ses, breathing 'ard and struggling. "Let me go."

He was a little wisp of a man, and I shook 'im like a dog shakes a rat. I remembered my own pocket being picked, and I nearly shook the breath out of 'im.

"And now I'm going to give you in charge," I ses, pushing 'im along towards the gate.

"Wot for?" he ses, purtending to be surprised.

"Stealing," I ses.

"You've made a mistake," he ses; "you can search me if you like."

"More use to search the dock," I ses. "I see you throw it in. Now you keep quiet, else you'll get 'urt. If you get five years I shall be all the more pleased."

I don't know 'ow he did it, but 'e did. He seemed to sink away between my legs, and afore I knew wot was 'appening, I was standing upside down with all the blood rushing to my 'ead. As I rolled over he bolted through the wicket, and was off like a flash of lightning.

A couple o' minutes arterwards the people wot I 'ad 'eard run past came back agin. There was a big fat policeman with 'em—a man I'd seen afore on the beat—and, when they 'ad gorn on, he stopped to 'ave a word with me.

"'Ot work," he ses, taking off his 'elmet and wiping his bald 'ead with a large red handkerchief. "I've lost all my puff."

"Been running?" I ses, very perlite.

"Arter a pickpocket," he ses. "He snatched a lady's purse just as she was stepping aboard the French boat with her 'usband. 'Twelve pounds in it in gold, two peppermint lozenges, and a postage stamp.'"

He shook his 'ead, and put his 'elmet on agin.

"Holding it in her little 'and, as usual,"

he ses. "Asking for trouble, I call it. I believe if a woman 'ad one hand off and only a finger and thumb left on the other, she'd carry 'er purse in it."

He knew a'most as much about wimmen as I do. When 'is fust wife died, she said 'er only wish was that she could take 'im with her, and she made 'im promise her faithful that 'e'd never marry agin. His second wife, arter a long illness, passed away while he was playing hymns on the concertina to her, and 'er mother, arter looking at 'er very hard, went to the doctor and said she wanted an inquest.

He went on talking for a long time, but I was busy doing a bit of 'ead-work and didn't pay much attention to 'im. I was thinking o' twelve pounds, two lozenges, and a postage stamp lying in the mud at the bottom of my dock, and arter a time 'e said 'e see as 'ow I was waiting to get back to my night's rest, and went off—stamping.

I locked the wicket when he 'ad gorn away, and then I went to the edge of the dock and stood looking down at the spot where the purse 'ad been chucked in. The tide was on the ebb, but there was still a foot or two of water atop of the mud. I walked up and down, thinking.

I thought for a long time, and then I made up my mind. If I got the purse and took it to the police-station, the police would share the money out between 'em, and tell me they 'ad given it back to the lady. If I found it and put a notice in the newspaper—which would cost money—very likely a dozen or two ladies would come to see me and say it was theirs. Then if I gave it to the best-looking one and the one it belonged to turned up, there'd be trouble. My idea was to keep it—for a time—and then if the lady who lost it came to me and asked me for it I would give it to 'er.

Once I had made up my mind to do wot was right I felt quite 'appy, and arter a look up and down, I stepped round to the Bear's Head and 'ad a couple o' goes o' rum to keep the cold out. There was nobody in there but the landlord, and 'e started at once talking about the thief, and 'ow he 'ad run arter him in 'is shirt-sleeves.

"My opinion is," he ses, "that 'e bolted on one of the wharves and 'id 'imself. He disappeared like magic. Was that little gate o' yours open?"

"I was on the wharf," I ses, very cold.

"You might ha' been on the wharf and yet not 'ave seen anybody come on," he ses, nodding.

"Wot d'ye mean?" I ses, very sharp.

"Nothing," he ses. "Nothing."

"Are you trying to take my character away?" I ses, fixing 'im with my eye.

"Lo' bless me, no!" he ses, staring at me. "It's no good to me."

He sat down in 'is chair behind the bar and went straight off to sleep with his eyes screwed up as tight as they would go. Then 'e opened his mouth and snored till the glasses shook. I suppose I've been one of the best customers he ever 'ad, and that's the way he treated me. For two pins I'd ha' knocked 'is ugly 'ead off, but arter waking him up very sudden by dropping my glass on the floor I went off back to the wharf.

I locked up agin, and 'ad another look at the dock. The water 'ad nearly gone and the mud was showing in patches. My mind went back to a sailorman wot had dropped 'is watch overboard two years before, and found it by walking about in the dock in 'is bare feet. He found it more easy because the glass broke when he trod on it.

The evening was a trifle chilly for June, but I've been used to roughing it all my life, especially when I was afloat, and I went into the office and began to take my clothes off. I took off everything but my pants, and I made sure o' them by making braces for 'em out of a bit of string. Then I turned the gas low, and, arter slipping on my boots, went outside.

It was so cold that at fust I thought I'd give up the idea. The longer I stood on the edge looking at the mud the colder it looked, but at last I turned round and went slowly down the ladder. I waited a moment at the bottom, and was just going to step off when I remembered that I 'ad got my boots on, and I 'ad to go up agin and take 'em off.

I went down very slow the next time, and anybody who 'as been down an iron ladder with thin, cold rungs, in their bare feet, will know why, and I had just dipped my left foot in, when the wharf-bell rang.

I 'oped at fust that it was a runaway-ring, but it kept on, and the longer it kept on, the worse it got. I went up that ladder agin and called out that I was coming, and then I went into the office and just slipped on my coat and trousers and went to the gate.

"Wot d'you want?" I ses, opening the

wicket three or four inches and looking out at a man wot was standing there.

"Are you old Bill?" he ses.

"I'm the watchman," I ses, sharp-like. "Wot d'you want?"

"Don't bite me!" he ses, purtending to draw back. "I ain't done no 'arm. I've come round about that glass you smashed at the Bear's Head."

"Glass!" I ses, 'ardly able to speak.

"Yes, glass," he ses—"thing wot yer drink out of. The landlord says it'll cost you a tanner, and 'e wants it now in case you pass away in your sleep. He couldn't come 'imself, cos he's got nobody to mind the bar, so 'e sent me. Why! Halloa! Where's your boots? Ain't you afraid o' ketching cold?"

"You clear off," I ses, shouting at him. "D'ye 'ear me? Clear off while you're safe, and you tell the landlord that next time 'e insults me I'll smash every glass in 'is place and then sit 'im on top of 'em. Tell 'im if 'e wants a tanner out o' me, to come round 'imself, and see wot he gets."

It was a silly thing to say, and I saw it arterwards, but I was in such a temper I 'ardly knew wot I *was* saying. I slammed the wicket in 'is face and turned the key and then I took off my clothes and went down that ladder agin.

It seemed colder than ever, and the mud when I got fairly into it was worse than I thought it could ha' been. It stuck to me like glue, and every step I took seemed colder than the one before. 'Owever, when I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it. I fixed my eyes on the place where I thought the purse was, and every time I felt anything under my foot I reached down and picked it up—and then chucked it away as far as I could so as not to pick it up agin. Dirty job it was, too, and in five minutes I was mud up to the neck, a'most. And I 'ad just got to wot I thought was the right place, and feeling about very careful, when the bell rang agin.

I thought I should ha' gorn out o' my mind. It was just a little tinkle at first, then another tinkle, but, as I stood there all in the dark and cold trying to make up my mind to take no notice of it, it began to ring like mad. I 'ad to go—I've known men climb over the gate afore now—and I didn't want to be caught in that dock.

The mud seemed stickier than ever, but I got out at last, and, arter scraping some of it off with a bit o' stick, I put on my coat and trousers and boots just as I was and went to the gate, with the bell going its 'ardest all the time.

When I opened the gate and see the landlord of the Bear's Head standing there I turned quite dizzy, and there was a noise in my ears like the roaring of the sea. I should think I stood there for a couple o' minutes without being able to say a word. I could think of 'em.

"Don't be frightened, Bill," ses the landlord. "I'm not going to eat you."

"He looks as if he's walking in 'is sleep," ses the fat policeman, wot was standing near by. "Don't startle 'im."

"He always looks like that," ses the landlord.

I stood looking at 'im. I could speak then, but I couldn't think of any words good enough; not with a policeman standing by with a notebook in 'is pocket.

"Wot was you ringing my bell for?" I ses, at last.

"Why didn't you answer it before?" ses the landlord. "D'you think I've got nothing better to do than to stand ringing your bell for three-quarters of an hour? Some people would report you."

"I know my dooty," I ses; "there's no craft up to-night, and no reason for anybody to come to my bell. If I was to open the gate every time a parcel of overgrown boys rang my bell I should 'ave enough to do."

"Well, I'll overlook it this time, seeing as you're an old man and couldn't get another sleeping-in job," he ses, looking at the policeman for him to see 'ow clever 'e was. "Wot about that tanner? That's wot I've come for."

"You be off," I ses, starting to shut the wicket. "You won't get no tanner out of me."

"All right," he ses, "I shall stand here and go on ringing the bell till you pay up, that's all."

He gave it another tug, and the policeman instead of locking 'im up for it stood there laughing.

I gave 'im the tanner. It was no use standing there arguing over a tanner, with a purse of twelve quid waiting for me in the dock, but I told 'im wot people thought of 'im.

"Arf a second, watchman," ses the policeman, as I started to shut the wicket agin. "You didn't see anything of that pickpocket, did you?"

"I did not," I ses.

"'Cos this gentleman thought he might 'ave come in here." ses the policeman.

"'Ow could he 'ave come in here without me knowing it?" I ses, firing up.

"Easy," ses the landlord, "and stole your boots into the bargain."

"He might 'ave come when your back was turned," ses the policeman, "and if so, he might be 'iding there now. I wonder whether you'd mind me having a look round?"

"I tell you he ain't 'ere," I ses, very short, "but, to ease your mind, I'll 'ave a look round myself arter you've gorn."

The policeman shook his 'ead. "Well, o' course, I can't come in without your permission," he ses, with a little cough, "but I 'ave an idea, that if it was your guv'nor 'ere instead of you he'd ha' been on'y too pleased to do anything 'e could to help the law. I'll beg his pardon to-morrow for asking you, in case he might object."

That settled it. That's the police all over, and that's 'ow they get their way and do as they like. I could see 'im in my mind's eye talking to the guv'nor, and letting out little things about broken glasses and such-like by accident. I drew back to let 'im pass, and I was so upset that when that little rat of a landlord follered 'im I didn't say a word.

I stood and watched them poking and prying about the wharf as if it belonged to 'em, with the light from the policeman's lantern flashing about all over the place. I was shivering with cold and temper. The mud was drying on me, and I couldn't 'elp noticing the smell of it. Nobody could. And wot was worse than all was, that the tide 'ad turned and was creeping over the mud in the dock.

They got tired of it at last and came back to where I was and stood there shaking their 'eads at me.

"If he was on the wharf 'e must 'ave made his escape while you was in the Bear's Head," ses the policeman.

"He *was* in my place a long time," ses the landlord.

"Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk," ses the policeman. "Funny smell about 'ere, ain't there?" he ses, sniffing, and turning to the landlord. "Wot is it?"

"I dunno," ses the landlord. "I noticed it while we was talking to 'im at the gate. It seems to foller 'im about."

"I've smelt things I like better," ses the policeman, sniffing agin. "It's just like the foreshore when somebody 'as been stirring the mud up a bit."

"If you've finished 'unting for the pickpocket I'll let you out and get on with my work," I ses, drawing myself up.

"Good night," ses the policeman, moving off.

"Good night, dear," ses the landlord. "Mind you tuck yourself up warm."

I lost my temper for the moment and afore I knew wot I was doing I 'ad got hold of him and was shoving 'im towards the gate as 'ard as I could shove. He pretty near got my coat off in the struggle and next moment the policeman 'ad turned his lantern on me and they was both staring at me as if they couldn't believe their eyesight.

"He—he's turning black!" ses the landlord.

"He's turned black!" ses the policeman.

They both stood there looking at me with their mouths open, and then afore I knew wot he was up to, the policeman came close up to me and scratched my chest with his finger-nail.

"It's mud!" he ses.

"You keep your nails to yourself," I ses. "It's nothing to do with you."

"Unless it's a case of 'tempted suicide," he ses, looking at me very 'ard.

"Ah!" ses the landlord.

"There's no mud on 'is clothes," ses the policeman, looking me over with his lantern agin.

"He must 'ave gone in naked, but I should like to see 'is legs to make—All right! All right! Keep your 'air on."

"You look arter your own legs, then," I ses, very sharp, "and mind your own business."

"It is my business," he ses, turning to the landlord. "Was 'e strange in his manner at all when 'e was in your place to-night?"

"He smashed one o' my best glasses," ses the landlord.

"So he did," ses the policeman. "So he did. I'd forgot that. Do you know 'im well?"

"Not more than I can 'elp," ses the landlord. "He's been in my place a good bit, but I never knew of any reason why 'e should try and do away with 'imself. If he's been disappointed in love, he ain't told me anything about it."

I suppose that couple o' fools 'ud 'ave stood there talking about me all night if I'd ha' let 'em, but I had about enough of it.

"Look 'ere," I ses, "you're very clever, both of you, but you needn't worry your 'eads about me. I've just been having a mud-bath, that's all."

"A *mud-bath!*" ses both of 'em, squeaking like a couple o' silly parrots.

"For rheumatics," I ses. "I 'ad it something cruel to-night, and I thought that p'r'aps the mud 'ud do it good. I read about it in the papers. There's places where you pay pounds and pounds for 'em, but, being a pore man, I 'ad to 'ave mine on the cheap."

The policeman stood there looking at me for a moment, and then 'e began to laugh till he couldn't stop 'imself.

"Love-a-duck!" he ses, at last, wiping his eyes. "I wish I'd seen it."

"Must ha' looked like a fat mermaid," ses the landlord, wagging his silly 'ead at me. "I can just see old Bill sitting in the mud a-combing his 'air and singing."

They 'ad some more talk o' that sort, just to show each other 'ow funny they was, but they went off at last, and I fastened up the gate and went into the office to clean myself up as well as I could. One comfort was they 'adn't got the least idea of wot I was arter, and I 'ad a fancy that the one as laughed last would be the one as got that twelve quid.

I was so tired that I slept nearly all day arter I 'ad got 'ome, and I 'ad no sooner got back to the wharf in the evening than I see that the landlord 'ad been busy. If there was one silly fool that asked me the best way of making mud-pies, I should think there was fifty. Little things please little minds, and the silly way some of 'em went on made me feel sorry for my sects.

By eight o'clock, 'owever, they 'ad all sheered off, and I got a broom and began to sweep up to 'elp pass the time away until low-water. On'y one craft 'ad come up that day—a ketch called the *Peewit*—and as she was berthed at the end of the jetty she wasn't in my way at all.

Her skipper came on to the wharf just afore ten. Fat, silly old man 'e was, named Fogg. Always talking about 'is 'ealth and taking medicine to do it good. He came up to me slow like, and, when 'e stopped and asked me about the rheumatics, the broom shook in my 'and.

"Look here," I ses, "if you want to be funny, go and be funny with them as likes it. I'm fair sick of it, so I give you warning."

"Funny?" he ses, staring at me with eyes like a cow. "Wot d'ye mean? There's nothing funny about rheumatics; I ought to know; I'm a martyr to it. Did you find as 'ow the mud did you any good?"

I looked at 'im—hard, but 'e stood there looking at me with his fat baby-face, and I knew he didn't mean any harm; so I answered 'im perlite and wished 'im good night.

"I've 'ad pretty near everything a man can have," he ses, casting anchor on a empty box, "but I think the rheumatics was about the worst of 'em all. I even tried bees for it once."

"Bees!" I ses. "*Bees!*"

"Bee-stings," he ses. "A man told me that if I could on'y persuade a few bees to sting me, that'ud cure me. I don't know what 'e meant by persuading! they didn't *want* no persuading. I took off my coat and shirt and went and rocked one of my neighbour's bee-hives next door, and I thought my last hour 'ad come."

He sat on that box and shivered at the memory of it.

"Now I take Dr. Pepper's pellets instead," he ses. "I've got a box in my state-room, and if you'd like to try 'em you're welcome."

He sat there talking about the complaints he had 'ad and wot he 'ad done for them till I thought I should never have got rid of 'im. He got up at last, though, and, arter telling me to always wear flannel next to my skin, climbed aboard and went below.

I knew the hands was aboard, and arter watching 'is cabin-skylight until the light was out, I went and undressed. Then I crept back on to the jetty, and arter listening by the *Peewit* to make sure that they was all asleep, I went back and climbed down the ladder.

It was colder than ever. The cold seemed to get into my bones, but I made up my mind to 'ave that twelve quid if I died for it. I trod round and round the place where I 'ad seen that purse chucked in until I was tired, and the rubbish I picked up by mistake you wouldn't believe.

I suppose I 'ad been in there arf an hour, and I was standing up with my teeth clenched to keep them from chattering, when I 'appened to look round and see something like a white ball coming down the ladder. My 'art seemed to stand still for a moment, and then it began to beat as though it would burst. The white thing came down lower and lower, and then all of a sudden it stood in the mud and said, "*Owl*"

"Who is it!" I ses. "Who are you?"

"Halloa, Bill!" it ses. "Ain't it perishing cold?"

It was the voice o' Cap'n Fogg, and if ever I wanted to kill a fellow-creetur, I wanted to then.

"'Ave you been in long, Bill?" he ses.

"About ten minutes," I ses, grinding my teeth.

"Is it doing you good?" he ses.

I didn't answer 'im.

"I was just going off to sleep," he ses, "when I felt a sort of hot pain in my left knee. O' course, I knew what it meant at once, and instead o' taking some of the pellets I thought I'd try your remedy instead. It's a bit nippy, but I don't mind that if it does me good."

He laughed a silly sort o' laugh, and then I'm blest if 'e didn't sit down in that mud and waller in it. Then he'd get up and come for'ard two or three steps and sit down agin.

"Ain't you sitting down, Bill?" he ses, arter a time.

"No," I ses, "I'm not."

"I don't think you can expect to get the full benefit unless you do," he ses, coming up close to me and sitting down agin. "It's a bit of a shock at fust, but—Halloa!"

"Wot's up?" I ses.

"Sitting on something hard," he ses. "I wish people 'ud be more careful."

He took a list to port and felt under the starboard side. Then he brought his 'and up and tried to wipe the mud off and see wot he 'ad got.

"Wot is it?" I ses, with a nasty sinking sort o' feeling inside me.

"I don't know," he ses, going on wiping. "It's soft outside and 'ard inside. It——"

"Let's 'ave a look at it," I ses, holding out my 'and.

"It's nothing," he ses, in a queer voice, getting up and steering for the ladder. "Bit of oyster-shell, I think."

He was up that ladder hand over fist, with me close behind 'im, and as soon as he 'ad got on to the wharf started to run to 'is ship.

"Good night, Bill," he ses, over 'is shoulder.

"Arf a moment," I ses, follering 'im.

"I must get aboard," he ses; "I believe I've got a chill," and afore I could stop 'im he 'ad jumped on and run down to 'is cabin.

I stood on the jetty for a minute or two, trembling all over with cold and temper. Then I saw he 'ad got a light in 'is cabin, and I crept aboard and peeped down the skylight. And I just 'ad time to see some sovereigns on the table, when he looked up and blew out the light.

In Praise of Holly

An English Carol of the Time of Henry VI

NAY, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

Holy stond *in the Halle*, fayre to behold;
Ivy stond *without the dore;* she ys full sore a cold.

Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

Holy and hys mery men they dawnsyn and they syng,
Ivy and hur maydenys they wepyn and they wryng.

Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

Ivy hath a lybe; she laghit with the cold,
So mot they all hafe that wyth Ivy hold

Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

Holy hath berys as red as any Rose,
The foster the hunters, kepe hem from the doo.

Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

Ivy hath berys as black as any slo;
Ther com the oule and ete hym as she goo.

Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

Holy hath byrdys, a ful fayre flok,
The Nyghtyngale, the Poppyngy, the gayntyl Lavyrok.

Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

Good Ivy! what byrdys ast thou!
Non but the howlet that kreys "How! How!"

Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holly hafe the maystry, as the maner ys.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS

HE HELPED himself absently to two water biscuits and a piece of cheese and sank to a profound reverie. The eating of this light refreshment was probably a manifestation of subconscious thought, for, when he had finished, he spoke to me as follows—

"There are a great many things which I dislike immensely but the necessity for which I must perforce acquiesce in: these are water, easterly winds and actresses: but there are other habits cultivated by humanity for which I can find no apology, and some of these have grown to so great an extent that they now bulk as evils of terrific magnitude.

"Foremost among these reprehensible customs I will mention that of eating. Of all the evils under which civilization staggers helplessly the most ponderous and merciless is hunger, and it is the evil which will ultimately decimate all existing forms of life.

"All forms of organic life have now for millions of years been slaves to this filthy habit of eating, and have superimposed upon their original singleness of form a variety of weighty and unattractive organs to keep pace with the satisfaction of this oppressive appetite, until to-day the entire organic world stands upon the imminent brink of destruction if food should be withheld from it for one entire week.

"Every living being should be self-supporting and self-sufficient. It should be inherent in the economy of a man to produce for himself not alone food but also shelter and raiment from his own internal resources. A man should be able to build a house or evolve a loaf of bread out of his own body with ease and assurance.

"Look for a moment at spiders. Every spider carries within himself the materials for his own home. His stomach, instead of being, as is vulgarly supposed, a cemetery for smaller organisms, is in reality his brick-field and rope-walk, and out of this minute sack he will produce endless miles of cordage and web which he weaves into the most beautiful and mathematical harmonies. This is a self-contained utility which might be imitated by men with advantage, and that which is done with ease by a spider can scarcely offer insuperable difficulty to the chief of the vertebrates. Of course, each man's production will be more or less guided and limited by his capacity.—Thus, fat men will spin forth cathedrals, opera-houses and railway stations. Thin men will devote themselves to obelisks, church spires, factory chimneys, and artistic bric-a-brac. Short men will willingly produce artisans' dwellings, busts of famous men and, perhaps, now and then, pyramids or villa residences. Constant work of this description will not alone render us independent of landlords, but, by atrophy of the digestive organs, will inaugurate a brighter era for long-suffering, food-fed humanity.

"Suppose it is advanced that man cannot keep up his strength and usefulness without some kind of exterior nourishment—I will then proceed to demonstrate how this can be most easily accomplished. Our first cousins, the trees and bushes, do not sit down at

stated hours to a heterogeneous mess of steak, tea and onions: they stand firm in the ground unhurried by the sound of the dinner-bell and careless of the state of the American market. As the spider is sufficient in itself in house-building, so are the trees, the grass and all inorganic life self-supporting so far as food is concerned. The reason is, that trees, grass and flowers are bedded in the earth, the source of all nourishment. Let this fact be but properly understood, and the last and greatest bar to human progress will be removed, and 'the millenniums which so furiously chase us' will have a chance of catching us up.

"If, once a week, men would bury themselves to the chin in good fertile clay, and allow the nurture of the earth to permeate their bodies there would be an end to this gross and unfortunate digestive activity. I have myself experimented in this direction with the most encouraging results. A rich, loamy soil is very good—it is rather cold at the bottom, but invigorating. Light, sandy clay would suit sedentary persons such as parsons, artists, judges. In poor ground some superphosphates, or a light compost could be strewn by each person around himself. Families would take turns in pruning each other, and so forth; but all these incidental matters would rapidly adjust themselves. After a time we might succeed in propagating ourselves by seeds or slips, and this would lead to a radical readjustment of our sex relations and put an end to many of the problems wherewith we are eternally badgered and perplexed.

"In some ways I will admit that food is valuable. As a means of killing a rich uncle by gout, or of attaining wealth by judicious adulteration it can be recommended, and looked at in the light of a gentle morning exercise to be taken immediately after rising it is useful, but as a method of obtaining nourishment it is obsolete and disgustingly vulgar."

At this point the gentleman-in-waiting snorted in a most unbecoming manner, and dived under the counter, from beneath which he alternately mewed like a cat and crowed like a cock. It was a clear attack of hysteria. While the poor man was recovering from his seizure the old gentleman absent-mindedly departed without paying his shot.

The North Wind—By LI PO

Translated by Shigeyoshi Obata

THE lamp-bearing dragon nestles over the polar gate,
And his light illumines the frigid zone.
For neither the sun nor the moon shines there,
But only the north wind comes, blowing and howling from heaven.
The snow-flakes of the Yen mountains are big like pillows,
They are blown down, myriads together, over the Hsuan-yuan palace.

'Tis December. Lo, the pensive maid of Yu-chow!
She will not sing, she will not smile; her moth-eyebrows are disheveled.
She stands by the gate and watches the wayfarers pass,
Remembering him who snatched his sword and went to save the borderland,
Him who suffered bitterly in the cold beyond the Great Wall,
Him who fell in the battle and will never come back.

In the tiger-striped gold case he left for her keeping
There remains a pair of white-feathered arrows
Amid the cobwebs and dust gathered of long years—
Oh, empty tokens of love, too sad to look upon!
She takes them out and burns them to ashes.

By building a dam one may stop the flow of the Yellow River,
But who can assuage the grief of her heart when it snows and the north wind blows?

The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

XXX

A STABLE ON THE FLAT

WHEN the first landmark, the lone clump of cottonwoods, came at length in sight, dark and blurred in the gentle rain, standing out perhaps a mile beyond the distant buildings, my whole weary body hailed the approach of repose. Saving the noon hour, I had been in the saddle since six, and now six was come round again. The ranch, my resting-place for this night, was a ruin—cabin, stable, and corral. Yet after the twelve hours of pushing on and on through silence, still to have silence, still to eat and go to sleep in it, perfectly fitted the mood of both my flesh and spirit. At noon, when for a while I had thrown off my long oilskin coat, merely the sight of the newspaper half crowded into my pocket had been a displeasing reminder of the railway, and cities, and affairs. But for its possible help to build fires, it would have come no farther with me. The great levels around me lay cooled and freed of dust by the wet weather, and full of sweet airs. Far in front the foot-hills rose through the rain, indefinite and mystic. I wanted no speech with any one, nor to be near human beings at all. I was steeped in a revery as of the primal earth; even thoughts themselves had almost ceased motion. To lie down with wild animals, with elk and deer, would have made my waking dream complete; and, since such dream could not be, the cattle around the deserted buildings, mere dots as yet across separating space, were my proper companions for this evening.

To-morrow night I should probably be camping with the Virginian in the foot-hills. At his letter's bidding I had come eastward across Idaho, abandoning my hunting in the Saw Tooth Range to make this journey with him back through the Tetons. It was a trail known to him, and not to many other honest men. Horse Thief Pass was the name his letter gave it. Business (he was always brief) would call him over there at this time. Returning, he must attend to certain matters in the Wind River country. There I could leave by stage for the railroad, or go on with him the whole way back to Sunk Creek. He designated for our meeting the forks of a certain little stream in the foot-hills which to-day's ride had brought in sight. There would be no chance for him to receive an answer from me in the intervening time. If by a certain day—which was four days off still—I had not reached the forks, he would understand I had other plans. To me it was like living back in ages gone, this way of meeting my friend, this choice of a stream so far and lonely that its very course upon the maps was wrongly traced. And to leave behind all noise and mechanisms, and set out at ease, slowly, with one packhorse, into the wilderness, made me feel that the ancient earth was indeed my mother and that I had found her again after being lost among houses, customs, and restraints. I should arrive three days early at the forks—three days of margin seeming to me a wise precaution against delays unforeseen. If the Virginian were not there, good; I could fish and be happy. If he were there but not ready to start, good; I could still fish and be happy. And remembering my Eastern helplessness in the year when we had met first, I enjoyed thinking how I had come to be trusted. In those days I had not been allowed to go from the ranch for so much as an afternoon's ride unless tied to him by a string, so to speak; now I was crossing unmapped spaces with no guidance. The man who could do this was scarce any longer a "tenderfoot."

My vision, as I rode, took in serenely the dim foot-hills,—to-morrow's goal,— and nearer in the vast wet plain the clump of

cottonwoods, and still nearer my lodging for to-night with the dotted cattle round it. And now my horse neighed. I felt his gait freshen for the journey's end, and leaning to pat his neck I noticed his ears no longer slack and inattentive, but pointing forward to where food and rest awaited both of us. Twice he neighed, impatiently and long; and as he quickened his gait still more, the packhorse did the same, and I realized that there was about me still a spice of the tenderfoot: those dots were not cattle; they were horses.

My horse had put me in the wrong. He had known his kind from afar, and was hastening to them. The plainsman's eye was not yet mine; and I smiled a little as I rode. When was I going to know, as by instinct, the different look of horses and cattle across some two or three miles of plain?

These miles we finished soon. The buildings changed in their aspect as they grew to my approach, showing their desolation more clearly, and in some way bringing apprehension into my mood. And around them the horses, too, all standing with ears erect, watching me as I came—there was something about them; or was it the silence? For the silence which I had liked until now seemed suddenly to be made too great by the presence of the deserted buildings. And then the door of the stable opened, and men came out and stood, also watching me arrive. By the time I was dismounting more were there. It was senseless to feel as unpleasant as I did, and I strove to give to them a greeting that should sound easy. I told them that I hoped there was room for one more here to-night. Some of them had answered my greeting, but none of them answered this; and as I began to be sure that I recognized several of their strangely imperturbable faces, the Virginian came from the stable; and at that welcome sight my relief spoke out instantly.

"I am here, you see!"

"Yes, I do see." I looked hard at him, for in his voice was the same strangeness that I felt in everything around me. But he was looking at his companions. "This gentleman is all right," he told them.

"That may be," said one whom I now knew that I had seen before at Sunk Creek; "but he was not due to-night."

"Nor to-morrow," said another.

"Nor yet the day after," a third added.

The Virginian fell into his drawl. "None of you was ever early for anything, I presume."

One retorted, laughing, "Oh, we're not suspicioning you of complicity."

And another, "Not even when we remember how thick you and Steve used to be."

Whatever jokes they meant by this he did not receive as jokes. I saw something like a wince pass over his face, and a flush follow it. But he now spoke to me. "We expected to be through before this," he began. "I'm right sorry you have come to-night. I know you'd have preferred to keep away."

"We want him to explain himself," put in one of the others. "If he satisfies us, he's free to go away."

"Free to go away!" I now exclaimed. But at the indulgence in their frontier smile I cooled down. "Gentlemen," I said, "I don't know why my movements interest you so much. It's quite a compliment! May I get under shelter while I explain?"

No request could have been more natural, for the rain had now begun to fall in straight floods. Yet there was a pause before one of them said, "He might as well."

The Virginian chose to say nothing more; but he walked beside me into the stable. Two men sat there together, and a third guarded them. At that sight I knew suddenly what I had stumbled upon; and on the impulse I murmured to the Virginian:—

"You're hanging them to-morrow."

He kept his silence.

"You may have three guesses," said a man behind me.

But I did not need them. And in the recoil of my insight the clump of cottonwoods came into my mind, black and grim. No other trees high enough grew within ten miles. This, then, was the business that the Virginian's letter had so curtly mentioned. My eyes went into all corners of the stable, but no other prisoners were here. I half expected to see Trampas, and I half feared to see Shorty; for poor, stupid Shorty's honesty had not been proof against frontier temptations, and he had fallen away from the company of his old friends. Often of late I had heard talk at Sunk Creek of breaking up a certain gang of horse and cattle thieves that stole in one Territory and sold in the next, and knew where to hide in the mountains between. And now it had come to the point; forces had been gathered, a long expedition made, and here they were, successful under the Virginian's lead, but a little later than their calculations. And here was I, a little too early, and a witness in consequence. My presence seemed a simple thing to account

for; but when I had thus accounted for it, one of them said with good nature:—

"So you find us here, and we find you here. Which is the most surprised, I wonder?"

"There's no telling," said I, keeping as amiable as I could; "nor any telling which objects the most."

"Oh, there's no objection here. You're welcome to stay. But not welcome to go, I expect. He ain't welcome to go, is he?"

By the answers that their faces gave him it was plain that I was not. "Not till we are through," said one.

"He needn't to see anything," another added.

"Better sleep late to-morrow morning," a third suggested to me.

I did not wish to stay here. I could nave made some sort of camp apart from them before dark; but in the face of their needless caution I was helpless. I made no attempt to inquire what kind of spy they imagined I could be, what sort of rescue I could bring in this lonely country; my too early appearance seemed to be all that they looked at. And again my eyes sought the prisoners. Certainly there were only two. One was chewing tobacco, and talking now and then to his guard as if nothing were the matter. The other sat dull in silence, not moving his eyes; but his face worked, and I noticed how he continually moistened his dry lips. As I looked at these doomed prisoners, whose fate I was invited to sleep through to-morrow morning, the one who was chewing quietly nodded to me.

"You don't remember me?" he said.

It was Steve! Steve of Medicine Bow! The pleasant Steve of my first evening in the West. Some change of beard had delayed my instant recognition of his face. Here he sat sentenced to die. A shock, chill and painful, deprived me of speech.

He had no such weak feelings. "Have yu' been to Medicine Bow lately?" he inquired. "That's getting to be quite a while ago."

I assented. I should have liked to say something natural and kind, but words stuck against my will, and I stood awkward and ill at ease, noticing idly that the silent one wore a gray flannel shirt like mine. Steve looked me over, and saw in my pocket the newspaper which I had brought from the railroad and on which I had pencilled a few expenses. He asked me, Would I mind letting him have it for a while? And I gave it to him eagerly, begging him to keep it as long as he wanted. I was overeager in my embarrassment. "You need not return it at all," I said; "those notes are nothing. Do keep it." He gave me a short glance and a smile. "Thank you," he said; "I'll not need it beyond to-morrow morning." And he began to search through it. "Jake's election is considered sure," he said to his companion, who made no response. "Well, Fremont County owes it to Jake." And I left him interested in the local news.

Dead men I have seen not a few times, even some lying pale and terrible after violent ends, and the edge of this wears off; but I hope I shall never again have to be in the company with men waiting to be killed. By this time to-morrow the gray flannel shirt would be buttoned round a corpse. Until what moment would Steve chew? Against such fancies as these I managed presently to barricade my mind, but I made a plea to be allowed to pass the night elsewhere, and I suggested the adjacent cabin. By their faces I saw that my words merely helped their distrust of me. The cabin leaked too much, they said; I would sleep drier here. One man gave it to me more directly: "If you figured on camping in this stable, what has changed your mind?" How could I tell them that I shrunk from any contact with what they were doing, although I knew that only so could justice be dealt in this country? Their wholesome frontier nerves knew nothing of such refinements.

But the Virginian understood part of it. "I am right sorry for your annoyance," he said. And now I noticed he was under a constraint very different from the ease of the others.

After the twelve hours' ride my bones were hungry for rest. I spread my blankets on some straw in a stall by myself and rolled up in them; yet I lay growing broader awake, every inch of weariness stricken from my excited senses. For a while they sat over their councils, whispering cautiously, so that I was made curious to hear them by not being able; was it the names of Trampas and Shorty that were once or twice spoken? I could not be sure. I heard the whisperers cease and separate. I heard their boots as they cast them off upon the ground. And I heard the breathing of slumber begin and grow in the interior silence. To one after one sleep came, but not to me. Outside, the dull fall of the rain beat evenly, and in some angle dripped the spouting pulses of a leak. Sometimes a cold air blew in, bearing with

it the keen wet odour of the sage-brush. On hundreds of other nights this perfume had been my last waking remembrance; it had seemed to help drowsiness; and now I lay staring, thinking of this. Twice through the hours the thieves shifted their positions with clumsy sounds, exchanging muffled words with their guard. So, often, had I heard other companions move and mutter in the darkness and lie down again. It was the very naturalness and usualness of every fact of the night,—the stable straw, the rain outside, my familiar blankets, the cool visits of the wind,—and with all this the thought of Steve chewing and the man in the gray flannel shirt, that made the hours unearthly and strung me tight with suspense. And at last I heard some one get up and begin to dress. In a little while I saw light suddenly through my closed eyelids, and then darkness shut again abruptly upon them. They had swung in a lantern and found me by mistake. I was the only one they did not wish to rouse. Moving and quiet talking set up around me, and they began to go out of the stable. At the gleams of new daylight which they let in my thoughts went to the clump of cottonwoods, and I lay still with hands and feet growing steadily cold. Now it was going to happen. I wondered how they would do it; one instance had been described to me by a witness, but that was done from a bridge, and there had been but a single victim. This morning, would one have to wait and see the other go through with it first?

The smell of smoke reached me, and next the rattle of tin dishes. Breakfast was something I had forgotten, and one of them was cooking it now in the dry shelter of the stable. He was alone, because the talking and the steps were outside the stable, and I could hear the sounds of horses being driven into the corral and saddled. Then I perceived that the coffee was ready, and almost immediately the cook called them. One came in, shutting the door behind him as he reëntered, which the rest as they followed imitated; for at each opening of the door I saw the light of day leap into the stable and heard the louder sounds of the rain. Then the sound and the light would again be shut out, until some one at length spoke out bluntly, bidding the door be left open on account of the smoke. What were they hiding from? he asked. The runaways that had escaped? A laugh followed this sally, and the door was left open. Thus I learned that there had been more thieves than the two that were captured. It gave a little more ground for their suspicion about me and my anxiety to pass the night elsewhere. It cost nothing to detain me, and they were taking no chances, however remote.

The fresh air and the light now filled the stable, and I lay listening while their breakfast brought more talk from them. They were more at ease now than was I, who had nothing to do but carry out my rôle of slumber in the stall; they spoke in a friendly, ordinary way, as if this were like every other morning of the week to them. They addressed the prisoners with a sort of fraternal kindness, not bringing them pointedly into the conversation, nor yet pointedly leaving them out. I made out that they must all be sitting round the breakfast together, those who had to die and those who had to kill them. The Virginian I never heard speak. But I heard the voice of Steve; he discussed with his captors the sundry points of his capture.

"Do you remember a haystack?" he asked. "Away up the south fork of Gros Ventre?"

"That was Thursday afternoon," said one of the captors. "There was a shower."

"Yes. It rained. We had you fooled that time. I was laying on the ledge above to report your movements."

Several of them laughed. "We thought you were over on Spread Creek then."

"I figured you thought so by the trail you took after the stack. Saturday we watched you turn your back on us up Spread Creek. We were snug among the trees the other side of Snake River. That was another time we had you fooled."

They laughed again at their own expense. I have heard men pick to pieces a hand of whist with more antagonism.

Steve continued: "Would we head for Idaho? Would we swing back over the Divide? You didn't know which! And when we generalled you on to that band of horses you thought was the band you were hunting—ah, we were a strong combination!" He broke off with the first touch of bitterness I had felt in his words.

"Nothing is any stronger than its weakest point." It was the Virginian who said this, and it was the first word he had spoken.

"Naturally," said Steve. His tone in addressing the Virginian was so different, so curt, that I supposed he took the weakest point to mean himself. But the others now

showed me that I was wrong in this explanation.

"That's so," one said. "Its weakest point is where a rope or a gang of men is going to break when the strain comes. And you was linked with a poor partner, Steve."

"You're right I was," said the prisoner, back in his easy, casual voice.

"You ought to have got yourself separated from him, Steve."

There was a pause. "Yes," said the prisoner, moodily. "I'm sitting here because one of us blundered." He cursed the blunderer. "Lighting his fool fire queered the whole deal," he added. As he again heavily cursed the blunderer, the others murmured to each other various "I-told-you-so's."

"You'd never have built that fire, Steve," said one.

"I said that when we spied the smoke," said another. "I said, 'That's none of Steve's work, lighting fires and revealing to us their whereabouts.'"

It struck me that they were plying Steve with compliments.

"Pretty hard to have the fool get away and you get caught," a third suggested.

At this they seemed to wait. I felt something curious in all this last talk.

"Oh, did he get away?" said the prisoner, then.

Again they waited; and a new voice spoke huskily:—

"I built that fire, boys." It was the prisoner in the gray flannel shirt.

"Too late, Ed," they told him kindly. "You ain't a good liar."

"What makes you laugh, Steve?" said some one.

"Oh, the things I notice."

"Meaning Ed was pretty slow in backing up your play? The joke is really on you, Steve. You'd ought never to have cursed the fire-builder if you wanted us to believe he was present. But we'd not have done much to Shorty, even if we had caught him. All he wants is to be scared good and hard, and he'll go back into virtuousness, which is his nature when not travelling with Trampas."

Steve's voice sounded hard now. "You have caught Ed and me. That should satisfy you for one gather."

"Well, we think different, Steve. Trampas escaping leaves this thing unfinished."

"So Trampas escaped too, did he?" said the prisoner.

"Yes, Steve, Trampas escaped—this time; and Shorty with him—this time. We know it most as well as if we'd seen them go. And we're glad Shorty is loose, for he'll build another fire or do some other foolishness next time, and that's the time we'll get Trampas."

Their talk drifted to other points, and I lay thinking of the skirmish that had played beneath the surface of their banter. Yes, the joke, as they put it, was on Steve. He had lost one point in the game to them. They were playing for names. He, being a chivalrous thief, was playing to hide names. They could only, among several likely confederates, guess Trampas and Shorty. So it had been a slip for him to curse the man who built the fire. At least, they so held it. For, they with subtlety reasoned, one curses the absent. And I agreed with them that Ed did not know how to lie well; he should have at once claimed the disgrace of having spoiled the expedition. If Shorty was the blunderer, then certainly Trampas was the other man; for the two were as inseparable as dog and master. Trampas had enticed Shorty away from good, and trained him in evil. It now struck me that after his single remark the Virginian had been silent throughout their shrewd discussion.

It was the other prisoner that I heard them next address. "You don't eat any breakfast, Ed."

"Brace up, Ed. Look at Steve, how hardy he eats!"

But Ed, it seemed, wanted no breakfast. And the tin dishes rattled as they were gathered and taken to be packed.

"Drink this coffee, anyway," another urged; "you'll feel warmer."

These words almost made it seem like my own execution. My whole body turned cold in company with the prisoner's, and as if with a clank the situation tightened throughout my senses.

"I reckon if every one's ready we'll start." It was the Virginian's voice once more, and different from the rest. I heard them rise at his bidding, and I put the blanket over my head. I felt their tread as they walked out, passing my stall. The straw that was half under me and half out in the stable was stirred as by something heavy dragged or half lifted along over it. "Look out, you're hurting Ed's arm," one said to another, as the steps with tangled sounds passed slowly out. I heard another among those who followed say, "Poor Ed couldn't swallow his coffee." Outside they began getting on their horses; and next their hoofs grew distant, until all was silence round the stable except the dull, even falling of the rain.

XXXI

THE COTTONWOODS

I DO not know how long I stayed there alone. It was the Virginian who came back, and as he stood at the foot of my blankets his eye, after meeting mine full for a moment, turned aside. I had never seen him look as he did now, not even in Pitchstone Cañon when we came upon the bodies of Hank and his wife. Until this moment we had found no chance of speaking together, except in the presence of others.

"Seems to be raining still," I began after a little.

"Yes. It's a wet spell."

He stared out of the door, smoothing his mustache.

It was again I that spoke. "What time is it?"

He brooded over his watch. "Twelve minutes to seven."

I rose and stood drawing on my clothes.

"The fire's out," said he; and he assembled some new sticks over the ashes. Presently he looked round with a cup.

"Never mind that for me," I said.

"We've a long ride," he suggested.

"I know. I've crackers in my pocket."

My boots being pulled on, I walked to the door and watched the clouds. "They seem as if they might lift," I said. And I took out my watch. "What time is it?" he asked.

"A quarter of—it's run down."

While I wound it he seemed to be consulting his own.

"Well?" I inquired.

"Ten minutes past seven."

As I was setting my watch he slowly said: "Steve wound his all regular. I had to night-guard him till two." His speech was like that of one in a trance: so, at least, it sounds in my memory to-day.

Again I looked at the weather and the rainy immensity of the plain. The foothills eastward where we were going were a soft yellow. Over the gray-green sagebrush moved shapeless places of light—not yet the uncovered sunlight, but spots where the storm was wearing thin; and wandering streams of warmth passed by slowly in the surrounding air. As I watched the clouds and the earth, my eyes chanced to fall on the distant clump of cottonwoods. Vapours from the enfeebled storm floated round them, and they were indeed far away; but I came inside and began rolling up my blankets.

"You will not change your mind?" said the Virginian by the fire. "It is thirty-five miles."

I shook my head, feeling a certain shame that he should see how unnerved I was.

He swallowed a hot cupful, and after it sat thinking; and presently he passed his hand across his brow, shutting his eyes. Again he poured out a cup, and emptying this, rose abruptly to his feet as if shaking himself free from something.

"Let's pack and quit here," he said.

Our horses were in the corral and our belongings in the shelter of what had been once the cabin at this forlorn place. He collected them in silence while I saddled my own animal, and in silence we packed the two packhorses, and threw the diamond hitch, and hauled tight the slack, damp ropes. Soon we had mounted, and as we turned into the trail I gave a look back at my last night's lodging.

The Virginian noticed me. "Good-by forever!" he interpreted.

"By God, I hope so!"

"Same here," he confessed. And these were our first natural words this morning.

"This will go well," said I, holding my flask out to him; and both of us took some, and felt easier for it and the natural words.

For an hour we had been shirking real talk, holding fast to the weather, or anything, and all the while that silent thing we were keeping off spoke plainly in the air around us and in every syllable that we uttered. But now we were going to get away from it; leave it behind in the stable, and set ourselves free from it by talking it out. Already relief had begun to stir in my spirits.

"You never did this before," I said.

"No. I never had it to do." He was riding beside me, looking down at his saddle-horn.

"I do not think I should ever be able," I pursued.

Defiance sounded in his answer. "I would do it again this morning."

"Oh, I don't mean that. It's all right here. There's no other way."

"I would do it all over again the same this morning. Just the same."

"Why, so should I—if I could do it at all." I still thought he was justifying their justice to me.

He made no answer as he rode along, looking all the while at his saddle. But again he passed his hand over his forehead with that frown and shutting of the eyes.

"I should like to be sure I should behave myself if I were condemned," I said next.

For it now came to me—which should I resemble? Could I read the newspaper, and be interested in county elections, and discuss coming death as if I had lost a game of cards? Or would they have to drag me out? That poor wretch in the gray flannel shirt— "It was bad in the stable," I said aloud. For an after-shiver of it went through me.

A third time his hand brushed his forehead, and I ventured some sympathy.

"I'm afraid your head aches."

"I don't want to keep seeing Steve," he muttered.

"Steve!" I was astounded. "Why, he—why, all I saw of him was splendid. Since it had to be. It was——"

"Oh, yes; Ed. You're thinking about him. I'd forgot him. So you didn't enjoy Ed?"

At this I looked at him blankly. "It isn't possible that——"

Again he cut me short with a laugh almost savage. "You needn't to worry about Steve. He stayed game."

What then had been the matter that he should keep seeing Steve—that his vision should so obliterate from him what I still shivered at, and so shake him now? For he seemed to be growing more stirred as I grew less. I asked him no further questions, however, and we went on for several minutes, he brooding always in the same fashion, until he resumed with the hard indifference that had before surprised me:—

"So Ed gave you feelings! Dumb ague and so forth."

"No doubt we're not made the same way," I retorted.

He took no notice of this. "And you'd have been more comfortable if he'd acted same as Steve did. It cert'nly was bad seeing Ed take it that way, I reckon. And you didn't see him when the time came for business. Well, here's what it is: a man may be such a confirmed miscreant that killing's the only cure for him; but still he's your own species, and you don't want to have him fall around and grab your laigs and show you his fear naked. It makes you feel ashamed. So Ed gave you feelings, and Steve made everything right easy for you!" There was irony in his voice as he surveyed me, but it fell away at once into sadness. "Both was miscreants. But if Steve had played the coward, too, it would have been a whole heap easier for me." He paused before adding, "And Steve was not a miscreant, oncet."

His voice had trembled, and I felt the deep emotion that seemed to gain upon him now that action was over and he had nothing to do but think. And his view was simple enough: you must die brave. Failure is a sort of treason to the brotherhood, and forfeits pity. It was Steve's perfect bearing that had caught his heart so that he forgot even his scorn of the other man.

But this was by no means all that was to come. He harked back to that notion of a prisoner helping to make it easy for his executioner. "Easy plumb to the end," he pursued, his mind reviewing the acts of the morning. "Why, he tried to give me your newspaper. I didn't——"

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "I had finished with it."

"Well, he took dying as naturally as he took living. Like a man should. Like I hope to." Again he looked at the pictures in his mind. "No play-acting nor last words. He just told good-by to the boys as we led his horse under the limb—you needn't to look so dainty," he broke off. "You ain't going to get any more shocking particulars."

"I know I'm white-livered," I said with a species of laugh. "I never crowd and stare when somebody is hurt in the street. I get away."

He thought this over. "You don't mean all of that. You'd not have spoke just that way about crowding and staring if you thought well of them that stare. Staring ain't courage; it's trashy curiosity. Now you did not have this thing——"

He had stretched out his hand to point, but it fell, and his utterance stopped, and he jerked his horse to a stand.

My nerves sprang like a wire at his suddenness, and I looked where he was looking. There were the cottonwoods, close in front of us. As we had traveled and talked we had forgotten them. Now they were looming within a hundred yards; and our trail lay straight through them.

"Let's go around them," said the Virginian.

When we had come back from our circuit into the trail he continued: "You did not have that thing to do. But a man goes through with his responsibilities—and I reckon you could."

"I hope so," I answered. "How about Ed?"

"He was not a man, though we thought he was till this. Steve and I started punching cattle together at the Bordeaux outfit, north of Cheyenne. We did everything together in those days—work and play.

Six years ago. Steve had many good points oncet."

We must have gone two miles before he spoke again. "You prob'ly didn't notice Steve? I mean the way he acted to me?" It was a question, but he did not wait for my answer. "Steve never said a word to me all through. He shunned it. And you saw how neighbourly he talked to the other boys."

"Where have they all gone?" I asked.

He smiled at me. "It cert'nly is lonesome now, for a fact."

"I didn't know you felt it," said I.

"Feel it!—they've went to the railroad. Three of them are witnesses in a case at Evanston, and the Judge wants our outfit at Medicine Bow. Steve shunned me. Did he think I was going back on him?"

"What if he did? You were not. And so nobody's going to Wind River but you?"

"No. Did you notice Steve would not give us any information about Shorty? That was right. I would have acted that way, too." Thus, each time, he brought me back to the subject.

The sun was now shining warm during two or three minutes together, and gulfs of blue opened in the great white clouds. These moved and met among each other, and parted, like hands spread out, slowly weaving a spell of sleep over the day after the wakeful night storm. The huge contours of the earth lay basking and drying, and not one living creature, bird or beast, was in sight. Quiet was returning to my revived spirits, but there was none for the Virginian. And as he reasoned matters out aloud, his mood grew more overcast.

"You have a friend, and his ways are your ways. You travel together, you spree together confidentially, and you suit each other down to the ground. Then one day you find him putting his iron on another man's calf. You tell him fair and square those ways have never been your ways and ain't going to be your ways. Well, that does not change him any, for it seems he's disturbed over getting rich quick and being a big man in the Territory. And the years go on, until you are foreman of Judge Henry's ranch and he—is dangling back in the cottonwoods. What can he claim? Who made the choice? He cannot say, 'Here is my old friend that I would have stood by.' Can he say that?"

"But he didn't say it," I protested.

"No. He shunned me."

"Listen," I said. "Suppose while you were on guard he had whispered, 'Get me off'—would you have done it?"

"No, sir!" said the Virginian, hotly.

"Then what do you want?" I asked. "What did you want?"

He could not answer me—but I had not answered him, I saw; so I pushed it farther. "Did you want indorsement from the man you were hanging? That's asking a little too much."

But he had now another confusion. "Steve stood by Shorty," he said musingly. "It was Shorty's mistake cost him his life, but all the same he didn't want us to catch——"

"You are mixing things," I interrupted. "I never heard you mix things before. And it was not Shorty's mistake."

He showed momentary interest. "Whose then?"

"The mistake of whoever took a fool into their enterprise."

"That's correct. Well, Trampas took Shorty in, and Steve would not tell on him either."

I still tried it, saying, "They were all in the same boat." But logic was useless; he had lost his bearings in a fog of sentiment. He knew, knew passionately, that he had done right; but the silence of his old friend to him through those last hours left a sting that no reasoning could assuage. "He told good-by to the rest of the boys; but not to me." And nothing that I could point out in common sense turned him from the thread of his own argument. He worked round the circle again to self-justification. "Was it him I was deserting? Was not the deserting done by him the day I spoke my mind about stealing calves? I have kept my ways the same. He is the one that took to new ones. The man I used to travel with is not the man back there. Same name, to be sure. And same body. But different in—and yet he had the memory! You can't never change your memory!"

He gave a sob. It was the first I had ever heard from him, and before I knew what I was doing I had reined my horse up to his and put my arm around his shoulders. I had no sooner touched him than he was utterly overcome. "I knew Steve awful well," he said.

Thus we had actually come to change places; for early in the morning he had been firm while I was unnerved, while now it was I who attempted to steady and comfort him.

I had the sense to keep silent, and pres-

ently he shook my hand, not looking at me as he did so. He was always very shy of demonstration. And he took to patting the neck of his pony. "You Monte hawss," said he, "you think you are wise, but there's a lot of things you don't savvy." Then he made a new beginning of talk between us.

"It is kind of pitiful about Shorty."

"Very pitiful," I said.

"Do you know about him?" the Virginian asked.

"I know there's no real harm in him, and some real good, and that he has not got the brains necessary to be a horse thief."

"That's so. That's very true. Trampas has led him in deeper than his stature can stand. Now, back East you can be middling and get along. But if you go to try a thing on in this Western country, you've got to do it *well*. You've got to deal cyards *well;* you've got to steal *well;* and if you claim to be quick with your gun, you must be quick, for you're a public temptation, and some man will not resist trying to prove he is the quicker. You must break all the Commandments *well* in this Western country, and Shorty should have stayed in Brooklyn, for he will be a novice his livelong days. You don't know about him? He has told me his circumstances. He don't remember his father, and it was like he could have claimed three or four. And I expect his mother was not much interested in him before or after he was born. He ran around, and when he was eighteen he got to be help to a grocery man. But a girl he ran with kept taking all his pay and teasing him for more, and so one day the grocery man caught Shorty robbing his till, and fired him. There wasn't no one to tell good-by to, for the girl had to go to the country to see her aunt, she said. So Shorty hung around the store and kissed the grocery cat good-by. He'd been used to feeding the cat, and she'd sit in his lap and purr, he told me. He sends money back to that girl now. This hyeh country is no country for Shorty, for he will be a conspicuous novice all his days."

"Perhaps he'll prefer honesty after his narrow shave," I said.

But the Virginian shook his head. "Trampas has got hold of him."

The day was now all blue above, and all warm and dry beneath. We had begun to wind in and rise among the first slopes of the foot-hills, and we had talked ourselves into silence. At the first running water we made a long nooning, and I slept on the bare ground. My body was lodged so fast and deep in slumber that when the Virginian shook me awake I could not come back to life at once; it was the clump of cottonwoods, small and far out in the plain below us, that recalled me.

"It'll not be watching us much longer," said the Virginian. He made it a sort of joke; but I knew that both of us were glad when presently we rode into a steeper country, and among its folds and curvings lost all sight of the plain. He had not slept, I found. His explanation was that the packs needed better balancing, and after that he had gone up and down the stream on the chance of trout. But his haunted eyes gave me the real reason—they spoke of Steve, no matter what he spoke of; it was to be no short thing with him.

XXXII

SUPERSTITION TRAIL

We did not make thirty-five miles that day, nor yet twenty-five, for he had let me sleep. We made an early camp and tried some unsuccessful fishing, over which he was cheerful, promising trout to-morrow when we should be higher among the mountains. He never again touched or came near the subject that was on his mind, but while I sat writing my diary, he went off to his horse Monte, and I could hear that he occasionally talked to that friend.

Next day we swung southward from what is known to many as the Conant trail, and headed for that short cut through the Tetons which is known to but a few. Bitch Creek was the name of the stream we now followed, and here there was such good fishing that we idled; and the horses and I at least enjoyed ourselves. For they found fresh pastures and shade in the now plentiful woods; and the mountain odours and the mountain heights were enough for me when the fish refused to rise. This road of ours now became the road which the pursuit had taken before the capture. Going along, I noticed the footprints of many hoofs, rain-blurred but recent, and these were the tracks of the people I had met in the stable.

"You can notice Monte's," said the Virginian. "He is the only one that has his hind feet shod. There's several trails from this point down to where we have come from."

We mounted now over a long slant of rock, smooth and of wide extent. Above us it went up easily into a little side cañon,

but ahead, where our way was, it grew so steep that we got off and led our horses. This brought us to the next higher level of the mountain, a space of sagebrush more open, where the rain-washed tracks appeared again in the softer ground.

"Some one has been here since the rain," I called to the Virginian, who was still on the rock, walking up behind the packhorses.

"Since the rain!" he exclaimed. "That's not two days yet." He came and examined the footprints. "A man and a hawss," he said, frowning. "Going the same way we are. How did he come to pass us, and us not see him?"

"One of the other trails," I reminded him.

"Yes, but there's not many that knows them. They are pretty rough trails."

"Worse than this one we're taking?"

"Not much; only how does he come to know any of them? And why don't he take the Conant trail that's open and easy and not much longer? One man and a hawss. I don't see who he is or what he wants here."

"Probably a prospector," I suggested.

"Only one outfit of prospectors has ever been here, and they claimed there was no mineral-bearing rock in these parts."

We got back into our saddles with the mystery unsolved. To the Virginian it was a greater one, apparently, than to me; why should one have to account for every stray traveler in the mountains?

"That's queer, too," said the Virginian. He was now riding in front of me, and he stopped, looking down at the trail. "Don't you notice?"

It did not strike me.

"Why, he keeps walking beside his hawss; he don't get on him."

Now we, of course, had mounted at the beginning of the better trail after the steep rock, and that was quite half a mile back. Still, I had a natural explanation. "He's leading a packhorse. He's a poor trapper, and walks."

"Packhorses ain't usually shod before and behind," said the Virginian; and sliding to the ground he touched the footprints. "They are not four hours old," said he. "This bank's in shadow by one o'clock, and the sun has not cooked them dusty."

We continued on our way; and although it seemed no very particular thing to me that a man should choose to walk and lead his horse for a while,—I often did so to limber my muscles,—nevertheless I began to catch the Virginian's uncertain feeling about this traveler whose steps had appeared on our path in mid-journey, as if he had alighted from the mid-air, and to remind myself that he had come over the great face of rock from another trail and thus joined us, and that indigent trappers are to be found owning but a single horse and leading him with their belongings through the deepest solitudes of the mountains—none of this quite brought back to me the comfort which had been mine since we left the cottonwoods out of sight down in the plain. Hence I called out sharply, "What's the matter now?" when the Virginian suddenly stopped his horse again.

He looked down at the trail, and then he very slowly turned round in his saddle and stared back steadily at me. "There's two of them," he said.

"Two what?"

"I don't know."

"You must know whether it's two horses or two men," I said, almost angrily.

But to this he made no answer, sitting quite still on his horse and contemplating the ground. The silence was fastening on me like a spell, and I spurred my horse impatiently forward to see for myself. The footprints of two men were there in the trail.

"What do you say to that?" said the Virginian. "Kind of ridiculous, ain't it?"

"Very quaint," I answered, groping for the explanation. There was no rock here to walk over and step from into the softer trail. These second steps came more out of the air than the first. And my brain played me the evil trick of showing me a dead man in a gray flannel shirt.

"It's two, you see, traveling with one hawss, and they take turns riding him."

"Why, of course!" I exclaimed; and we went along for a few paces.

"There you are," said the Virginian, as the trail proved him right. "Number one has got on. My God, what's that?"

At a crashing in the woods very close to us we both flung round and caught sight of a vanishing elk.

It left us confronted, smiling a little, and sounding each other with our eyes. "Well, we didn't need him for meat," said the Virginian.

"A spike-horn, wasn't it?" said I.

"Yes, just a spike-horn."

For a while now as we rode we kept up a cheerful conversation about elk. We wondered if we should meet many more close to the trail like this; but it was not long

before our words died away. We had come into a veritable gulf of mountain peaks, sharp at their bare summits like teeth, holding fields of snow lower down, and glittering still in full day up there, while down among our pines and parks the afternoon was growing somber. All the while the fresh hoofprints of the horse and the fresh footprints of the man preceded us.

In the trees, and in the opens, across the levels, and up the steeps, they were there. And so they were not four hours old! Were they so much? Might we not, round some turn, come upon the makers of them? I began to watch for this. And again my brain played me an evil trick, against which I found myself actually reasoning thus: if they took turns riding, then walking must tire them as it did me or any man. And besides, there was a horse. With such thoughts I combated the fancy that those footprints were being made immediately in front of us all the while, and that they were the only sign of any presence which our eyes could see. But my fancy overcame my thoughts. It was shame only which held me from asking this question of the Virginian: Had one horse served in both cases of Justice down at the cottonwoods? I wondered about this. One horse —or had the strangling nooses dragged two saddles empty at the same signal? Most likely; and therefore these people up here— Was I going back to the nursery? I brought myself up short. And I told myself to be steady; there lurked in this brain-process which was going on beneath my reason a threat worse than the childish apprehensions it created. I reminded myself that I was a man grown, twenty-five years old, and that I must not merely seem like one, but feel like one. "You're not afraid of the dark, I suppose?" This I uttered aloud, unwittingly.

"What's that?"

I started; but it was only the Virginian behind me. "Oh, nothing. The air is getting colder up here."

I had presently a great relief. We came to a place where again this trail mounted so abruptly that we once more got off to lead our horses. So likewise had our predecessors done; and as I watched the two different sets of bootprints, I observed something and hastened to speak of it.

"One man is much heavier than the other."

"I was hoping I'd not have to tell you that," said the Virginian.

"You're always ahead of me! Well, still my education is progressing."

"Why, yes. You'll equal an Injun if you keep on."

It was good to be facetious; and I smiled to myself as I trudged upward. We came off the steep place, leaving the cañon beneath us, and took to horseback. And as we proceeded over the final gentle slant up to the rim of the great basin that was set among the peaks, the Virginian was jocular once more.

"Pounds has got on," said he, "and Ounces is walking."

I glanced over my shoulder at him, and he nodded as he fixed the weather-beaten crimson handkerchief round his neck. Then he threw a stone at a pack animal that was delaying on the trail. "Damn your buckskin hide," he drawled. "You can view the scenery from the top."

He was so natural, sitting loose in the saddle, and cursing in his gentle voice, that I laughed to think what visions I had been harbouring. The two dead men riding one horse through the mountains vanished, and I came back to every day.

"Do you think we'll catch up with those people?" I asked.

"Not likely. They're traveling about the same gait we are."

"Ounces ought to be the best walker."

"Up hill, yes. But Pounds will go down a-foggin'."

We gained the rim of the basin. It lay below us, a great cup of country,—rocks, woods, opens, and streams. The tall peaks rose like spires around it, magnificent and bare in the last of the sun; and we surveyed this upper world, letting our animals get breath. Our bleak, crumbled rim ran like a rampart between the towering tops, a half circle of five miles or six, very wide in some parts, and in some shrinking to a scanty foothold, as here. Here our trail crossed over it between two eroded and fantastic shapes of stone, like mushrooms, or misshapen heads on pikes. Banks of snow spread up here against the black rocks, but half an hour would see us descended to the green and the woods. I looked down, both of us looked down, but our forerunners were not there.

"They'll be camping somewhere in this basin, though," said the Virginian, staring at the dark pines. "They have not come this trail by accident."

A cold little wind blew down between our stone shapes, and upward again, eddying. And round a corner upward with it came

fluttering a leaf of newspaper, and caught against an edge close to me.

"What's the latest?" inquired the Virginian from his horse. For I had dismounted, and had picked up the leaf.

"Seems to be inter-esting," I next heard him say. "Can't you tell a man what's making your eyes bug out so?"

"Yes," my voice replied to him, and it sounded like some stranger speaking lightly near by; "oh, yes! Decidedly interesting." My voice mimicked his pronunciation. "It's quite the latest, I imagine. You had better read it yourself." And I handed it to him with a smile, watching his countenance, while my brain felt as if clouds were rushing through it.

I saw his eyes quietly run the headings over. "Well?" he inquired, after scanning it on both sides. "I don't seem to catch the excitement. Fremont County is going to hold elections. I see they claim Jake——"

"It's mine," I cut him off. "My own paper. Those are my pencil marks."

I do not think that a microscope could have discerned a change in his face. "Oh," he commented, holding the paper, and fixing it with a critical eye. "You mean this is the one you lent Steve, and he wanted to give me to give back to you. And so them are your own marks." For a moment more he held it judicially, as I have seen men hold a contract upon whose terms they were finally passing. "Well, you have got it back now, anyway." And he handed it to me.

"Only a piece of it!" I exclaimed, always lightly. And as I took it from him his hand chanced to touch mine. It was cold as ice.

"They ain't through readin' the rest," he explained easily. "Don't you throw it away! After they've taken such trouble."

"That's true," I answered. "I wonder if it's Pounds or Ounces I'm indebted to."

Thus we made further merriment as we rode down into the great basin. Before us, the horse and boot tracks showed plain in the soft slough where melted snow ran half the day.

"If it's a paper chase," said the Virginian, "they'll drop no more along here."

"Unless it gets dark," said I.

"We'll camp before that. Maybe we'll see their fire."

We did not see their fire. We descended in the chill silence, while the mushroom rocks grew far and the somber woods approached. By a stream we got off where two banks sheltered us; for a bleak wind cut down over the crags now and then, making the pines send out a great note through the basin, like breakers in a heavy sea. But we made cosey in the tent. We pitched the tent this night, and I was glad to have it shut out the mountain peaks. They showed above the banks where we camped; and in the starlight their black shapes rose stark against the sky. They, with the pines and the wind, were a bedroom too unearthly this night. And as soon as our supper dishes were washed we went inside to our lantern and our game of cribbage.

"This is snug," said the Virginian, as we played. "That wind don't get down here."

"Smoking is snug, too," said I. And we marked our points for an hour, with no words save about the cards.

"I'll be pretty near glad when we get out of these mountains," said the Virginian. "They're most too big."

The pines had altogether ceased; but their silence was as tremendous as their roar had been.

"I don't know, though," he resumed. "There's times when the plains can be awful big, too."

Presently we finished a hand, and he said, "Let me see that paper."

He sat reading it apparently through, while I arranged my blankets to make a warm bed. Then, since the paper continued to absorb him, I got myself ready, and slid between my blankets for the night. "You'll need another candle soon in that lantern," said I.

He put the paper down. "I would do it all over again," he began. "The whole thing just the same. He knowed the customs of the country, and he played the game. No call to blame me for the customs of the country. You leave other folks' cattle alone, or you take the consequences, and it was all known to Steve from the start. Would he have me take the Judge's wages and give him the wink? He must have changed a heap from the Steve I knew if he expected that. I don't believe he expected that. He knew well enough the only thing that would have let him off would have been a regular jury. For the thieves have got hold of the juries in Johnson County. I would do it all over, just the same."

The expiring flame leaped in the lantern, and fell blue. He broke off in his words as if to arrange the light, but did not, sitting silent instead, just visible, and seeming to watch the death struggle of the flame. I could find nothing to say to him, and I

believed he was now winning his way back to serenity by himself. He kept his outward man so nearly natural that I forgot about that cold touch of his hand, and never guessed how far out from reason the tide of emotion was even now whirling him. "I remember at Cheyenne oncet," he resumed. And he told me of a Thanksgiving visit to town that he had made with Steve. "We was just colts then," he said. He dwelt on their coltish doings, their adventures sought and wrought in the perfect fellowship of youth. "For Steve and me most always hunted in couples back in them gamesome years," he explained. And he fell into the elemental talk of sex, such talk as would be an elk's or tiger's; and spoken so by him, simply and naturally, as we speak of the seasons, or of death, or of any actuality, it was without offence. But it would be offence should I repeat it. Then, abruptly ending these memories of himself and Steve, he went out of the tent, and I heard him dragging a log to the fire. When it had blazed up, there on the tent wall was his shadow and that of the log where he sat with his half-broken heart. And all the while I supposed he was master of himself, and self-justified against Steve's omission to bid him good-by.

I must have fallen asleep before he returned, for I remember nothing except waking and finding him in his blankets beside me. The fire shadow was gone, and gray, cold light was dimly on the tent. He slept restlessly, and his forehead was plowed by lines of pain. While I looked at him he began to mutter, and suddenly started up with violence. "No!" he cried out; "no! Just the same!" and thus wakened himself, staring. "What's the matter?" he demanded. He was slow in getting back to where we were; and full consciousness found him sitting up with his eyes fixed on mine. They were more haunted than they had been at all, and his next speech came straight from his dream. "Maybe you'd better quit me. This ain't your trouble."

I laughed. "Why, what is the trouble?"

His eyes still intently fixed on mine. "Do you think if we changed our trail we could lose them from us?"

I was framing a jocose reply about Ounces being a good walker, when the sound of hoofs rushing in the distance stopped me, and he ran out of the tent with his rifle. When I followed with mine he was up the bank, and all his powers alert. But nothing came out of the dimness save our three stampeded horses. They crashed over fallen timber and across the open to where their picketed comrade grazed at the end of his rope. By him they came to a stand, and told him, I suppose, what they had seen; for all four now faced in the same direction, looking away into the mysterious dawn. We likewise stood peering, and my rifle barrel felt cold in my hand. The dawn was all we saw, the inscrutable dawn, coming and coming through the black pines and the gray open of the basin. There above lifted the peaks, no sun yet on them, and behind us our stream made a little tinkling.

"A bear, I suppose," said I, at length.

His strange look fixed me again, and then his eyes went to the horses. "They smell things we can't smell," said he, very slowly. "Will you prove to me they don't see things we can't see?"

A chill shot through me, and I could not help a frightened glance where we had been watching. But one of the horses began to graze and I had a wholesome thought. "He's tired of whatever he sees, then," said I, pointing.

A smile came for a moment in the Virginian's face. "Must be a poor show," he observed. All the horses were grazing now, and he added, "It ain't hurt their appetites any."

We made our own breakfast then. And what uncanny dread I may have been touched with up to this time henceforth left me in the face of a real alarm. The shock of Steve was working upon the Virginian. He was aware of it himself; he was fighting it with all his might; and he was being overcome. He was indeed like a gallant swimmer against whom both wind and tide have conspired. And in this now foreboding solitude there was only myself to throw him ropes. His strokes for safety were as bold as was the undertow that ceaselessly annulled them.

"I reckon I made a fuss in the tent?" said he, feeling his way with me.

I threw him a rope. "Yes. Nightmare—indigestion—too much newspaper before retiring."

He caught the rope. "That's correct! I had a hell of a foolish dream for a growed-up man. You'd not think it of me."

"Oh, yes, I should. I've had them after prolonged lobster and champagne."

"Ah," he murmured, "prolonged! Prolonged is what does it." He glanced behind him. "Steve came back——"

"In your lobster dream," I put in.

But he missed this rope. "Yes," he

answered, with his eyes searching me. "And he handed me the paper——"

"By the way, where is that?" I asked.

"I built the fire with it. But when I took it from him it was a six-shooter I had hold of, and pointing at my breast. And then Steve spoke. 'Do you think you're fit to live?' Steve said; and I got hot at him, and I reckon I must have told him what I thought of him. You heard me, I expect?"

"Glad I didn't. Your language sometimes is——"

He laughed out. "Oh, I account for all this that's happening just like you do. If we gave our explanations, they'd be pretty near twins."

"The horses saw a bear, then?"

"Maybe a bear. Maybe"—but here the tide caught him again— "What's your idea about dreams?"

My ropes were all out. "Liver—nerves," was the best I could do.

But now he swam strongly by himself.

"You may think I'm discreditable," he said, "but I know I am. It ought to take more than—well, men have lost their friendships before. Feuds and wars have cloven a right smart of bonds in twain. And if my haid is going to get shook by a little old piece of newspaper—I'm ashamed I burned that. I'm ashamed to have been that weak."

"Any man gets unstrung," I told him. My ropes had become straws; and I strove to frame some policy for the next hours.

We now finished breakfast and set forth to catch the horses. As we drove them in I found that the Virginian was telling me a ghost story. "At half-past three in the morning she saw her runaway daughter standing with a babe in her arms; but when she moved it was all gone. Later they found it was the very same hour the young mother died in Nogales. And she sent for the child and raised it herself. I knowed them both back home. Do you believe that?"

I said nothing.

"No more do I believe it," he asserted. "And see here! Nogales time is three hours different from Richmond. I didn't know about that point then."

Once out of these mountains, I knew he could right himself; but even I, who had no Steve to dream about, felt this silence of the peaks was preying on me.

"Her daughter and her might have been thinkin' mighty hard about each other just then," he pursued. "But Steve is dead. Finished. You cert'nly don't believe there's anything more?"

"I wish I could," I told him.

"No, I'm satisfied. Heaven didn't never interest me much. But if there was a world of dreams after you went——" He stopped himself and turned his searching eyes away from mine. "There's a heap o' darkness wherever you try to step," he said, "and I thought I'd left off wasting thoughts on the subject. You see"—he dexterously roped a horse, and once more his splendid sanity was turned to gold by his imagination—"I expect in many growed-up men you'd call sensible there's a little boy sleepin'—the little kid they oncet was—that still keeps his fear of the dark. You mentioned the dark yourself yesterday. Well, this experience has woke up that kid in me, and blamed if I can coax the little cuss to go to sleep again! I keep a-telling him daylight will sure come, but he keeps a-crying and holding on to me."

Somewhere far in the basin there was a faint sound, and we stood still.

"Hush!" he said.

But it was like our watching the dawn; nothing more followed.

"They have shot that bear," I remarked.

He did not answer, and we put the saddles on without talk. We made no haste, but we were not over half an hour, I suppose, in getting off with the packs. It was not a new thing to hear a shot where wild game was in plenty; yet as we rode that shot sounded already in my mind different from others. Perhaps I should not believe this to-day but for what I look back to. To make camp last night we had turned off the trail, and now followed the stream down for a while, taking next a cut through the wood. In this way we came upon the tracks of our horses where they had been galloping back to the camp after their fright. They had kicked up the damp and matted pine needles very plainly all along.

"Nothing has been here but themselves, though," said I.

"And they ain't showing signs of remembering any scare," said the Virginian.

In a little while we emerged upon an open.

"Here's where they was grazing," said the Virginian; and the signs were clear enough. "Here's where they must have got their scare," he pursued. "You stay with them while I circle a little." So I stayed; and certainly our animals were very calm at visiting this scene. When you bring a horse back to where he has recently

encountered a wild animal his ears and his nostrils are apt to be wide awake.

The Virginian had stopped and was beckoning to me.

"Here's your bear," said he, as I arrived. "Two-legged, you see. And he had a hawss of his own." There was a stake driven down where an animal had been picketed for the night.

"Looks like Ounces," I said, considering the bootprints.

"It's Ounces. And Ounces wanted another hawss very bad, so him and Pounds could travel like gentlemen should."

"But Pounds doesn't seem to have been with him."

"Oh, Pounds, he was making coffee, somewheres in yonder, when this happened. Neither of them guessed there'd be other hawsses wandering here in the night, or they both would have come." He turned back to our pack animals.

"Then you'll not hunt for this camp to make sure?"

"I prefer making sure first. We might be expected at that camp."

He took out his rifle from beneath his leg and set it across his saddle at half-cock. I did the same; and thus cautiously we resumed our journey in a slightly different direction. "This ain't all we're going to find out," said the Virginian. "Ounces had a good idea; but I reckon he made a bad mistake later."

We had found out a good deal without any more, I thought. Ounces had gone to bring in their single horse, and coming upon three more in the pasture had undertaken to catch one and failed, merely driving them where he feared to follow.

"Shorty never could rope a horse alone," I remarked.

The Virginian grinned. "Shorty? Well, Shorty sounds as well as Ounces. But that ain't the mistake I'm thinking he made."

I knew that he would not tell me, but that was just like him. For the last twenty minutes, having something to do, he had become himself again, had come to earth from that unsafe country of the brain where beckoned a spectral Steve. Nothing was left but in his eyes that question which pain had set there; and I wondered if his friend of old, who seemed so brave and amiable, would have dealt him that hurt at the solemn end had he known what a poisoned wound it would be.

We came out on a ridge from which we could look down. "You always want to ride on high places when there's folks around whose intentions ain't been declared," said the Virginian. And we went along our ridge for some distance. Then suddenly he turned down and guided us almost at once to the trail. "That's it," he said. "See."

The track of a horse was very fresh on the trail. But it was a galloping horse now, and no bootprints were keeping up with it any more. No boots could have kept up with it. The rider was making time to-day. Yesterday that horse had been ridden up into the mountains at leisure. Who was on him? There was never to be any certain answer to that. But who was not on him? We turned back in our journey, back into the heart of that basin with the tall peaks all rising like teeth in the cloudless sun, and the snow-fields shining white.

"He was afraid of us," said the Virginian. "He did not know how many of us had come up here. Three hawsses might mean a dozen more around."

We followed the backward trail in among the pines, and came after a time upon their camp. And then I understood the mistake that Shorty had made. He had returned after his failure, and had told that other man of the presence of new horses. He should have kept this a secret; for haste had to be made at once, and two cannot get away quickly upon one horse. But it was poor Shorty's last blunder. He lay there by their extinct fire, with his wistful-lost-dog face upward, and his thick yellow hair unparted as it had always been. The murder had been done from behind. We closed the eyes.

"There was no natural harm in him," said the Virginian. "But you must do a thing well in this country."

There was not a trace, not a clew, of the other man; and we found a place where we could soon cover Shorty with earth. As we lifted him we saw the newspaper that he had been reading. He had brought it from the clump of cottonwoods where he and the other man had made a later visit than ours to be sure of the fate of their friends—or possibly in hopes of another horse. Evidently, when the party were surprised, they had been able to escape with only one. All of the newspaper was there save the leaf I had picked up—all and more, for this had pencil writing on it that was not mine, nor did I at first take it in. I thought it might be a clew, and I read it aloud. "Good-by Jeff," it said. "I could not have spoke to you without playing the baby."

"Who's Jeff?" I asked. But it came over

me when I looked at the Virginian. He was standing beside me quite motionless; and then he put out his hand and took the paper, and stood still, looking at the words. "Steve used to call me Jeff," he said, "because I was Southern, I reckon. Nobody else ever did."

He slowly folded the message from the dead, brought by the dead, and rolled it in the coat behind his saddle. For a half-minute he stood leaning his forehead down against the saddle. After this he came back and contemplated Shorty's face awhile. "I wish I could thank him," he said. "I wish I could."

We carried Shorty over and covered him with earth, and on that laid a few pine branches; then we took up our journey, and by the end of the forenoon we had gone some distance upon our trail through the Teton Mountains. But in front of us the hoofprints ever held their stride of haste, drawing farther from us through the hours, until by the next afternoon somewhere we noticed they were no longer to be seen; and after that they never came upon the trail again.

XXXIII

THE SPINSTER LOSES SOME SLEEP

SOMEWHERE at the eastern base of the Tetons did those hoofprints disappear into a mountain sanctuary where many crooked paths have led. He that took another man's possessions, or he that took another man's life, could always run here if the law or popular justice were too hot at his heels. Steep ranges and forests walled him in from the world on all four sides, almost without a break; and every entrance lay through intricate solitudes. Snake River came into the place through cañons and mournful pines and marshes, to the north, and went out at the south between formidable chasms. Every tributary to this stream rose among high peaks and ridges, and descended into the valley by well-nigh impenetrable courses: Pacific Creek from Two Ocean Pass, Buffalo Fork from no pass at all, Black Rock from the To-wo-ge-tee Pass—all these, and many more, were the waters of loneliness, among whose thousand hiding-places it was easy to be lost. Down in the bottom was a spread of level land, broad and beautiful, with the blue and silver Tetons rising from its chain of lakes to the west, and other heights presiding over its other sides. And up and down and in and out of this hollow square of mountains, where waters plentifully flowed, and game and natural pasture abounded, there skulked a nomadic and distrustful population. This in due time built cabins, took wives, begot children, and came to speak of itself as "The honest settlers of Jackson's Hole." It is a commodious title, and doubtless to-day more accurate than it was once.

Into this place the hoofprints disappeared. Not many cabins were yet built there; but the unknown rider of the horse knew well that he would find shelter and welcome among the felons of his stripe. Law and order might guess his name correctly, but there was no next step, for lack of evidence; and he would wait, whoever he was, until the rage of popular justice, which had been pursuing him and his brother thieves, should subside. Then, feeling his way gradually with prudence, he would let himself be seen again.

And now, as mysteriously as he had melted away, rumour passed over the country. No tongue seemed to be heard telling the first news; the news was there, one day, a matter of whispered knowledge. On Sunk Creek and on Bear Creek, and elsewhere far and wide, before men talked men seemed secretly to know that Steve, and Ed, and Shorty, would never again be seen. Riders met each other in the road and drew rein to discuss the event, and its bearing upon the cattle interests. In town saloons men took each other aside, and muttered over it in corners.

Thus it reached the ears of Molly Wood, beginning in a veiled and harmless shape.

A neighbour joined her when she was out riding by herself.

"Good morning," said he. "Don't you find it lonesome?" And when she answered lightly, he continued, meaning well: "You'll be having company again soon now. He has finished his job. Wish he'd finished it *more!* Well, good day."

Molly thought these words over. She could not tell why they gave her a strange feeling. To her Vermont mind no suspicion of the truth would come naturally. But suspicion began to come when she returned from her ride. For, entering the cabin of the Taylors', she came upon several people who all dropped their talk short, and were not skilful at resuming it. She sat there awhile, uneasily aware that all of them knew something which she did not know, and was not intended to know. A thought pierced her: had anything happened to her lover? No; that was not it. The man she

had met on horseback spoke of her having company soon again. How soon? she wondered. He had been unable to say when he should return, and now she suddenly felt that a great silence had enveloped him lately: not the mere silence of absence, of receiving no messages or letters, but another sort of silence which now, at this moment, was weighing strangely upon her.

And then the next day it came out at the schoolhouse. During that interval known as recess, she became aware through the open window that they were playing a new game outside. Lusty screeches of delight reached her ears.

"Jump!" a voice ordered. "Jump!"

"I don't want to," returned another voice, uneasily.

"You said you would," said several. "Didn't he say he would? Ah, he said he would. Jump now, quick!"

"But I don't want to," quavered the voice in a tone so dismal that Molly went out to see.

They had got Bob Carmody on the top of the gate by a tree, with a rope round his neck, the other end of which four little boys were joyously holding. The rest looked on eagerly, three little girls clasping their hands, and springing up and down with excitement.

"Why, children!" exclaimed Molly.

"He's said his prayers and everything," they all screamed out. "He's a rustler, and we're lynchin' him. Jump, Bob!"

"I don't want——"

"Ah, coward, won't take his medicine!"

"Let him go, boys," said Molly. "You might really hurt him." And so she broke up this game, but not without general protest from Wyoming's young voice.

"He said he would," Henry Dow assured her.

And George Taylor further explained: "He said he'd be Steve. But Steve didn't scare." Then George proceeded to tell the schoolmarm, eagerly, all about Steve and Ed, while the schoolmarm looked at him with a rigid face.

"You promised your mother you'd not tell," said Henry Dow, after all had been told. "You've gone and done it," and Henry wagged his head in a superior manner.

Thus did the New England girl learn what her cow-boy lover had done. She spoke of it to nobody; she kept her misery to herself. He was not there to defend his act. Perhaps in a way that was better. But these were hours of darkness indeed to Molly Wood.

On that visit to Dunbarton, when at the first sight of her lover's photograph in frontier dress her aunt had exclaimed, "I suppose there are days when he does not kill people," she had cried in all good faith and mirth, "He never killed anybody!" Later, when he was lying in her cabin weak from his bullet wound, but each day stronger beneath her nursing, at a certain word of his there had gone through her a shudder of doubt. Perhaps in his many wanderings he had done such a thing in self-defence, or in the cause of popular justice. But she had pushed the idea away from her hastily, back into the days before she had ever seen him. If this had ever happened, let her not know of it. Then, as a cruel reward for his candour and his laying himself bare to her mother, the letters from Bennington had used that very letter of his as a weapon against him. Her sister Sarah had quoted from it. "He says with apparent pride," wrote Sarah, "that he has 'never killed for pleasure or profit.' Those are his exact words, and you may guess their dreadful effect upon mother. I congratulate you, my dear, on having chosen a protector so scrupulous."

Thus her elder sister had seen fit to write; and letters from less near relatives made hints at the same subject. So she was compelled to accept this piece of knowledge thrust upon her. Yet still, still, those events had been before she knew him. They were remote, without detail or context. He had been little more than a boy. No doubt it was to save his own life. And so she bore the hurt of her discovery all the more easily because her sister's tone roused her to defend her cow-boy.

But now!

In her cabin, alone, after midnight, she arose from her sleepless bed, and lighting the candle, stood before his photograph.

"It is a good face," her great-aunt had said, after some study of it. And these words were in her mind now. There his likeness stood at full length, confronting her: the spurs on the boots, the fringed leathern chapareras, the coiled rope in hand, the pistol at hip, the rough flannel shirt, and the scarf knotted at the throat—and then the grave eyes, looking at her. It thrilled her to meet them, even so. She could read life into them. She seemed to feel passion come from them, and then something like reproach. She stood for a long while looking at him, and then, beating her hands together suddenly, she blew out her light and went back into bed, but not to sleep.

"You're looking pale, deary," said Mrs. Taylor to her, a few days later.

"Am I?"

"And you don't eat anything."

"Oh, yes, I do." And Molly retired to her cabin.

"George," said Mrs. Taylor, "you come here."

It may seem severe—I think that it was severe. That evening when Mr. Taylor came home to his family, George received a thrashing for disobedience.

"And I suppose," said Mrs. Taylor to her husband, "that she came out just in time to stop 'em breaking Bob Carmody's neck for him."

Upon the day following Mrs. Taylor essayed the impossible. She took herself over to Molly Wood's cabin. The girl gave her a listless greeting, and the dame sat slowly down, and surveyed the comfortable room.

"A very nice home, deary," said she, "if it was a home. But you'll fix something like this in your real home, I have no doubt."

Molly made no answer.

"What we're going to do without you I can't see," said Mr. Taylor. "But I'd not have it different for worlds. He'll be coming back soon, I expect."

"Mrs. Taylor," said Molly, all at once, "please don't say anything now. I can't stand it." And she broke into wretched tears.

"Why, deary, he——"

"No; not a word. Please, please—I'll go out if you do."

The older woman went to the younger one, and then put her arms round her. But when the tears were over, they had not done any good; it was not the storm that clears the sky—all storms do not clear the sky. And Mrs. Taylor looked at the pale girl and saw that she could do nothing to help her toward peace of mind.

"Of course," she said to her husband, after returning from her profitless errand, "you might know she'd feel dreadful."

"What about?" said Taylor.

"Why, you know just as well as I do. And I'll say for myself, I hope you'll never have to help hang folks."

"Well," said Taylor mildly, "if I had to, I'd have to, I guess."

"Well, I don't want it to come. But that poor girl is eating her heart right out over it."

"What does she say?"

"It's what she don't say. She'll not talk, and she'll not let me talk, and she sits and sits."

"I'll go talk some to her," said the man.

"Well, Taylor, I thought you had more sense. You'd not get a word in. She'll be sick soon if her worry ain't stopped someway, though."

"What does she want this country to do?" inquired Taylor. "Does she expect it to be like Vermont, when it——"

"We can't help what she expects," his wife interrupted. "But I wish we could help *her*."

They could not, however; and help came from another source. Judge Henry rode by the next day. To him good Mrs. Taylor at once confided her anxiety. The Judge looked grave.

"Must I meddle?" he said.

"Yes, Judge, you must," said Mrs. Taylor.

"But why can't I send him over here when he gets back? Then they'll just settle it between themselves."

Mrs. Taylor shook her head. "That would unsettle it worse than it is," she assured him. "They mustn't meet just now."

The Judge sighed. "Well," he said, "very well. I'll sacrifice my character, since you insist."

Judge Henry sat thinking, waiting until school should be out. He did not at all relish what lay before him. He would like to have got out of it. He had been a federal judge; he had been an upright judge; he had met the responsibilities of his difficult office not only with learning, which is desirable, but also with courage and common sense besides, and these are essential. He had been a staunch servant of the law. And now he was invited to defend that which, at first sight, nay, even at second and third sight, must always seem a defiance of the law more injurious than crime itself. Every good man in this world has convictions about right and wrong. They are his soul's riches, his spiritual gold. When his conduct is at variance with these, he knows that it is a departure, a falling; and this is a simple and clear matter. If falling were all that ever happened to a good man, all his days would be a simple matter of striving and repentance. But it is not all. There come to him certain junctures, crises, when life, like a highwayman, springs upon him, demanding that he stand and deliver his convictions in the name of some righteous cause, bidding him do evil that good may come. I cannot say that I believe in doing evil that good may come. I do not. I think that any man who honestly justifies such course

deceives himself. But this I can say: to call any act evil, instantly begs the question. Many an act that man does is right or wrong according to the time and place which form, so to speak, its context; strip it of its surrounding circumstances, and you tear away its meaning. Gentlemen reformers, beware of this common practice of yours! beware of calling an act evil on Tuesday because that same act was evil on Monday!

Do you fail to follow my meaning? Then here is an illustration. On Monday I walk over my neighbour's field; there is no wrong in such walking. By Tuesday he has put up a sign that trespassers will be prosecuted according to law. I walk again on Tuesday, and am a law-breaker. Do you begin to see my point? or are you inclined to object to the illustration because the walking on Tuesday was not *wrong*, but merely *illegal?* Then here is another illustration which you will find it a trifle more embarrassing to answer. Consider carefully, let me beg you, the case of a young man and a young woman who walk out of a door on Tuesday, pronounced man and wife by a third party inside the door. It matters not that on Monday they were, in their own hearts, sacredly vowed to each other. If they had omitted stepping inside that door, if they had dispensed with that third party, and gone away on Monday sacredly vowed to each other in their own hearts, you would scarcely have found their conduct moral. Consider these things carefully,—the sign-post and the third party,—and the difference they make. And now, for a finish, we will return to the sign-post.

Suppose that I went over my neighbour's field on Tuesday, after the sign-post was put up, because I saw a murder about to be committed in the field, and therefore ran in and stopped it. Was I doing evil that good might come? Do you not think that to stay out and let the murder be done would have been the evil act in this case? To disobey the sign-post was *right;* and I trust that you now perceive the same act may wear as many different hues of right or wrong as the rainbow, according to the atmosphere in which it is done. It is not safe to say of any man, "He did evil that good might come." Was the thing that he did, in the first place, evil? That is the question.

Forgive my asking you to use your mind. It is a thing which no novelist should expect of his reader, and we will go back at once to Judge Henry and his meditations about lynching.

He was well aware that if he was to touch at all upon this subject with the New England girl, he could not put her off with mere platitudes and humdrum formulas; not, at least, if he expected to do any good. She was far too intelligent, and he was really anxious to do good. For her sake he wanted the course of the girl's true love to run more smoothly, and still more did he desire this for the sake of his Virginian.

"I sent him myself on that business," the Judge reflected uncomfortably. "I am partly responsible for the lynching. It has brought him one great unhappiness already through the death of Steve. If it gets running in this girl's mind, she may—dear me!" the Judge broke off, "what a nuisance!" And he sighed. For as all men know, he also knew that many things should be done in this world in silence, and that talking about them is a mistake.

But when school was out, and the girl gone to her cabin, his mind had set the subject in order thoroughly, and he knocked at her door, ready, as he had put it, to sacrifice his character in the cause of true love.

"Well," he said, coming straight to the point, "some dark things have happened." And when she made no answer to this, he continued: "But you must not misunderstand us. We're too fond of you for that."

"Judge Henry," said Molly Wood, also coming straight to the point, "have you come to tell me that you think well of lynching?"

He met her. "Of burning Southern negroes in public, no. Of hanging Wyoming cattle-thieves in private, yes. You perceive there's a difference, don't you?"

"Not in principle," said the girl, dry and short.

"Oh—dear—me!" slowly exclaimed the Judge. "I am sorry that you cannot see that, because I think that I can. And I think that you have just as much sense as I have." The Judge made himself very grave and very good-humoured at the same time. The poor girl was strung to a high pitch, and spoke harshly in spite of herself.

"What is the difference in principle?" she demanded.

"Well," said the Judge, easy and thoughtful, "what do you mean by principle?"

"I didn't think you'd quibble," flashed Molly. "I'm not a lawyer myself."

A man less wise than Judge Henry would have smiled at this, and then war would have exploded hopelessly between them, and harm been added to what was going wrong

already. But the Judge knew that he must give to every word that the girl said now his perfect consideration.

"I don't mean to quibble," he assured her. "I know the trick of escaping from one question by asking another. But I don't want to escape from anything you hold me to answer. If you can show me that I am wrong, I want you to do so. But," and here the Judge smiled, "I want you to play fair, too."

"And how am I not?"

"I want you to be just as willing to be put right by me as I am to be put right by you. And so when you use such a word as principles, you must help me to answer by saying what principle you mean. For in all sincerity I see no likeness in principle whatever between burning Southern negroes in public and hanging Wyoming horse-thieves in private. I consider the burning a proof that the South is semi-barbarous, and the hanging a proof that Wyoming is determined to become civilized. We do not torture our criminals when we lynch them. We do not invite spectators to enjoy their death agony. We put no such hideous disgrace upon the United States. We execute our criminals by the swiftest means, and in the quietest way. Do you think the principle is the same?"

Molly had listened to him with attention. "The way is different," she admitted.

"Only the way?"

"So it seems to me. Both defy law and order."

"Ah, but do they both? Now we're getting near the principle."

"Why, yes. Ordinary citizens take the law in their own hands."

"The principle at last!" exclaimed the Judge. "Now tell me some more things. Out of whose hands do they take the law?"

"The court's."

"What made the courts?"

"I don't understand."

"How did there come to be any courts?"

"The Constitution."

"How did there come to be any Constitution? Who made it?"

"The delegates, I suppose."

"Who made the delegates?"

"I suppose they were elected, or appointed, or something."

"And who elected them?"

"Of course the people elected them."

"Call them the ordinary citizens," said the Judge. "I like your term. They are where the law comes from, you see. For they chose the delegates who made the Constitution that provided for the courts. There's your machinery. These are the hands into which ordinary citizens have put the law. So you see, at best, when they lynch they only take back what they once gave. Now we'll take your two cases that you say are the same in principle. I think that they are not. For in the South they take a negro from jail where he was waiting to be duly hung. The South has never claimed that the law would let him go. But in Wyoming the law has been letting our cattle-thieves go for two years. We are in a very bad way, and we are trying to make that way a little better until civilization can reach us. At present we lie beyond its pale. The courts, or rather the juries, into whose hands we have put the law, are not dealing the law. They are withered hands, or rather they are imitation hands made for show, with no life in them, no grip. They cannot hold a cattle-thief. And so when your ordinary citizen sees this, and sees that he has placed justice in a dead hand, he must take justice back into his own hands where it was once at the beginning of all things. Call this primitive, if you will. But so far from being a *defiance* of the law, it is an *assertion* of it—the fundamental assertion of self-governing men, upon whom our whole social fabric is based. There is your principle, Miss Wood, as I see it. Now can you help me to see anything different?"

She could not.

"But perhaps you are of the same opinion still?" the Judge inquired.

"It is all terrible to me," she said.

"Yes; and so is capital punishment terrible. And so is war. And perhaps some day we shall do without them. But they are none of them so terrible as unchecked theft and murder would be."

After the Judge had departed on his way to Sunk Creek, no one spoke to Molly upon this subject. But her face did not grow cheerful at once. It was plain from her fits of silence that her thoughts were not at rest. And sometimes at night she would stand in front of her lover's likeness, gazing upon it with both love and shrinking.

XXXIV

"TO FIT HER FINGER"

It was two rings that the Virginian wrote for when next I heard from him.

After my dark sight of what the Cattle Land could be, I soon had journeyed home

by way of Washakie and Rawlins. Steve and Shorty did not leave my memory, nor will they ever, I suppose.

The Virginian had touched the whole thing the day I left him. He had noticed me looking a sort of farewell at the plains and mountains.

"You will come back to it," he said. "If there was a headstone for every man that once pleasured in his freedom here, yu'd see one most every time yu' turned your head. It's a heap sadder than a graveyard—but yu' love it all the same."

Sadness had passed from him—from his uppermost mood, at least, when he wrote about the rings. Deep in him was sadness of course, as well as joy. For he had known Steve, and he had covered Shorty with earth. He had looked upon life with a man's eyes, very close; and no one, if he have a heart, can pass through this and not carry sadness in his spirit with him forever. But he seldom shows it openly; it bides within him, enriching his cheerfulness and rendering him of better service to his fellow-men.

It was a commission of cheerfulness that he now gave, being distant from where rings are to be bought. He could not go so far as the East to procure what he had planned. Rings were to be had in Cheyenne, and a still greater choice in Denver; and so far as either of these towns his affairs would have permitted him to travel. But he was set upon having rings from the East. They must come from the best place in the country; nothing short of that was good enough "to fit her finger," as he said. The wedding ring was a simple matter. Let it be right, that was all: the purest gold that could be used, with her initials and his together graven round the inside, with the day of the month and the year.

The date was now set. It had come so far as this. July third was to be the day. Then for sixty days and nights he was to be a bridegroom, free from his duties at Sunk Creek, free to take his bride wheresoever she might choose to go. And she had chosen.

Those voices of the world had more than angered her; for after the anger a set purpose was left. Her sister should have the chance neither to come nor to stay away. Had her mother even answered the Virginian's letter, there could have been some relenting. But the poor lady had been inadequate in this, as in all other searching moments of her life: she had sent messages, —kind ones, to be sure—but only messages. If this had hurt the Virginian, no one knew it in the world, least of all the girl in whose heart it had left a cold, frozen spot. Not a good spirit in which to be married, you will say. No; frozen spots are not good at any time. But Molly's own nature gave her due punishment. Through all these days of her warm happiness a chill current ran, like those which interrupt the swimmer's perfect joy. The girl was only half as happy as her lover; but she hid this deep from him,—hid it until that final, fierce hour of reckoning that her nature had with her,—nay, was bound to have with her, before the punishment was lifted, and the frozen spot melted at length from her heart.

So, meanwhile, she made her decree against Bennington. Not Vermont, but Wyoming, should be her wedding place. No world's voices should be whispering, no world's eyes should be looking on, when she made her vow to him and received his vow. Those vows should be spoken and that ring put on in this wild Cattle Land, where first she had seen him ride into the flooded river, and lift her ashore upon his horse. It was this open sky which should shine down on them, and this frontier soil upon which their feet should tread. The world should take its turn second.

After a month with him by stream and cañon, a month far deeper into the mountain wilds than ever yet he had been free to take her, a month with sometimes a tent and sometimes the stars above them, and only their horses beside themselves—after such a month as this, she would take him to her mother and to Bennington; and the old aunt over at Dunbarton would look at him, and be once more able to declare that the Starks had always preferred a man who was a man.

And so July third was to be engraved inside the wedding ring. Upon the other ring the Virginian had spent much delicious meditation, all in his secret mind. He had even got the right measure of her finger without her suspecting the reason. But this step was the final one in his plan.

During the time that his thoughts had begun to be busy over the other ring, by a chance he had learned from Mrs. Henry a number of old fancies regarding precious stones. Mrs. Henry often accompanied the Judge in venturesome mountain climbs, and sometimes the steepness of the rocks required her to use her hands for safety. One day when the Virginian went with them to help mark out certain boundary corners, she removed her rings lest they should get scratched; and he, being just behind her, took them during the climb.

"I see you're looking at my topaz," she

had said, as he returned them. "If I could have chosen, it would have been a ruby. But I was born in November."

He did not understand her in the least, but her words awakened exceeding interest in him; and they had descended some five miles of mountain before he spoke again. Then he became ingenious, for he had half worked out what Mrs. Henry's meaning must be; but he must make quite sure. Therefore, according to his wild, shy nature, he became ingenious.

"Men wear rings," he began. "Some of the men on the ranch do. I don't see any harm in a man's wearin' a ring. But I never have."

"Well," said the lady, not yet suspecting that he was undertaking to circumvent her, "probably those men have sweethearts."

"No, ma'am. Not sweethearts worth wearin' rings for—in two cases, anyway. They won 'em at cyards. And they like to see 'em shine. I never saw a man wear a topaz."

Mrs. Henry did not have any further remark to make.

"I was born in January myself," pursued the Virginian, very thoughtfully.

Then the lady gave him one look, and without further process of mind perceived exactly what he was driving at.

"That's very extravagant for rings," said she. "January is diamonds."

"Diamonds," murmured the Virginian, more and more thoughtfully. "Well, it don't matter, for I'd not wear a ring. And November is—what did yu' say, ma'am?"

"Topaz."

"Yes. Well, jewels are cert'nly pretty things. In the Spanish Missions yu'll see large ones now and again. And they're not glass, I think. And so they have got some jewel that kind of belongs to each month right around the twelve?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Henry, smiling. "One for each month. But the opal is what you want."

He looked at her, and began to blush.

"October is the opal," she added, and she laughed outright, for Miss Wood's birthday was on the fifteenth of that month.

The Virginian smiled guiltily at her through his crimson.

"I've no doubt you can beat around the bush very well with men," said Mrs. Henry. "But it's perfectly transparent with us—in matters of sentiment, at least."

"Well, I am sorry," he presently said. "I don't want to give her an opal. I have no superstition, but I don't want to give her an opal. If her mother did, or anybody like that, why, all right. But not from me. D'yu' understand, ma'am?"

Mrs. Henry did understand this subtle trait in the wild man, and she rejoiced to be able to give him immediate reassurance concerning opals.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "The opal is said to bring ill luck, but not when it is your own month-stone. Then it is supposed to be not only deprived of evil influence, but to possess peculiarly fortunate power. Let it be an opal ring."

Then he asked her boldly various questions, and she showed him her rings, and gave him advice about the setting. There was no special custom, she told him, ruling such rings as this he desired to bestow. The gem might be the lady's favourite or the lover's favourite; and to choose the lady's month-stone was very well indeed.

Very well indeed, the Virginian thought. But not quite well enough for him. His mind now busied itself with this lore concerning jewels, and soon his sentiment had suggested something which he forthwith carried out.

When the ring was achieved, it was an opal, but set with four small embracing diamonds. Thus was her month-stone joined with his, that their luck and their love might be inseparably clasped.

He found the size of her finger one day when winter had departed, and the early grass was green. He made a ring of twisted grass, for her, while she held her hand for him to bind it. He made another for himself. Then, after each had worn their grass ring for a while, he begged her to exchange. He did not send his token away from him, but most carefully measured it. Thus the ring fitted her well, and the lustrous flame within the opal thrilled his heart each time he saw it. For now June was near its end; and that other plain gold ring, which, for safe-keeping, he cherished suspended round his neck day and night, seemed to burn with an inward glow that was deeper than the opal's.

So in due course arrived the second of July. Molly's punishment had got as far as this: she longed for her mother to be near her at this time; but it was too late.

(*To be concluded*)

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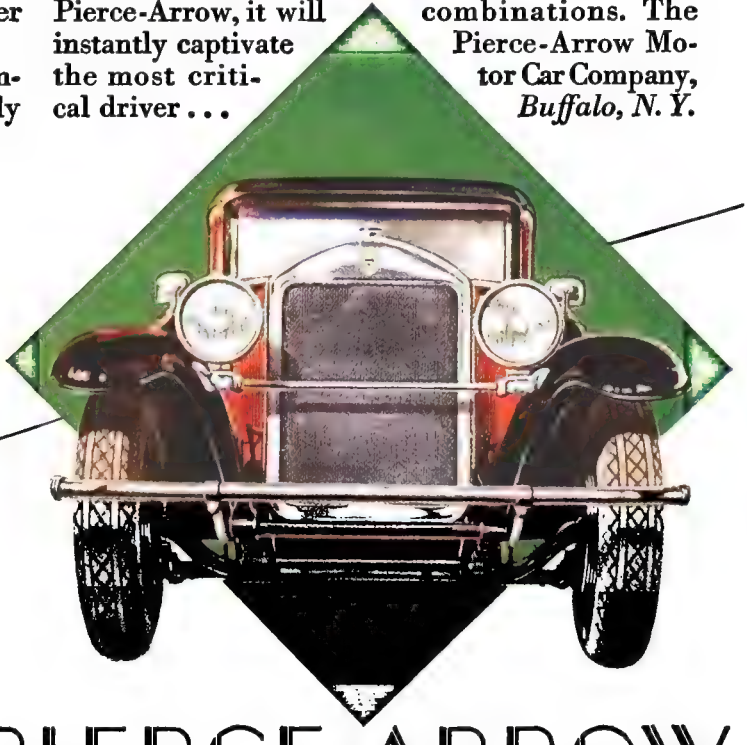

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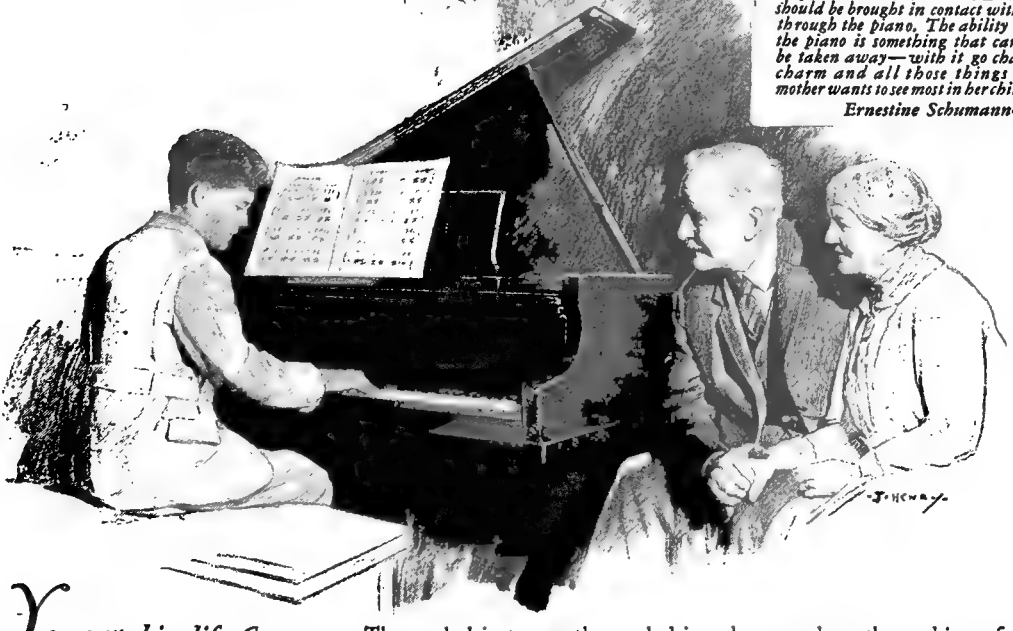
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Captious critics may claim that this is the era of jazz exclusively, but the evidence is overwhelming that music of the highest grade has been and is making extraordinary advances in its appeal to the general public.

It would require too much space to mention here even briefly the many factors that have contributed toward the broadening and deepening of our national interest in worth-while music. Among these one that has assisted in no small measure has been the ways in which the love of music and the study of music has been stimulated by the makers of musical instruments both reproducing and otherwise.

This has been accomplished by improvements in the instruments themselves—especially in the reproducing field—and in helping to open and develop new channels of appeal to the masses both in the form of education and entertainment.

In this connection it is interesting to find the radio playing an important part and being used to increase the demand for the musical instruments and the musical entertainment that for a time some feared the radio would supplant.

It is an interesting story how the radio in its beginning dealt the phonograph what appeared to be its death-blow and then played such an important part in its revival, first through helping to develop a phonograph absolutely new in principle and second in providing a medium for popularizing new records by broadcasting them.

To-day, with their factories working overtime, the leaders in the phonograph industry instead of considering the radio as a competitor, use it as an aid to increase the sale of both phonograph and records. In the same way manufacturers of pianos and of other musical instruments have come to regard the radio as an ally in the sense that it helps to stimulate interest in worth-while music and in fine musical instruments of all kinds.

At the same time, great concert artists both vocal and instrumental and fine orchestral organizations throughout the country have found that the broadcasting of their programs, instead of diminishing attendance at their regular performances, has helped to increase it.

As the appeal of the radio embraces so great a variety of entertainment besides the transmission of music, it is easy to understand why in its present improved form the radio appeals strongly to those who already have one or more favorite musical instruments within their homes as well as to those who have none.

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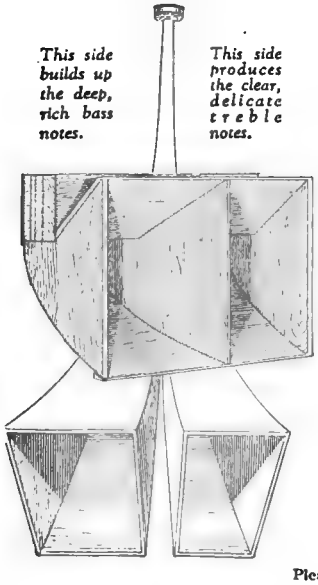

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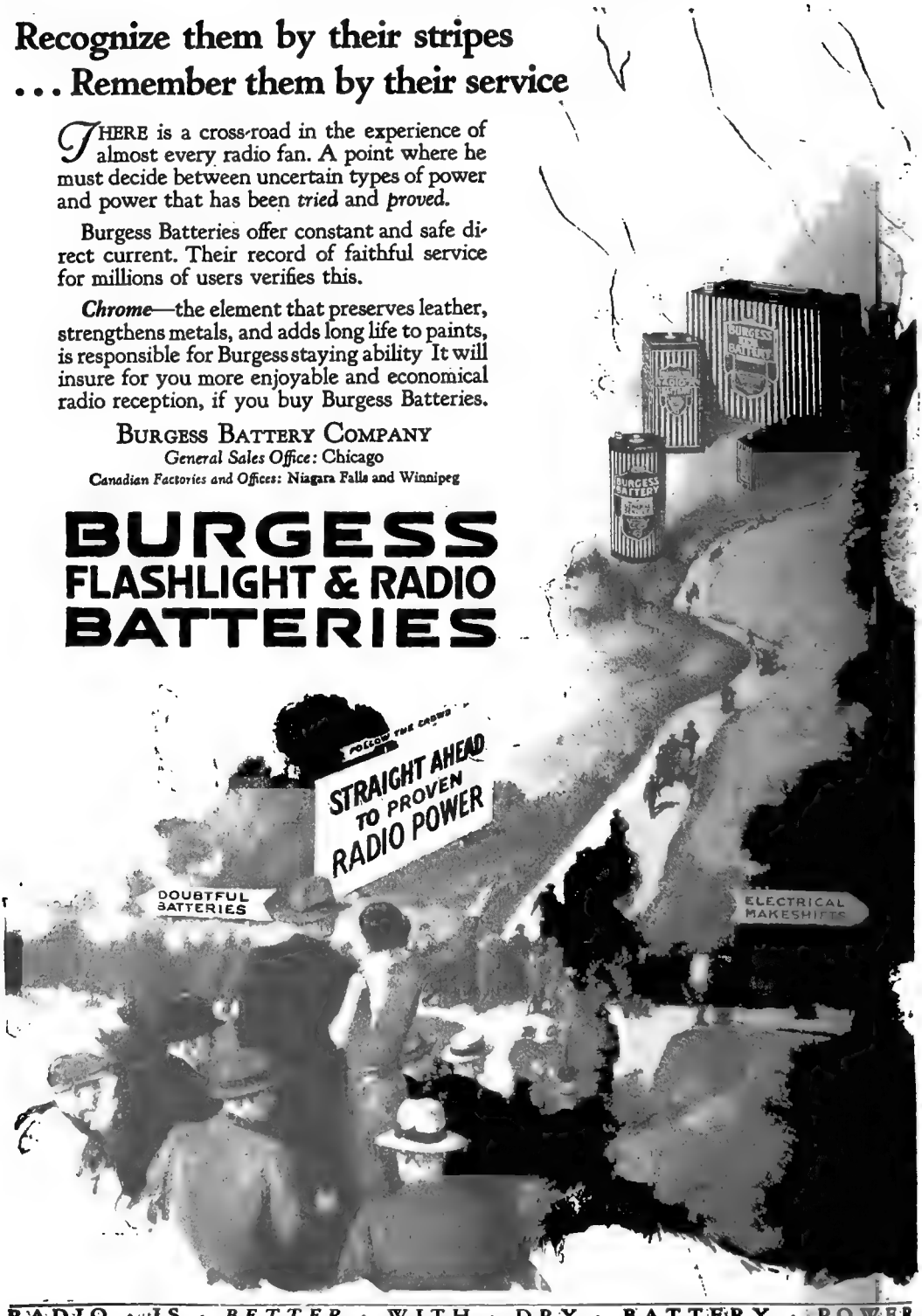

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Fake Stocks Sting Even After They're Dead

A LONG envelop protruding from a stack of variegated morning mail aroused the curiosity of Mrs. X as she seated herself at the writing-desk. The corner-card showed it to be from a well-known Lexington (Ky.) law firm. After vainly trying to remember if she had met any of the partners on a visit to the Blue Grass region a decade ago, Mrs. X opened the envelop.

The letter, which was signed by a Mr. Hodge, instructed Mrs. X to mail him a check for $22.13, representing dividends she had received from the Blank Oil Company. The mandatory tone of his letter—apparently the second addressed to her—invited suspicion. She had received no previous correspondence on this subject, probably because mail forwarded to several parts of Europe had missed her.

The senior vice-president of a large corporation, and an indulgent husband, Mr. X had, at various times, given his wife odd lots of gilt-edged securities. He saw to it that coupons and dividend checks provided his wife with substantial sums of pin-money. Although Mr. X never invested without investigating, he failed to explain to his wife the intricacies of finance. Never before had she been asked to return dividends.

Mrs. X, one of those old-fashioned New England women who, although much-traveled, valued the professional knowledge of the minister, doctor, editor, banker and lawyer, decided to consult her banker about the letter. She acted immediately on this impulse when she recalled how Mrs. Y, a neighbour, had been swindled out of ten shares of Telephone stock.

At the Seventeenth National Bank the vice-president read the letter, and sent for the bank's legal counselor. While waiting, the vice-president intimated that he could not recollect having advised Mrs. X to buy such a stock.

She confessed she had bought seventy-five common shares of Blank Oil for $75 from the son of Mrs. Emma A, one of her girlhood friends. With the third quarterly $1.13 dividend check came another for $2.25, representing an extra payment. A statement from the president of the Blank Oil Company spoke encouragingly of the company's prospects and pointed to several important wells recently brought in.

Young Mr. A had followed on the heels of the extra dividend. He was even more enthusiastic about the company than the president, asserting it had not only increased production, but would raise its dividend rate. Under the influence of Mr. A's persuasive powers, she had bought twenty-five additional shares. Ordinarily a sensible woman, Mrs. X, in this instance, had followed the dictates of her heart rather than her head. Fortunately, the recent purchase of two United States Steel 5 per cent. bonds, which lowered her bank balance, had precluded a larger oil "investment."

Dividend checks of $1.50 each came regularly for the eleven subsequent quarters. Payments then ceased. That was two years ago. Mrs. X had written to the company but without avail. She had made no mention of this "investment"—no one talks about such mistakes—until now.

The entrance of the bank's lawyer interrupted her narrative. He knew about the company; he had a sizable file of letters, prospectuses and statements on Blank Oil, and, with almost brutal directness, handed her a copy of a court order headed:

In the District Court of the U. S. For the Eastern District of Kentucky, at Frankfort

C. T. B. and C. C. B.
Receiver of the Blank Oil Company, Plaintiffs

vs. Decree Entered Jan. 12, 1927
Blank Oil Company, Defendant

The order, directing the advertising of the receivership and the immediate filing of claims by creditors, concluded with the following paragraphs:

"It is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that there

(*Continued on page 64*)

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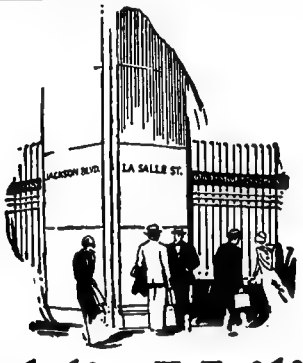

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(*Continued from page 62*)

be, and there is now hereby levied against the stockholders of the Blank Oil Company, an assessment of 100 per cent. of the amount received by such stockholders from the said corporation in the form of dividends; said dividends to be paid to the receiver within thirty days after the demand therefor. The receiver is authorized to institute suit for the recovery of said dividends if the same are not paid to him.

"*The receiver is also authorized to institute suit against any persons found to be indebted to the Blank Oil Company for unpaid stock subscriptions, or who received shares of stock from said corporation without having made payments therefor, and this case is continued on the docket for further proceedings.*"

Certified (*Signed*) *A. M. C.,*
J. W. M., Clerk *Judge.*

The bank's lawyer informed Mrs. X that though the capitalization of the Blank Oil Company was carried at $3,000,000 (3,000,000 shares of $1 par value each) the actual assets of the company, which consisted solely of a small oil royalty in Kentucky, amounted to only $3,000. Liabilities of $150,000 had been contracted, mainly through a pretense at drilling, and the establishment of a New York office.

They perused the detailed reports of operations, earning statements, balance sheets and lengthy comments of the president of Blank Oil. After studying these impressive documents, Mrs. X was shown the court's report.

The company had obtained credit on the purported strength of its capital, which is supposed to act as a trust fund for creditors. Not a thimbleful of oil had it produced or sold. The creditors proved the company never earned any money. The dividends paid, therefore, had been taken out of its capital.

Continuing, the lawyer explained to Mrs. X the difference between a bondholder and a stockholder. The former is always a creditor, while the latter is always a partner. This partnership idea applies with equal force to preferred and common shareholders.

Under the corporation law, a common stock represents merely a proprietary interest in a corporate enterprise. Stocks are merely shares of interest in the fortunes of business; and these shares of interest involve the responsibility of management as well as participation in the profits or losses.

Mrs. X, therefore, as an original stockholder, was responsible for the Blank Oil Company's debt: she had purchased her stock direct from the company. Although the latter had posed as "brokers," Mrs. X could not claim immunity as an innocent third party. Those who buy securities from a banker or broker are not classed as original shareholders, and, therefore, cannot be held for dividends paid out of capital. They

(*Continued on page 66*)

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(*Continued from page 64*)

are innocent transferees, and are not presumed, as would be the original holders, to know that the proceeds of the stock sale were turned over to capital account.

Emma's boy, in a way, had been considerate of Mrs. X, charging her only $1 a share for the stock, whereas most "investors" paid between $2.25 and $3.00 a share, depending on their locality and the size of the subscription. His employers had bought the shares from the promoters for 7½ cents each. The promoters received most of the stock practically without any consideration. A large block of stock was sold, but none of the proceeds went to the treasury.

The extra dividend had been declared when stock sales slowed. Immediately, subscriptions began to pour in; but the "brokers" happened to receive a lot of free publicity in the news columns because of a bucket-shop raid. With the sales personnel on an enforced vacation, the company could pay no dividends; so it suspended payments.

The lawyer advised Mrs. X to mail a check as demanded, which advice she followed.

About six weeks later, Mrs. Z dropped in for tea with Mrs. X. She had just run down from Boston for several days. Conversation drifted to the spectacular stock market, whereupon Mrs. Z mentioned that she also had received a letter from Mr. Hodge. Like many other stockholders who discard everything except dividend checks, she threw the letter in the waste-basket. Mr. Hodge, however, had an ancillary receiver appointed in Massachusetts, and Mrs. Z not only had to pay the original sum demanded but $40 court costs as well.

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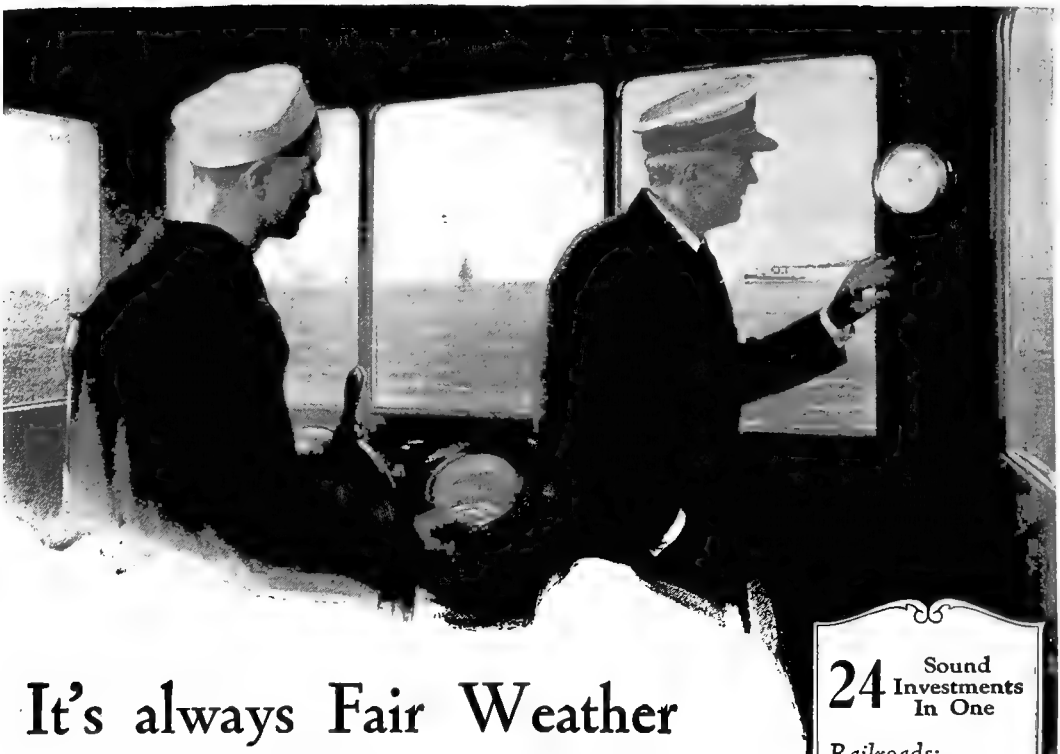

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Of the Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October, 1927.

State of NEW YORK } ss.
County of NEW YORK }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry W. Lanier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Managing Editor, Henry W. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Business Manager, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 2. That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, Charles D. Lanier, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed Henry W. Lanier, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1927. Signed R. K. Snaveley, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

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Readers of The Golden Book may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see. Write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

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2. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
3. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
4. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
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The bond business is no doubt much over-sold; that is, there is too much selling. At times there are too many bonds to be sold, and not enough salesmen; again, there seem to be more salesmen than bonds. Taking it by and large, with the supply of bonds as intermittent as it is, there are more salesmen than a fair average of sales volume requires. This causes a great deal of trading and switching back and forth, and a good deal of unsettlement among investors, which only adds a certain gaiety to life in the daily stirring up of the investment waters. Of course, in the stirring some investors make a little money, and so do the bond men, while the investors buy into anxiety and uncertainty over the re-investment of their funds.

There is too much selling on the part of bond houses; not enough buying on the part of investors. As in the life insurance business, the initiative in bond selling rests with the salesmen. Nobody walks into a life insurance company's office and says: "Please, I want to look at some life insurance." No, indeed. That body waits until the life insurance man comes around, as come he will, and the bond salesman comes with just about the same inevitability.

It would be a great deal better if more investors would so manœuvre their buying as to get the initiative on their side more frequently. That means working at their investment-making, as they work at their gardens, and paying more attention to seasoned securities than to new and freakish varieties. That would include a movement of investors into bond houses for consult tion and buying personally at headquarters. many bond houses one hardly sees a customer day long. A large business is being done nc withstanding appearances to the contrary, for stream of business comes and goes by telegra and telephone. Many houses are much bett geared up to this sort of business than any oth On the other hand, some houses receive ma personal calls. As customers take the initiati more frequently, this phase of selling will becor much more appreciated and houses will prepa for it, to the betterment of sales conditions around. "Personally conducted" business w increase in bond houses; the "drumming" business in the hinterland will decrease. Th will be aided also by an intelligent increase "buying by mail." Investors who do not go bond houses for personal conferences, will wri to their bankers, and they, placing more relian on their correspondence work and doing it bett than they do now, will develop an addition source of business at less expense.

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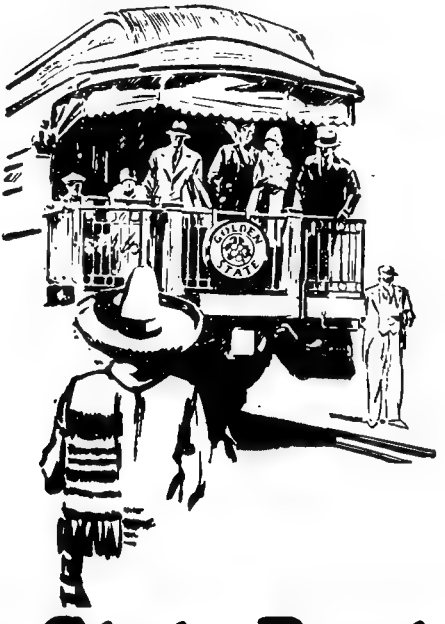

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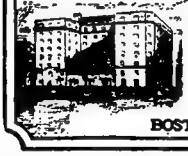

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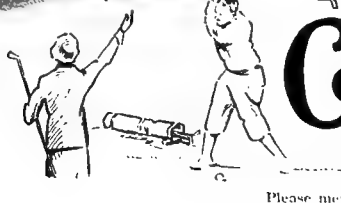

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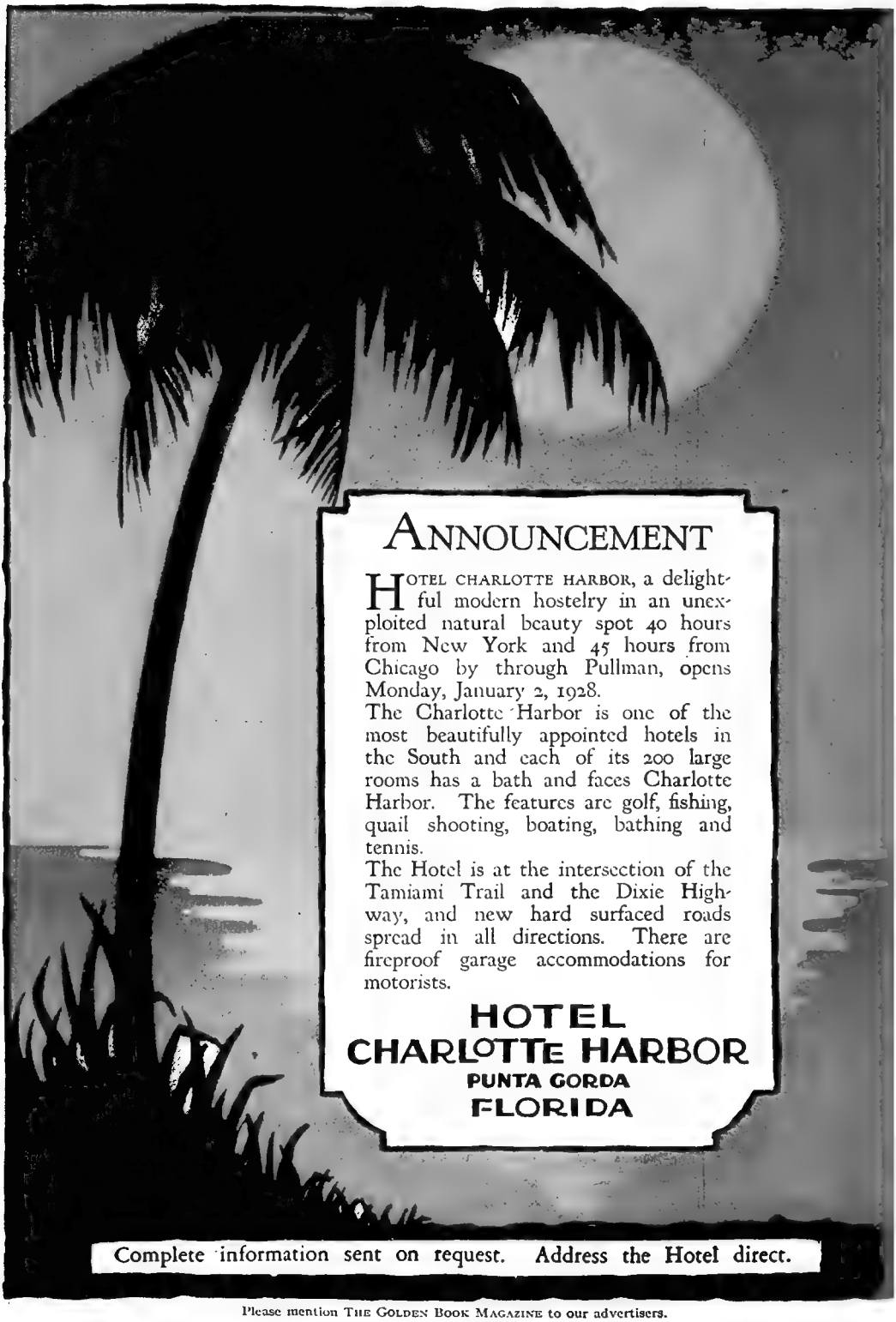
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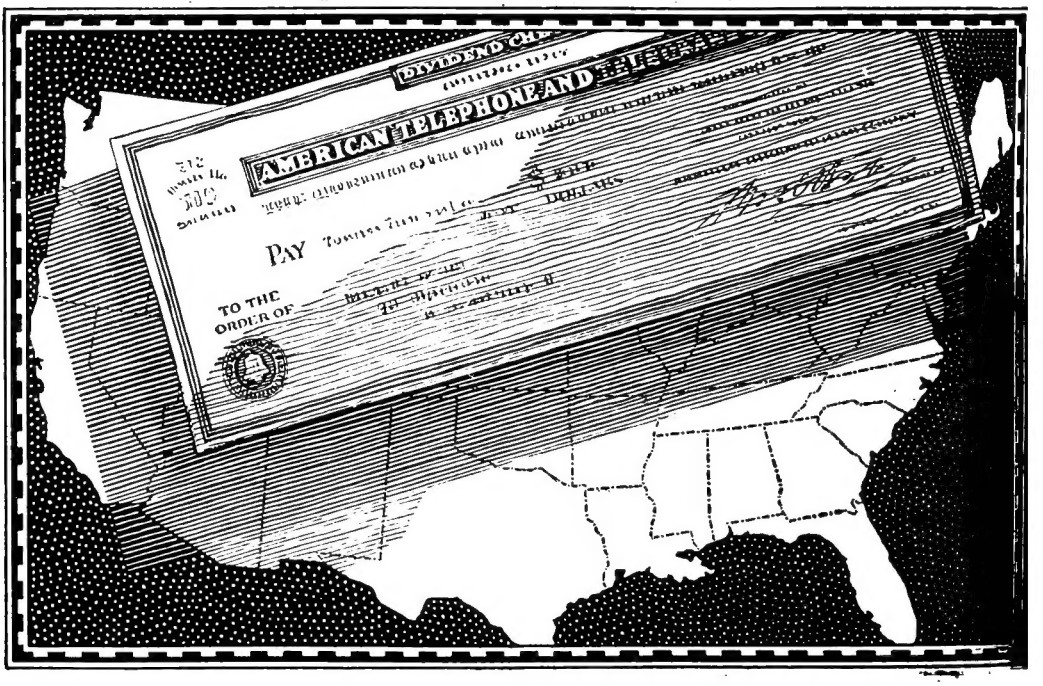

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